

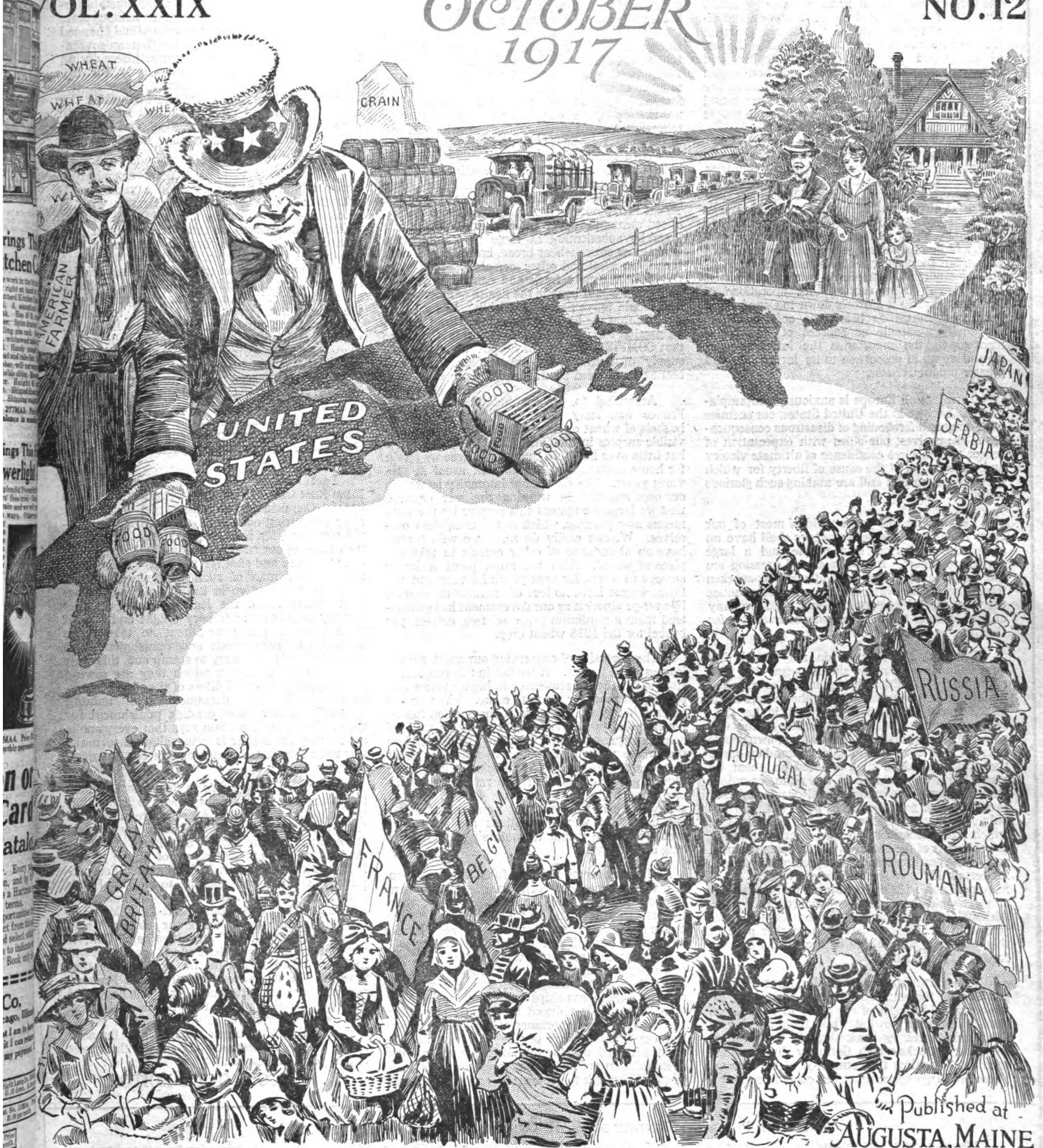
HARVEST NUMBER COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

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AMERICA'S HARVEST MUST FEED THE HUNGRY, WAR-STRICKEN NATIONS FIGHTING FOR LIBERTY.

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COMFORT

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

America's Harvest Must Be Carefully Conserved and Wisely Administered to Save the World from Famine

THE allegorical significance of COMFORT'S front cover design, this month, is no exaggeration of the stern reality that faces the world. Europe is over-populated to the extent that even under normal conditions in time of peace its crops fall short of feeding its people by a large margin which has to be supplied from the surplus agricultural products of other lands. But war has increased the consumption and diminished the production of the staple foods in Europe which is thus compelled to call on the rest of the world for extraordinary supplies, and especially of wheat and meat, fats and sugar. And the peculiar difficulties of the situation are such that the obligation and burden of rendering this service rest almost exclusively on the people and government of the United States.

Besides the United States and Canada the other great wheat and meat exporting countries are Argentina and Australia, and heretofore they have marketed their products in Europe; but they are so far distant and it requires so much time to make the voyage that, with the present shortage of shipping, ships can not be spared for this purpose. India and Russia also produce a surplus of wheat, but the former is too distant while the latter's commercial intercourse with the rest of Europe is cut off by the military operations of her enemies. So it narrows down to Canada and the United States as being the only countries practically available as sources of wheat and meat supply, the importance the latter country measuring up in proportion to its larger size and greater productiveness.

Therefore all Europe is anxiously contemplating the harvest in the United States; our enemies with envy and foreboding of disastrous consequences to themselves; our allies with expectation of succor that inspires confidence of ultimate victory and the triumph of the cause of liberty for which they have been and still are making such glorious sacrifices.

Fortunately this year's yield of most of our crops is unusually large so that we shall have an abundance to feed our own people and a large surplus to export. But so great and pressing are the needs of our famine-threatened, war-stricken friends across the water—that we must practice the most careful conservation and rigid economy of food in order to make the surplus available for their use as large as possible.

By urging economy we do not intend that anyone in this country should scant his food allowance. To reduce the quantity or nutrient quality of food consumed below the requirements of health and bodily strength would invite sickness and induce a wasteful reduction of the war power of our country. First of all our own people must be well nourished in order to stand up under the strain and added labor imposed on them by war. What we advocate is the plain, common-sense economy of eliminating all waste so that every scrap of good food shall be saved, and not only saved but saved for the best possible use, which latter necessitates a wise discrimination in the selection of foods and involves some personal sacrifice in gratification of mere preferential desires for certain kinds of food. This sacrifice, so small in comparison with those endured by our faithful allies, should be cheerfully undertaken by us. Although its nature and the reason for it is described in Mr. Hoover's letter, on another page in this magazine, we wish to add a few words in further explanation.

Transportation is one of the most difficult problems of the war both here and abroad. With the continual increase of our army in France the need of ships is growing while their number is diminishing week by week through the piratical submarine attacks which Germany directs indiscriminately against the commerce of all nations. Therefore cargo space must be economized by re-

stricting our exports to the bare necessities and even those in the most compact and useful form. The railroads of Europe can hardly serve the needs of the armies in the field, and the carrying capacity of our own railroads is inadequate to the rapidly increasing demands of the country in the present emergency. Because sugar and wheat flour are the most concentrated forms of food, and beef, pork and mutton are the meats best adapted to army use, we are asked to cut down our consumption of these and to substitute on our home tables the more bulky and perishable foods. These are as wholesome and some of them even more so than those which we are requested to forego. Also we should make a special effort to use the products of our own vicinity in order to relieve the freight congestion of our railroads.

With good judgment in selecting and combining, and reasonable skill in cooking and serving there need be little self-denial and some positive advantage in the use of these substitutes. To eat fish, poultry, eggs, milk and cheese instead of red meats, to reduce the consumption of white bread by substituting in large part bran rolls, Graham or entire-wheat bread, brown bread, corn bread, oat meal and other cereals, and to vary the diet with more fresh and canned vegetables and fruits would benefit the health of most people and should prove no real hardship. In fact it is the diet that the health experts prescribe. In this connection I am prompted to express the hope that COMFORT readers have put up an ample supply of home-canned vegetables, fruits and berries, as advised by us last June.

According to present indications England, France and Italy need to import 500,000,000 bushels of wheat or its equivalent in flour. The visible surplus in the United States and Canada is but little over half that quantity in case we retain for home consumption the amount usual in previous years. The dictates of humanity as well as our own interests in winning the war demand that we largely augment this surplus by the only means now possible, which is by using less ourselves. We can easily do so, if we will, for we have an abundance of other cereals to take the place of wheat. Also we must plant a larger acreage to wheat for next year's harvest; and the farmers need have no fear of breaking the market by over-production as our government has guaranteed them a minimum price of two dollars per bushel for the 1918 wheat crop.

The necessity of conserving our meat supply is even more urgent. If we fail in this respect we shall suffer the consequences in higher prices and scarcity of meat for years to come. The war has taken a heavy toll of meat. Consumption has so far exceeded production that the world's total of meat-producing animals numbers 115,000,000 less than three years ago. Effective measures must be taken to increase our live stock. It is a great temptation for cattle and sheep raisers to sell at prevailing high prices, but we believe it poor policy for them to reduce the numbers of herds and flocks, for world conditions are such that meat prices are bound to maintain a high level long after the war.

This war seems likely to fulfill the prediction of a well-informed authority, made some years previous to its outbreak, that famine rather than military success would be the determining factor of the next great war. Germany has been forced to abandon her original expectation of decisive military success and now confesses that her hope of victory depends on starving England, France and Italy into submission through the ruthless sinking of merchant ships by her submarines before she herself is reduced to the last extremity by hunger. The importance of the food question as a determining factor of the war can not be over-estimated, and the responsibility and means of its solution are in the hands of the American people. Through the concerted action of all and

the individual efforts of each we can and must render this service, as in duty bound to our country and our allies.

Drastic Treatment Needed to Suppress the Menace of Rampant Treason

PRESIDENT WILSON has complained bitterly and with good reason of the heinous plots and atrocious crimes instigated and financed in the United States by the German government through its officers and sympathizers during the last three years. Emboldened by the impunity or leniency too commonly accorded the perpetrators, the legion of traitors with which the country is infested have progressed from secret conspiracies and covert attacks to open promotion of treason to an extent that handicaps our government's war efforts.

Whose fault is it that these conspirators were not handled at the outset in a manner calculated to inspire our country's enemies with a wholesome respect for the law and with fear of violating it? Why have these traitors been permitted recently to stalk through the length and breadth of the land openly instigating anti-draft riots and other forms of treason including wholesale arson and murder in their plans and efforts to cripple the resources of the nation and paralyze the functions of government? Shall the anarchists, nihilists, pro-German socialists, I. W. W., pacifists and foreign-language press be allowed to carry on their monstrous propaganda to the end that we fall to the condition of Russia? Russia with her 180,000,000 people and immense resources lies prostrate and helpless before her foreign enemies with her vitals lacerated by internal strife, a pitiable example of the calamitous consequences of German intrigue aided by Russian socialists, anarchists, pacifists and other traitors.

Last summer former Secretary of State Elihu Root was sent as head of President Wilson's Special Commission to Russia. On his return, after comparing conditions there with those developing here, Mr. Root declared that there were men walking our streets "who ought to be taken out at sunrise and shot for treason." This statement from a man of such pre-eminent ability, noted as conservative in his ideas and cautious in expressing them, the leading lawyer in this country, carries extraordinary weight and should have aroused our government to take those measures of suppression and punishment long since obviously necessary to stamp out this nest of vipers ere the sedition which they are sowing gets beyond control. Editors of the loyal newspapers have been denouncing the "unhung traitors" and demanding condign punishment for them. The New York Sun says that every one is asking why the Kaiser is being allowed to make war upon the United States openly on American soil.

To our soldiers who go to fight the Germans in France it is poor encouragement to know that the Kaiser's emissaries in America are allowed to "stab the country in the back" (Secretary Redfield so characterizes the pacifist activities). Another deplorable effect of such failure of public justice is its tendency to result in lynchings. For persistently and defiantly inciting to treason Frank Little, the I. W. W. organizer, was hung last August, not by process of law but by a Montana vigilance committee. Calling our soldiers "Uncle Sam's scabs in uniform," and threatening that, "if the mines are taken under Federal control we will make it so damned hot for the government that it will not be able to send any troops to France," are samples of his utterances for which he should have met a traitor's fate at the hands of the law. The recent discovery of a nation-wide I. W. W. plot alleged to have been instigated and financed in the interest of Germany has caused the arrest of some of its members.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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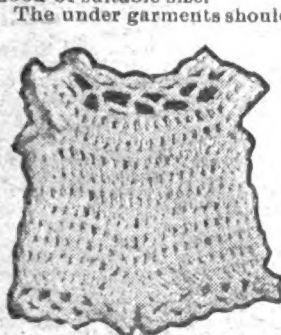
IN & AROUND The HOME

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by two; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., black, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Doll's Crocheted Outfit

A NY little girl will be delighted with a pretty doll dressed in clothes which can be slipped off at will. The outfit illustrated can easily be made by nimble fingers in short time. Silkateen or any soft finished mercerized cotton can be used, worked up with a steel hook of suitable size.



UNION SUIT.

For the union suit use white and begin with a ch. 52 sts., turn, 1 d. c. in the 4th st. from hook, then 1 d. c. in each st. of ch., ch. 3, turn. 2nd row.—8 d. c., making 1 between each d. c. in last row, ch. 9, sk. 3 d. c., 1 d. c. in between each of the next 15 d. c., ch. 9, sk. 8 d. c., ch. 3, turn. 3rd row.—1 d. c. between each d. c. making 7 doubles on the chs. 9, forming the armholes, ch. 3, turn.

Next 2 rows the same, turning at the end of each row and working 1 d. c. between each d. c. Now work three rows round and round widening a little by making 2 d. c. in the same st. in the center of the back in each round. Divide the work evenly front and back and work two rows around on each half to form the legs, each of which is then finished with two rows of ch.



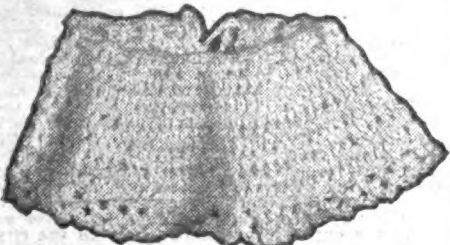
DOLLY DRESSED UP.

3, with 1 s. c. in every second double stitch. Break thread and finish off.

Join in bottom of opening in the back, single crochet along the edge to the top, ch. 5, 1 d. c. between 3rd and 4th doubles, ch. 5, repeat to opposite end of rows, turn. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, turn at end and work one more row, then a. c. down to center of back opening. Finish around armholes with chs. 3.

Under Skirt

Begin this with ch. 55 sts., then 5 rows doubles, turning at the end of each row to form opening in the back, then 1 row doubles and 3



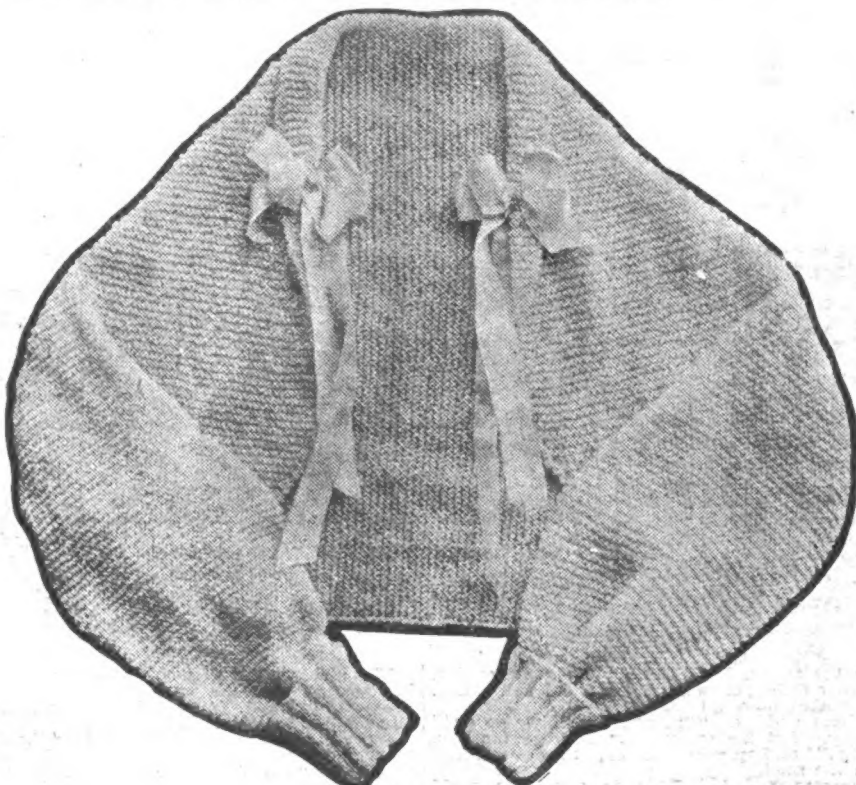
UNDER SKIRT.

rows of ch. 5 worked round and round. Each

of these little garments can be completed with either crocheted chains for drawing strings or baby ribbon.

Dolly's Dress

Of colored silkateen ch. 64, turn. 1st row.—1 d. c. in 4th st. from hook, 12 d. c.



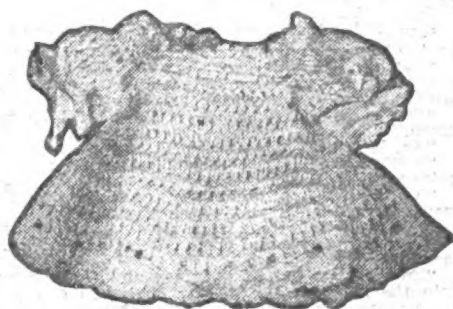
KNITTED WOOL KIMONO.

in next 12 sts., ch. 9, sk. 9 chains, 18 d. c., ch. 9, sk. 9, 12 d. c. ch. 3, turn.

Next 2 rows—1 d. c. between each d. c., turning at each end.

In 4th row under the arm on each side begin to increase by working one group of 3 d. c. together in the same space.

Next row.—Work 2 d. c. together twice under each arm. Now 4 rows round and round, increasing as before if the skirt does not seem to



DOLLY'S DRESS.

be full enough. Finish with a scallop of 6 treble crochet between every 4 d. c., caught with a single between scallops; edge with ch. 3, 1 s. c. in each treble.

Finish the neck with 1 row d. c. working on ch. which forms upper part of sleeve, turn, 1 row of s. c. with picot every 3rd st. Make sleeve of 4 rows of d. c. edged with a row of chs. of 3. Finish opening in back as on skirt and run in baby ribbon around neck and sleeves.

Tam-o'-Shanter

Ch. 4 of color, join in ring, s. c. round and round, working through both loops of each st. and making 2 sts. in one as needed to enlarge, until one has circle the size of a half dollar, then ch. 3 and 1 d. c. in each st. Next round enlarge by working 2 d. c. every little way, add 2 more rows in same way, 1 row sk. every 4th st., next row sk. enough so as to bring into doll's head size, then 3 rows singles for band.

Finish the top with full pompom of white wool and Dolly will have one of the cutest little caps imaginable.



TAM-O'-SHANTER.

Crocheted Lingerie Clasps

These useful trifles will be appreciated by most any one, young or old, for who does not find it annoying to have their shoulder straps out of place.

In a half hour's time one can crochet a pair of these useful little articles which will be sure of a welcome as they fill a real need. Use rather fine crochet cotton and a suitable steel hook. Ch. 50 sts., 1 s. c. in last st., ch. 5, 1 s. c. in next 4th st., ch. 5, repeat at the end ch. 5, turn, 1 s. c. under last ch. in first row, ch. 5, 1 s. c. under next ch., repeat. Two more rows of chains turn and work back over last chs., making 3 s. c., ch. 3, 3 s. c. under each ch. 5, s. c. around the ends and work down opposite side in the same way. This forms the strap, one end is finished with a little rose made in this way. Ch. 4 join in ring, ch. 5, 1 s. c. in ring, ch. 2, 1 s. c., repeat making 5 sps. in all.

3rd row.—6 d. c. under each ch. 2, join. 4th row.—Ch. 5, 1 s. c. between each group of doubles in last round. 5th row.—8 d. c. under each ch. 6th row.—Ch. 6, 1 d. c. between each group of doubles.

Last round.—1 d. c., 9 trebles, 1 d. c. under each ch. 6. Sew the roses in place and finish each strap with a tiny snap catch. A pair of these slipped over a bit of bright ribbon and placed in a little box with a Christmas card makes a most attractive little remembrance.

Knitted Wool Kimono

The useful wrap will prove very acceptable to most any woman and especially so to a semi-invalid, as one can easily slip into it and it gives warmth across the shoulders and arms, just where it is needed.

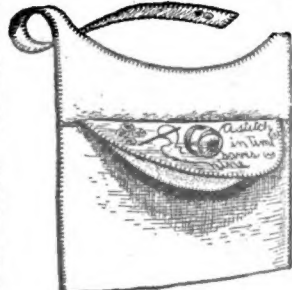
Conducted By
Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson

Child's Sewing Apron

A cute little apron which will encourage a child to learn to sew can be made of linen, Indian head or similar material.

Cut sides and bottom straight, round the upper edge and add a strap to button on the left shoulder.

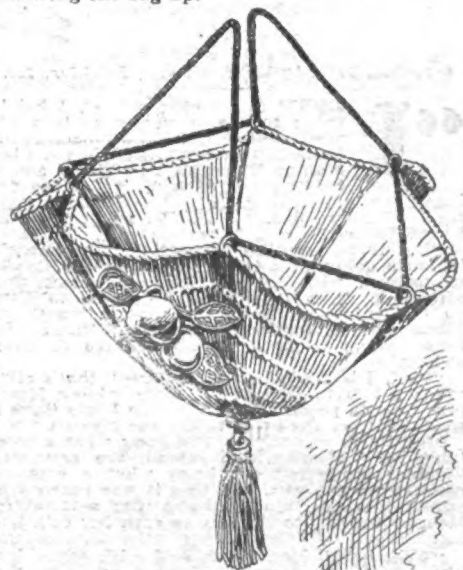
Cut another piece the same size in width and long enough to form a bag from the waistline down and a rounded flap on which can be outlined some simple appropriate design and the words "A stitch in time saves nine." Buttonhole all edges as shown or finish with feather stitching. The size of the garment depends upon the age of the child but our illustration shows clearly the method of making.



CHILD'S SEWING APRON.

Knitting Bag

An ample and unique knitting bag may be fashioned of the outside covering of a tea chest. Cut a 30-inch circle of this and line with brightly flowered cretonne or plain sateen. Bind the edges together with ribbon or finish with a silk cord. Add a half-dozen large white ivory rings, placed an equal distance apart, to the edge, through which run a cord or ribbon for drawing the bag up.



KNITTING BAG.

For materials one will require eight skeins zephyr floss, 1 pair bone knitting needles No. 6, 2 pair steel needles No. 8, 10 yards wash ribbon for rosettes. On bone needles cast 60 sts. (on 12 inches) K. in ridges increasing 1 st. on each end of needle every 4th row until there are 112 sts. on needle. K. on these sts. until work measures about 30 inches, then decrease 1 st. each end of every 4th row until there are 60 sts. on needle.

Cuffs

Change to steel needles k. in rounds of k. 1, p. 1, for 5 1-2 inches, bind off.

Pick up 60 sts. for other cuff and make in the same way. Sew up 9 inches on each end about the cuffs for sleeves. Turn over three inches for collar and finish with ribbon.

For Knitting Needles

A case for holding idle knitting needles may be easily made and will be an appropriate gift



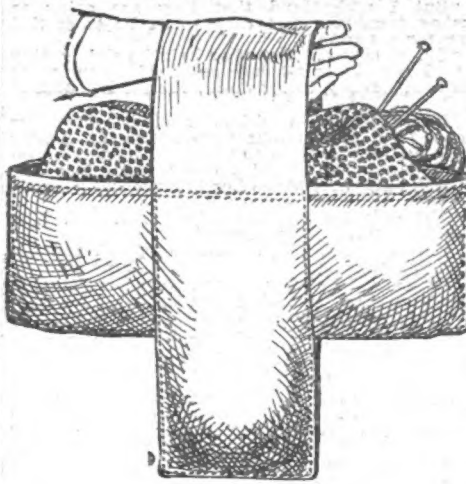
A CASE FOR HOLDING NEEDLES.

for most any one now that we all are knitting. This consists of two ends crocheted of silk or mercerized cotton as shown, with a couple of yards of narrow ribbon attached to the inside of either end and tied in a full rosette as shown.

To make the ends use a steel crochet hook of suitable size to make the work close and firm. Begin with ch. 4, join, fill with s. c., work round and round, enlarging by making 2 sts. in one as necessary until work measures three-fourths of an inch across when folded together. Then continue round and round without enlarging until end is three inches in length. Make another end to match and sew ribbon to the inside of each.

Red Cross Bag

This very appropriate bag, made in the shape of a cross, is used extensively now to hold the knitting work, yarn, needles, etc. It can be



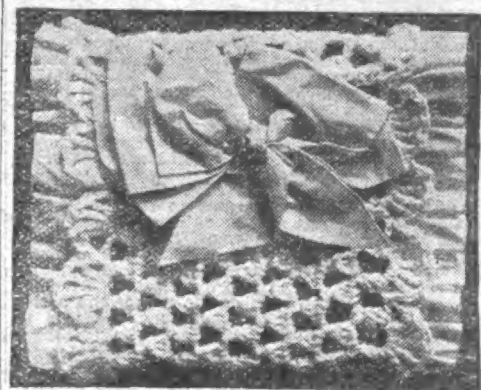
RED CROSS BAG.

made by sewing together two yards of six-inch wide red ribbon, or any red material of the same width, running a flat corset steel, millinery wire or any other metal band through the heading at the upper part of the cross section to hold it in position. Notice how nicely it hangs on the arm and how well the ball of yarn fits down in the lower pocket, also that the needles can lay in the cross sections, together with the work in hand.

Finish the front with appliqued designs of fruit and green felt, velveteen or crocheted wool leaves. To make the fruit cut circles of bright silk, draw up edges, stuff with cotton and make large black French knot in center. A silk tassel finishes the bottom of the bag.

Child's Crocheted Muff

To make this dainty and comfortable muff use a medium-sized bone hook and German-town wool in white or any preferred color. Make a chain twice the width you desire the muff to be; join the ends of the chain, ch. 3, then work a petal thus: Having thread over hook, take stitch same as treble, draw thread



CHILD'S CROCHETED MUFF.

through 2 loops, repeat 1 treble, again drawing thread through 2 loops, repeat once more then work off loops two at a time. * ch. 3, sk. 3 in foundation ch., petal in next 3 sts. Repeat from * to end of round.

Make all succeeding rounds same as the first working petals over the ch. 3 in preceding row. The large shells on ends is made thus: 1 s. c. over ch., * ch. 3, 5 d. tr. in next space separated by ch. 2, ch. 3, 1 s. c. over next ch. 3 or space, repeat * around. Line the muff with quilted padding with flannel or outing inside and a pretty silk interlining to show through the mesh in the muff. Trim muff with a pretty ribbon bow in pale blue, pink or other desired color and sew a narrow ribbon frill just under the shells on ends of muff. Any little girl will be pleased to carry such a pretty muff and it will certainly keep tiny hands cozy and warm.

Point Lace

Cast on 28 stitches and knit across plain.

1st row.—K. 1, n., o. twice, n., k. 17, o. n., o. n., o. k. 2.

2nd row.—K. 8, p. 16, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2.

3rd row.—K. 1, n., o. twice, n., k. 18, o. n., o. n., o. k. 2.

4th row.—K. 9, p. 16, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2.

5th row.—K. 1, n., o. twice, n., p. 16, k. 3, o. n., o. n., o. k. 2.

6th row.—K. 9, o. n. 9 times, p. 1, k. 2.

7th row.—K. 1, n., o. twice, n., p. 17, k. 3, o. n., o. n., o. k. 2.

8th row.—K. 10, p. 17, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2.

9th row.—K. 1, n., o. twice, n., k. 21, o. n., o. n., o. k. 2.

Bind off 5 sts. to finish the scallop and proceed as before. GEORGINA T. DRENNAN.

Melissa's Home Coming

by Joseph F. Novak



"Sure. Let me carry your suitcase for you, Melissa."

"Suit yourself," Mrs. Winters replied, and she bounced off.

Sylvester threw restraint to the winds, bought peanuts and popcorn and cracker-jack and lemonade.

"I'd go with you, even if you had offered me a job as hired girl!"

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"I DON'T care what you say, I hain't going to the Wintenses to help fill silo, that's all! They hadn't no business to work today when it's beginning 'Home Coming Week,' and I hain't going to miss any of the doings!" exclaimed Irvin Ream passionately. "All the boys are going to town and I hain't going to be left behind!"

"But Irvin," soothed his mother, "there won't be much doing until tonight and they say they'll be finished with the silo by four o'clock this afternoon. There'll only be folks coming to town on the train and the band'll play in the Court House Square, that'll be about all. The shows hain't going to open up afore three or four o'clock."

"Well, I hain't going to Wintenses, that's all," reiterated Irvin stoutly. "I hate Widder Mumpers worse'n poison. The last time I was there I was sick from the orful vittles she give us."

Mrs. Ream was silent. She knew what a poor table Mrs. Winters, the second, the erstwhile "Widder Mumpers" set, knew what a careless housekeeper she was, and that it was partly her advent into the Wintenses' home that sent pretty Melissa Winters to the city to earn her own living.

"Well, paw," Mrs. Ream said with something like a sigh, "I guess you'll have to go to the Wintenses then. I guess I don't have to go to town the very first day of the celebration—"

"You will too," interrupted Sylvester, her first-born, "you will too. We got to send a man to the Wintenses, and if Irvin won't go, I will. Paw's promised to take you to town every day of the celebration and go you will. I'll help at the Wintenses."

"I know you hate to go there, Sylvester, but if you won't mind very much—," Mrs. Ream hesitated, then said: "You could go just as well as not, Irvin."

"Well, I won't, maw, that's all there is to it. I ain't going to be made sick for the doings tonight."

Sylvester disliked going to the Wintenses farm even worse than Irvin did. But not because it was Home-Coming Week nor yet because of Mrs. Winters' atrocious cooking. The Wintenses farm always brought thoughts of Melissa, of her sweet girlishness, and the love that nestled in his heart for her. He had believed himself somewhat favored above others, but on the night she told him that her father was to marry Widow Mumpers and of her dislike of her, the tears in her eyes had swept him off his feet and he had caught her close to his rugged, honest bosom and kissed her.

Frightened and terrified at what to her seemed a liberty bordering somewhat on the improper, she had slapped his face and told him never, never to speak to her again.

She would not see him after that, and shortly after her stepmother came to live in the old home, Melissa packed her things and went to work in the city. She went, however, without malice toward the woman who had usurped her mother's place, for she wrote frequently and returned once or twice for a visit. Recently rumor was that she had become engaged to a city chap, and it was understood that she was to marry him that winter.

These then, were the reasons why Sylvester Ream disliked going to the Wintenses farm. But the thought that his mother would have to forego the day in town was a greater reason why he should put self aside, and so when breakfast was finished, he started off.

He made a splendid figure as he trudged the road, his body well set up, and his handsome face glowing with sunburn and health. Even his rough clothes seemed to add to the bigness of his fine physique, and a cleaner young fellow than Sylvester Ream would have been hard to find.

Sylvester had to pass through town on his way to the Wintenses farm. As the morning train was already in, and the town was filled with people, he avoided the main street.

He soon reached the farther outskirts of the town and as he turned into the road that led to the Wintenses farm, he noted the chic figure of a girl before him.

She was extremely citted in her swaggar coat of palm beach, with its big green silk collar, her nifty white shoes and her big white felt hat with a single band of delicate green around the low crown. In one hand she carried a reed suitcase. She walked along with a jaunty step, but presently she put the suitcase on the ground and stopped to rest a bit.

Sylvester kept up his long, swinging pace, and in another moment reached her. Then he stopped and stared, for the fine city girl was no other person than Melissa Winters!

"Well, is it really you, Melissa?" he asked. He felt decidedly awkward. "You look so citted, I didn't know you from a distance."

She smiled sunnily. "Yes, it's really me, Sylv," she replied, and it made his heart beat to hear her use his name thus forthrightened. "But why aren't you in town today? You surely aren't going to work?"

"Oh, yes. We're filling silo at your father's place, and they want to finish up because they're going over Amboy way, and it would be a shame not to fill when they have all the machinery here this week."

"Will there be many men at the house?" Melissa asked.

"About nine or so. Let me see: McIntosh and Agnew will pick up from the field, Ed Brash tends the cutter, Donald Blake and Will Nesbit

drive the teams, Fred Dunton tends the engine, and your father, old man Smith and I will stamp. That makes nine, all told."

Melissa nodded. "Oh, yes. Shall we go on?" "Sure. Let me carry your suitcase for you, Melissa," and picking it up, they continued down the road.

Sylvester had but little to say. He could only steal sidelong glances at the trim little figure, and he was almost glad that the hat was so big, for several times when Melissa looked straight at him, his heart gave such a jump, he was afraid she might notice it. And with her big hat shielding her face, he could admire her all he pleased, unseen.

At length they reached the Wintenses farm, where the men were awaiting someone from the Ream farm. At the appearance of Sylvester, they rose to take up their work of filling the silo, but when they noted the chic little lady and knew her to be Melissa, they crowded about her and welcomed her home.

Melissa shook the hard, calloused hands with genuine warmth, and pretended not to see the admiring glances bestowed upon her.

"Goin' to stay to hum now, Melissa, or air ye goin' back after the celebration?" Ed Brash asked.

"I intend to return," Melissa replied. "I have a nice position in town as a stenographer, you know."

"It's better to bang one o' them machines than bein' a farmer's w-'e an' havin' to work like thunder th' hull o' th' days, eh Melissa?" said Jim Agnew.

"Yes, Jim, if one becomes a farmer's wife merely for the sake of getting married."

"Well, you won't have to marry a man just ter marry him. You kin pick a little, I guess," remarked old Tom Smith.

"You still like to flatter, don't you, Uncle Tom?" Melissa chided, and as a general laugh up, she caught up her suitcase and ran to the house.

It was not a pleasant home-coming for Melissa. She found the house deserted. The kitchen, which room she first entered, had a generally untidy air about it that was mortifying, especially when she remembered how spic-and-span her own mother had always kept it. On the stove were several big pots and pans, and a steamy, rather nauseating smell pervaded the place.

With a little shudder, she hurried up the stairs to her own room. It was in careless order, the bed was made but very untidily, and the dust lay in places that could not be dusted handily. Melissa set down her suitcase and then went to her stepmother's room, where she found that lady fixing her oily-looking hair, her mouth full of hairpins.

"My heavens, Melissa! I didn't know you was comin' home Home-Coming Week. Ain't ye swell, though. Turn 'round and let me look at you. I'd never know you in them swell things. How ye've bin since I heard from ye last an' how's Mr. Vreeland?"

"Oh, I've been getting along quite nicely," Melissa returned, but she made no comment with relation to Mr. Vreeland, the man to whom rumor said she was engaged. "Is there anything special going on in town today?"

"No, nothin' until this afternoon, but I hain't goin' to miss nothin'. I'm getting' ready to go to town. Will ye come with me?"

"You're surely not going to town with the silo-fillers here, are you?" asked Melissa, amazed.

"Why not?" Mrs. Winters demanded. "Heavens and earth, Melissa! I been cooped up all summer and I'm goin' to have a good time this week. There's no sense in them men fillin' silo today."

"But I understand that they are going to Amboy tomorrow and they won't be back this way for a month."

"Oh, o' course. But that hain't goin' to stop me. I got dinner all done and half a hour afore the men's ready to sit down, Hiram kin dish it up."

Melissa sat down without another word. Her stepmother, however, kept up a flow of chatter until she completed her toilet, and then tying on her bonnet, she picked up her small bag and umbrella and announced her intention of going.

"Will ye come, Melissa?" she asked.

"I don't think I will, ma," she returned. "I'm tired and think I'll rest a while."

"Suit yourself," Mrs. Winters replied, and she bounced off.

Melissa watched her depart, then her thoughts went to the hard-working men outside. No wonder none of the farmers cared to help out at the Wintenses farm. For this was the interest Mrs. Winters, II, took in the place. It was just like her to cook up a lot of stuff and hand it to the men warmed over.

Well, since she was to be at home for a few days at least, she had best make up her room to her comfort. So taking off her coat and hat and smart dress, she took from her suitcase a neat house-gown and put it on. Then she substituted serviceable black slippers for her white shoes, after which transformation, she straightened up and aired her room until it began to look something like what it had when she had always been at home.

Then she went to the kitchen.

The woodbox was empty, everything upset and things were in a deplorable condition generally. Mrs. Winters was not a tidy housekeeper at best and the kitchen now showed her at her worst.

Melissa went to the stove and lifted the lids of the various pots and pans and gave a sigh of disgust. The potatoes had boiled down to a shapeless mass, the meat was simmering in a pot of fat, and the beans looked like a gravy.

The girl stood a moment with a pot-cover in her hands, cying the mess. Then she slammed it down. "Stop! You'd think those men were pigs! I'll make their dinner!"

With the thought, she whisked into the dining-room and brushed up. Mrs. Winters had set the table, slamming down the dishes in her usual careless manner. Melissa gazed at the table a moment, then with a sudden determination, gathered up the dishes, took off the red cloth and put on a white one. Then she reset the table and was considerably cheered at the sight it now presented.

Then she drew down the shades darkening the room, and went back to the kitchen, and picking up a basket, she went out to the wood-pile.

Sylvester was standing near the engine, Fred Dunton having relieved him of the stamping for a while, as that was the most tiresome part of the work. As Melissa came out, he smiled at her, for he felt less afraid of her now than when she was arrayed in her city finery.

"Let me carry in that wood, Melissa," he said, coming up. "Do you need much?"

"Yes, a great deal," she replied.

"What are you doing?" he continued, picking up the basket and following her into the kitchen.

"Getting dinner," she replied. "Look at the stuff that woman prepared for you men! Such stuff! Not fit for anything but hogs!"

"But there's nine of us, Melissa. It'll be too much."

"No, it won't," she answered.

"Well, I'll help you if you want me to," he volunteered.

"All right, but don't say anything to the men. But mustn't you watch the engine?"

"Not every minute. I can sit on the steps and go over every now and then. What do you want me to do first?"

"Empty that pot of potatoes and those beans into the slop for the hogs. Then you can peel some more. Is there any sweet corn and do you think the men would care for it?"

"I think they would and your father has some mighty nice this year."

"Then go and get some," Melissa ordered, and Sylvester did, after which he helped her peel the potatoes. They sat in the cool shade of the porch as they worked.

"Say, Melissa, I thought you forgot how to do those things. To get up a feed for a bunch o' eaters like we are here, hain't such an easy matter."

Melissa smiled. "I haven't forgotten, and I'd like to do it always."

Then their conversation drifted to old times, but not one word did they mention of the time when both had thought the other the one person in the world.

"How do you like living in the city, Melissa?" asked Sylvester at length. "But I guess you like it all right, and say do you know when I saw you on the road this morning, I didn't no more guess you was our Melissa. I thought you was a stranger altogether."

"Is that so? Well, anyone can look like a city girl if she's got a little taste and knows how to buy things. My clothes look as if they cost a lot. But they didn't simply because I've learned how to wear inexpensive things. When you're a stenographer you've got to look nifty or you soon lose your place."

"How's Mr. Vreeland who you're engaged to?"

"Oh, he's all right!"

"I s'pose he's a pretty swell sort of a fellow, hain't he?"

"I suppose people around here would think so, because he's nice looking and wears fashionable clothes. But he's just a clerk making about eighteen dollars a week, though like most of those office men, he tries to play big. He seems to like me pretty well. It got the other girls in the office furious to know that we became engaged," and Melissa's brow clouded a little.

"Look," she said, suddenly, changing the subject, "I guess the men want you. You'd better go."

Sylvester did.

He did not have a chance to get to the house again, until Melissa called that dinner was ready. The men came, not very enthusiastically, for they had seen Mrs. Winters depart for town and knew what sort of dinner to expect.

How surprised they were when they were invited to sit down to a meal consisting of potatoes both mashed and creamed, to a roast that, rehabilitated under Melissa's hands and garnished with an onion sauce, proved most tempting, to sweet-corn boiled in milk, to a combination salad, to pickles of various sorts, to iced tea and stacks of freshly made cake. The men ate with a will, and when finished cheered their hostess.

"You'll make a fine farmer's wife, little gal," was the comment on all sides, and this was highest praise.

Sylvester had helped Melissa serve the dinner, so now when the others were finished, Melissa cleared off a portion of table and set plates for two.

As Sylvester ate, he thought of Vreeland and what a lucky chap he was. But then it was men of his type that appealed to girls like Melissa. They didn't care for big, awkward fellows like himself.

Still, as Melissa was an old friend, he presumed upon that friendship, though rather timidly.

"Melissa," he began, "do you s'pose Mr. Vreeland'd care if I took you to the doings in town while you're here? I'd love to do it, if you're sure he wouldn't mind."

"I'll be very glad to go with you, Sylv," she answered, "and I'm sure Mr. Vreeland wouldn't care."

"Then as soon as we're through with the silo,

you be ready and we'll go. I'll have to change my clothes but you can come over to the house and visit with maw while I do it. Will you?"

"Yes. How soon shall you be through?"

"About four or five o'clock."

"Then I'll have supper ready for us, and we'll go."

Sylvester was delighted, and with glowing eyes he left the house.

At five o'clock the work was done, and Sylvester came to the house with Mr. Winters. A tempting supper was laid out, and Melissa did the honors, dressed in her smart city togs.

The supper over, she did up the dishes, Sylvester helping, and soon they were on their way to the Ream farm. Leaving Melissa with his mother, Sylvester hurried up-stairs and changed his clothes for his Sunday best, then descending he joined Melissa and they started for town.

The revels were at their height. The shows were open, the "bally-hoosers" were shouting. The "free shows" flourished. Those camp-followers of street-fairs, the balloon men, the popcorn men, the "cheap John" and all the rest were there, crving their wares.

Sylvester felt under a little restraint, and afraid to suggest doing any of the things the young people were indulging in lest Melissa might think it childish. She, with her years in the city, what would she care for all this?

But Melissa did. And it cheered his heart when she asked him to buy her some confetti and serpentines which she tossed at friends and townspeople. And every suggestion that he made, she heartily acquiesced in until Sylvester threw restraint to the winds, bought peanuts and popcorn and cracker-jack and lemonade, and patronized the shows and movies. And never once did Melissa exhibit any sophisticated airs, but enjoyed it all with an artlessness that delighted yet pained Sylvester.

He could not forget that she was engaged, and with her at his side, he realized how much he loved her and that she was as dear and unspoiled now as before she went away.

It was growing late, and the crowds on the street began to thin out. Soon the shows began to close up and buggies, wagons and automobiles, loaded with tired but happy country folk were leaving town.

Many offered Sylvester and Melissa a lift.

"I don't want to ride," Melissa said. "I want to walk home under this glorious harvest moon. I was a little disappointed this morning when I came home, and almost wished I hadn't. But I've so enjoyed the whole day, every bit of it."

"Dear old town! I suppose to some it may seem a poky old place, but you don't know how often I've longed for it and the old farm."

"Do you really like living on the farm better than working in the city?" Sylvester asked. They had reached the end of Main street and were turning off into the road that led home, flooded with moonlight.

"Yes, I do. I hate the city and I hate the thought of going back. I've pretended all the time I liked it. But I don't. I've got enough of it. I used to long to go and when pa married Mrs. Mumpers I thought that a good excuse to get away. And though I'm going back to the city, I hate the thought. It's everybody for himself there, and the airs people put on. They try to make you think heaven alone knows what they are, and at the same time they're living on crackers and milk to keep themselves alive so they can buy the clothes they sport, and half the time they are bought on the installment plan! Here nobody puts on; and it feels so good to be natural again. Here, where everybody knows I'm just Melissa Winters."

She threw out her arms wide and inhaled the sweet night air.

Sylvester stood silent, feeling awkward, but unable utterly to speak a word. He was amazed that Melissa should speak so, especially when she was engaged to Vreeland.

At last he spoke, a little uncertainly:

"Well, I s'pose you'll get used to living in the city after you get married and have a home of your own."

The girl turned to him.

"Sylvester, I'm a country girl, and I want to be one always. I used to think it would be a fine thing to live in the city and then come back here all dressed up in city clothes, and with a handsome husband, pretend we were real rich. It didn't make any difference whether we were or not, just so long people thought we were. I didn't care particularly for Mr. Vreeland though he is a nice enough young fellow as city boys go. But he was good-looking and knew how to wear smart clothes so I accepted him, for I thought we could lord it over people here. But as I thought about it, I saw there was no sense to my silly dreams—marry and live in the city to come to the country and pretend something we were not! I simply couldn't live such an artificial life. It may be all right for those who like it, but the very thought of it haunted me. I couldn't bear to think of living in four small rooms for the rest of my life. I want the sunlight and God's free air and lots of room. I want the birds, and the trees and the flowers and God's great outside. I've broken my engagement with Mr. Vreeland, and I told him why. I guess he didn't care much either. You know," and she turned almost shamefacedly to Sylvester. "I've almost determined that if I can get work as a hired girl with people around here, I'll never go back to the city. I was more lonely in the city than I ever was in the country. It's all right if you've been born there because then you make your friends there and all that. But when you go there without knowing anybody, well, there's

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas. Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

ONE of the sisters suggests that we have a column on "How I Helped My Husband," and, personally, I think it would be very interesting and helpful to all. We cannot offer a prize for the best letter, as many magazines do, but judging from the general trend of the letters received each month, the sisters are not writing for material motives but just as woman to woman and mother to mother in a spirit of helpfulness. When we put our corner on a dollar-and-cents basis it seems it must lose much of its spontaneous good fellowship, and we don't want that to happen, do we? And don't be too modest and unassuming in your opinion of yourself. There are times when a reasonable amount of self-appreciation is a good thing.—Ed.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: I want advice about my new little bungalow I am about to have built. Maybe you or some of the sisters can help me. There are to be five rooms, dining-room, parlor, two bedrooms and extension kitchen. It must be one story only, with no stairs or hall. My plot is thirty-nine by eighty feet. I also want a small garage at the rear. For a time I expect to go back to the old-fashioned way of living; that is, giving up gas, using a washbasin to bathe in and use a pump for water in the kitchen. I want to build the house as reasonably as possible. What material shall I use? How are the ready-made houses? Do any of the sisters have them? My husband wants to build the house himself but he built one for a friend and it took such a long time as he has only a day or two each week for the work.

Mrs. Wilkinson, I wish we might have a column like some of the other papers have, called "How I Helped my husband," and some of the papers have discussions on household economics, telling how to make the most of different salaries. It is a lesson for young folks. I learned a lesson from a wealthy woman who is very old now but who once had nothing. I told her I could not save although my husband got from thirty to sixty-five dollars a week. I had a bad habit of buying furniture on the installment plan. This woman took me in hand and made me pay a deposit on a plot of real estate. When I am telling you all this because I am so glad to have the money to pay. Because I had to. This year finishes my payments of five hundred and fifty dollars. The place is at Northport, L. I., and is now all built up. My place is now double in value. I have started in on another place and still keep on paying the same installments. My new place is in the city. This place was almost unknown and now the subway is going through the neighborhood and the station will be one block away. Also an Improvement Company has decided to run a ferryboat from Brooklyn to Rockaway, just about ten minutes' walk from my place. This will shorten the trip to beautiful Rockaway. I am paying six dollars a month for the place I am to build on.

When the roof of my little coop is on I'll move right in. It won't have to be finished inside before I get there. I want to stop paying rent. I am telling you all this to show how I help my husband. I also make all my own clothes and I think every woman should know how to do this.

Sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson, have you a hobby? I have several. One is this: I love old silver and the blacker the better. I have quite a collection, from friends who wanted to throw it out because they "hated the sight of it," or because it "belonged to Noah's Ark," and still I love it all the more. My husband calls my silverware "the orphans." If any of the sisters have some "orphans" or heirlooms they want to dispose of, I'll adopt them. I might be able to exchange some articles of value for them.

I hope I will hear some advice about the house and also about the garden. I want to know the best all year plants and would like to have the sisters send me flower seeds. Also tell me what trees grow the fastest, as I must have trees planted around my house.

Sincerely, MRS. M. MENDEL.

COLORADO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I am an interested reader of the sisters' letters and after reading a letter signed "A Happy Wife and Mother" I cannot refrain giving some of my ideas in regard to the subject discussed—birth control. This lady writes she thinks a knowledge of birth control will send more souls to hell than whiskey will. I do not know how she understands the subject but it seems to me to understand it rightly we should look beyond our own household and take in all classes of people and all the conditions surrounding them. I am sure the advocates of birth control do not believe or teach that murdering their unborn infants is the way to control the number in their families. On the contrary, they teach that if they would learn to control these things it would do away with this crime, now so widely practiced, though secretly, but we cannot deny truth even if it is hidden. God may send the little souls but does not God give to man reason that he may be somewhat above the animals? Surely God expects his human creatures to exercise reason and self control in the exercise of their power. As it is now, babies are an accident mostly, instead of a desire, held sacred in the parents' breast. No one would come to this life crippled in mind or body because of not being wanted if this crime of accident birth could be abolished.

Think of the countless mothers who are in the depths of the most miserable poverty being forced to bring forth little wailing babies to die of neglect and lack of nourishment, or grow to be put in the mills and factories where they are murdered by inches for the profit of a few.

There are many sides to this question that I cannot even touch upon as my letter is too long now so will close, with best wishes to all. I am also a Happy wife and mother, M. C. H.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.)

Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste

MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY SUNDAY

Used every week-day—Brings rest on Sunday

The General All-Around Cleaner

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

NO man would think of running his business without some system of account keeping. Keeping house is a business proposition, or should be, but rarely do we meet a housewife who runs her household on a plan that will balance income and expenditure and show systematically how the money has been spent, saved or wasted. She should have a blank book, each page having thirty-one lines and each line numbered with the day of the month. Each page should be ruled so to show space for food, rent, clothing, incidentals, etc., and into these spaces put the amount expended daily. Unless one has a particularly good memory it is well to enter these items in a small account book at the time the purchase is made. The above arrangement will have to be varied to suit individual needs but by all means work out some kind of a system.

CANNED VEGETABLE SOUP.—Scald, peel and mash one peck of ripe tomatoes. Run two heads of cabbage, one dozen medium-sized carrots, one bunch parsley and one half peck onions through food chopper. Mince three stalks of celery. Boil one dozen ears of corn and scrape from cobs. Mix all together and add salt and water if too dry. Boil until carrots are done, which will be about one hour. Seal in jars while hot. The good, rich soup next winter will more than repay you for your trouble.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLE.—One peck green tomatoes, and one half peck onions, slice and cover with one cup salt. Let soak over night. In morning, drain, put in kettle and cover with vinegar, then add four pounds brown sugar, one quarter pound mixed spice, in bag, and cook all until soft. Put in jars while hot. Mrs. WALTER E. JACKSON, 27 Harvard St., Dorchester Center, Mass.

RIPE TOMATO SWEET PICKLE.—Four pounds tomatoes, two pounds sugar, one pint vinegar, and a handful of cloves. Place the tomatoes, sugar and cloves in a stone jar or crock; heat vinegar to boiling point and pour over them. Next morning heat all the liquid and pour over them again. The next morning place all in the preserving kettle and cook till the tomatoes appear to be almost transparent; dip them out and cook the liquid ten or fifteen minutes longer. This requires only half as much sugar as preserves.

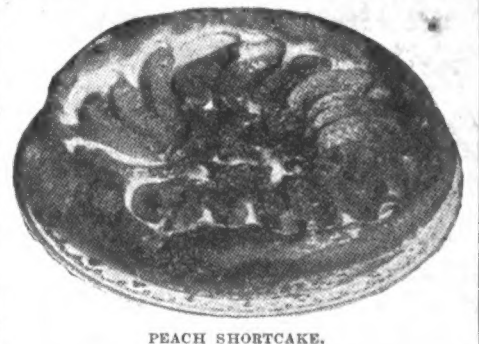
VEAL EN CASSEROLE.—Chop cold cooked veal fine, put layers in casserole, alternating with layer of crackers, crumbs, salt, pepper and butter, till dish is full. Beat up two eggs, add pint of milk; pour it over veal and crackers. Cover and place in oven till heated through, then remove cover and brown before serving. Garnish with parsley.

CREAMED CRAB MEAT.—Melt two tablespoons of butter and in it fry one tablespoon of finely chopped onion and two tablespoons of chopped green pepper, for five minutes. Add one tablespoon of flour and one cup of thin cream. Cook until thickened, then add one cup of crab meat, either fresh or canned, and seasonings. Serve on toast.

TO MAKE TOUGH BEEF TENDER.—A tough beefsteak can be made tender and juicy if it is allowed to stand over night in a mixture of equal parts of vinegar and salad oil. For a three pound steak put a half cup of the mixture in a crockery dish large enough to spread the meat out flat. Do this early in the evening, turning the meat so both sides will be treated. Whatever of the mixture is left in the morning can be bottled and used for the same purpose again. Do not put salt or pepper on the meat while it is in the oil and vinegar.

CHEESE STRAWS.—Three tablespoons flour, three tablespoons grated cheese, one tablespoon each butter and milk, one half teaspoon salt and one quarter teaspoon of pepper, and yolk of one egg. Mix together dry, add the milk, cut in strips and bake. These are very pretty tied with yellow ribbon for receptions or five o'clock teas.

PEACH SHORTCAKE.—Four tablespoons each of lard and butter chilled, then chopped into two and one half cups of flour. Add half a teaspoon of salt and four even teaspoons of baking powder, and mix in one and one quarter cup of milk. Do not knead, but flour



PEACH SHORTCAKE.

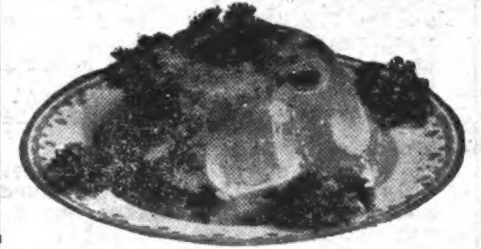
hands and divide dough and put into two buttered round tins. Bake in a hot oven twelve minutes. Split cakes by breaking open with a fork—do not cut—and butter generously. Peel and cut peaches in eighths and cover with sugar, letting stand one hour. Put peaches between and on top of cake and pour the juice over top. Canned peaches can be used, but are not nearly as nice as fresh fruit. This makes two cakes.

BAKED MACARONI WITH CHEESE.—Three quarters cup macaroni, broken in pieces, two cups boiling water, one tablespoon salt, two tablespoons flour, two tablespoons butter, one half cup grated cheese, one and one half cups scalded milk, one half cup buttered bread crumbs. Cook the macaroni in the boiling water for twenty minutes; drain and blanch with cold water. Make a white sauce of the butter, flour and milk. Add seasoning to the sauce. Arrange a layer of cooked macaroni in the bottom of a buttered baking dish; sprinkle with the grated cheese, repeat till all the macaroni and cheese are used; pour over the white sauce, cover the top with buttered crumbs and bake for twenty minutes in a hot oven, or long enough to give the top a nice brown.

ESCALLOPED POTATOES.—Peel raw potatoes and cut them into thin slices. Place a layer of the potatoes in a well-buttered baking dish, cover with a layer of thinly sliced onions, then a layer of thinly sliced bacon. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and repeat till dish is filled, having a layer of potatoes on top. Pour with butter and pour over all enough sweet milk to

come within one third of top. Bake in moderate oven till potatoes are done.

JELLIED CHICKEN.—Skin and remove all the fat from chicken. Cut at the joints, and arrange in a stew pan that can be closely covered. Add salt and a



JELLIED CHICKEN.

little pepper. Pour over boiling water until about two thirds way to top and cook very slowly until the bones can be removed. Carefully skim out the chicken. To one quart of boiling liquor, add two tablespoons of gelatin that has soaked in one half cup of cold water fifteen minutes. Season to taste with salt, pepper, a little onion and lemon juice, and celery salt. Pour a little into a mould, set on ice until it will hold up a layer of the chicken; cover chicken with more jelly, and so on until all is used. Serve cold.

FRIED BEETS.—Wash, peel and slice as you would potatoes. Put fat in spider and pepper and salt and fry brown.

STUFFED CABBAGE.—Carefully separate one head of cabbage without breaking the leaves and soak in cold water till crisp. Grind fine two pounds of pork, add a cup and a half of cracker crumbs, two eggs, salt and pepper, and a little minced onion, if liked. Mold into a ball and cover with the leaves to resemble the whole cabbage. Wrap in thin muslin and boil two hours. Remove the cloth and lay in center of platter and garnish with mashed potato and small onions.

SAUSAGES COOKED IN BATTER.—Four tablespoons of flour, one pint of milk, one egg. Beat well together, pour boiling water over one pound of sausage and pull off the skins. Place in baking dish, pour the batter over them and bake till brown on top.

HAMBURG WITH RICE.—Wash one cup of rice and put it into a kettle, add one onion cut fine, one teaspoon salt and one pound Hamburg steak, six cups of boiling water. Let it cook slowly, uncovered, and stir so it will not burn. It will take about one and one half hours of slow cooking. Then when water has almost cooked away cover and set it on back of range where it will keep hot and finish cooking by its own steam.

COLD WATER BUNS.—Two cups of sponge, one cup of cold water, one cup of sugar, one cup of lard, a little salt and enough flour to make stiff dough, like bread. Work down six times during day and make into small biscuits at night. Let rise all night and bake fifteen minutes next morning.

GRAHAM GEMS.—Beat one half cup sugar with two thirds tablespoons shortening; add one beaten egg, one cup sour milk, with one teaspoon soda dissolved in it; stir in one cup graham and one cup white flour and one half teaspoon salt. Bake in hot oven.

TO USE BREAD OR BISCUIT THAT HAVE BECOME DRY.—Beat three eggs, add enough sugar to sweeten and flour to make one batter. Beat thin batter. Slice cold bread and dip in batter and fry in hot lard till brown. This will be found a great saving if one has a lot of cold or slightly stale bread.

MARSHMALLOW TEA CAKES.—One cup sugar, two thirds cup lard, beaten yolks of three eggs; to this add two thirds teaspoon soda dissolved in one half cup buttermilk, then one teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt and enough flour to roll out.

COCONUT LAYER CAKE.—Six eggs, two and one half cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup sweet milk, two tablespoons baking powder, two teaspoons lemon flavoring and enough flour to make a soft batter. Bake in layers and fill with coconut filling.

FILLING.—One cup brown sugar, one cup white sugar and one cup water; boil this till it spins a thread, add twenty pieces of marshmallow, beaten whites of three eggs and one half teaspoon vanilla. This recipe makes about thirty doubled tea cakes.

DELICIOUS BISCUIT.—One quart flour, one half teaspoon soda, two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon salt and lard size of apple, medium size. Make biscuits with hands as rolling dough packs it.

COCONUT FILLING.—Whites of three eggs, sugar enough to make it easy to spread; grind coconut in food chopper, pour coconut milk in to make it moist; spread icing on and sprinkle coconut between layers and on sides. Keep in a tight box with some kind of fruit and it will remain moist.

APPLE SAUCE CAKE.—One and one half cups unsweetened apple sauce, cold, two cups sugar, one teaspoon soda (dissolved in apple sauce), butter size of walnut, one teaspoon cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves, and one quarter cup cocoa, and two cups flour. This cake is cheap but good.

RAISIN CAKE.—Two cups brown sugar, three quarters cup of butter and lard mixed, three eggs, though two may be used, one cup sour milk, very sour, two teaspoons soda in milk, one teaspoon each cinnamon, cloves, allspice and ginger, one cup chopped raisins and flour to make batter. Put raisins in before flour is added. Bake in three layers.

CONSERVATION AND THE PREVENTION OF WASTE is the order of the day. Stale bread accumulates in every home, and every crumb should be utilized. The following recipe makes a real wartime, though delicious dessert, and it occurred to me that many of our readers would be glad to know it.

LEMON PIE WITH BREAD CRUMBS.—One and one half cups soft bread crumbs, three tablespoons butter, one cup boiling water, one cup sugar, one and one half teaspoons corn-starch, two egg yolks, three tablespoons Sunkist lemon juice, grated rind one Sunkist lemon. Break bread crumbs in small pieces; add butter, pour boiling water over, and let them stand until soft. Mix sugar and corn-starch, add egg yolks, well-beaten, and lemon juice and rind. Combine mixtures; bake in one crust and cover with meringue.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Stew pumpkin, cut into small pieces, in a little water, and when soft mash with potato masher very fine; let the water dry away, watching closely to prevent burning or scorching. For each pie take two well-beaten eggs, two thirds cup sugar,

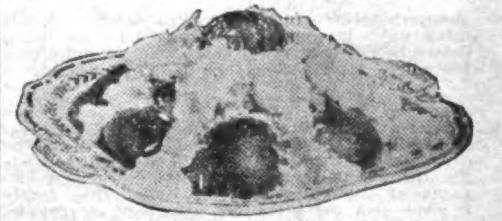
two large tablespoons, heaping full, of pumpkin, half pint of rich milk (a little cream will improve it) a little butter and salt. Stir well together and season with a pinch of cinnamon, nutmeg or ginger; bake with undercrust in a hot oven. Too much spice makes the pies too dark. We like the yellow pies better.

SQUASH PIE.—After cutting the squash into small pieces, boil until tender, drain well, and put through a strainer. To every cup of the squash add one cup of sugar, four eggs well beaten, two and one half cups of milk, one teaspoon of vanilla, and salt to taste. One cupful of squash will make a fair-sized pie. Mix the ingredients thoroughly. Pour into the pie shell, and bake slowly until the filling has set.—Ed.

SWEET POTATO PIE.—To five well-beaten eggs add one pound of sugar, already rubbed into a pound of butter; mix with two cups cold sweet potato, which has been rubbed through a sieve; add a teaspoon of lemon juice, beat well and season to taste with nutmeg and cinnamon; add milk enough to make a rather thick batter and bake in pie tins. Meringue may be added if preferred.

PEAR CREAM.—This is an excellent dessert that is suitable for an emergency, as it is quickly prepared. To make it drain the juice from a quart of canned or preserved pears and mash them very fine. Whip one cup of rich cream very stiff with one half cup of sugar and one teaspoon of vanilla. Stir in the pears and whip all together. Set in a very cool place and serve in sherbet glasses.

MISS ESTHER FRAYER, Hammondsport, N. Y.
PEACH BAVARIAN CREAM.—Two tablespoons of gelatin soaked in half a cup of cold water ten minutes and dissolve in half a cup of boiling water. Stir together two cups of mashed peaches and one half cup of sugar and add to gelatin. Set into pan of ice water and stir until the mixture begins to thicken then lightly beat in one pint of whipped cream. Line edge of mould with half peaches, pour over the Bavarian and set to harden. When ready to



PEACH BAVARIAN CREAM.

serve, turn out on serving dish and pour over sweetened whipped cream flavored with a little grated orange or lemon rind.

POTATO PIE.—Peel and grate one large white potato, add the juice and rind of one lemon, the beaten white of one egg, one cup white sugar, and one cup cold water. Pour this into an under crust and bake. When done, have ready the beaten whites of three eggs, half cup powdered sugar, flavored with lemon and pour on the pie and return to oven to harden.

Mrs. E. V. DAVIS, Duluth, Minn.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Make this Handkerchief yourself

It's so easy to make many beautiful articles with Nufashond Rick Rack Braid—articles appropriate for Christmas presents for your friends. The Nufashond Rick Rack Book tells how to make such serviceable things as handkerchiefs, night dresses, corset covers, guest towels, doilies, centerpieces, table covers, lunch sets, bibs, collars, pillows, pin cushions, aprons, insertions, edgings, etc., and yet this book is priced at only 10c to acquaint you with the popular Nufashond Rick Rack Braid.

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Food Administrator Hoover Appeals to the Women

MR. HOOVER'S appeal to the women of America is in line with the efforts which COMFORT, from the time our country entered the war, has been making to impress its readers with the necessity of larger production, better economy and more extensive conservation of food as vitally essential to our successful prosecution of the war.

Along with our preaching we have done some teaching. While urging conservation by canning we have explained how to do it, and by our series of special articles on cooking we have tried to show how to practise thrift without parsimony in the kitchen through the better handling of raw material and left-overs and the elimination of waste.

COMFORT subscribers, as we know them, belong to that 70 per cent which, as Mr. Hoover says, conduct their households with thrift. Aside from the sense of patriotic duty, the prevailing high prices are sufficient incentive for the thrifty to practise strict economy. Unlike the idle, self-indulgent, spendthrift class, they need no preaching but are keen to be shown how to obtain the best economic results with the least degree of sacrifice—economy in its highest sense.

In the art of cooking is the secret of food economy, and therefore the U. S. Department of Agriculture is issuing a series of war cooking recipes which can be had free. Write to Washington and ask to have them sent to your address. Below we print a few selections from them. The illustrations are our own.

Uncle Sam's Daily Thrift Thought

Monday

A pleasing variation from pastry meat pies may be had by preparing eggplant and meat pie, says the United States Department of Agriculture.

EGGPLANT AND MEAT PIE.—Cook together in a baking pan alternate layers of eggplant and



BAKED EGGPLANT.

chopped cooked meat salted to taste. If raw meat only is available it may be fried until brown before baking. Tomato juice or pulp, or a few sliced tomatoes may be added if desired.

Tuesday

Don't throw away stale bread and left-over skim-milk, Madam Housewife. From them you can make that simple and well-known but nourishing dish, milk toast, the United States Department of Agriculture points out. This makes a good dish for breakfast, luncheon, or supper, especially for children.

MILK TOAST.—Heat the milk. Add a small quantity of butter and season to taste with salt. Pour while hot over well-toasted stale bread and serve.

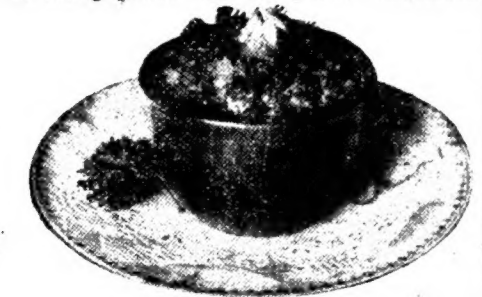
Wednesday

Spread the Meat Flavor

Spread the meat flavor over other foods and so economize on the quantity of meat consumed, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Here is one way to spread the flavor.

MEAT STEW WITH DUMPLINGS.—Make a stew from a cheap cut of meat cut into small pieces, potatoes, and such other vegetables as are desired. Thicken with a little flour diluted with cold water. Serve with dumplings made as follows:

Mix and sift one cup of flour, two teaspoonsful of baking powder and one quarter teaspoonful



MEAT STEW WITH DUMPLINGS.

of salt. Work in with the fingers one teaspoonful of butter; add gradually one third of a cup of milk or a little more if needed. Roll out one half inch thick and cut with a biscuit cutter or in square pieces. The dumplings may be steamed, baked like biscuits, or cooked with the stew. In the latter case remove enough liquid to permit the dough to be placed on the meat and vegetables.

of America to Help Win the War and Save the World from Famine by Strict Economy of Food

This is what the Food Administration is asking of you. Is it too much?

The wise and careful use of

Wheat

Meat

Butter fat

Milk

The use of other fats for butter in cooking:

The use of other cereals for part of the wheat in bread:

The use of other meats, such as game and fish, or the use of eggs and cheese, to reduce the demand for beef, pork and mutton, should be advocated.

The larger use of fruits and vegetables should be featured.

The proper nourishment of every member of your family is your first duty. The substitution of the foods that are plenty for the foods that are scarce or especially needed for export does not imply any cutting down in the ration of nourishing foods.

Waste must be eliminated.

Perishable foods locally grown, must be consumed more freely.

The "Gospel of the clean plate" must be preached.

My Countrywomen:

I ask your help.

The President has laid upon me and has asked me to assume great responsibility in the conservation of the food supplies of our country. It would be an unbearable burden but for two reasons:

One is I am sure every loyal American will at this time undertake unhesitatingly and whole-heartedly whatever service is requested of him.

The other reason is—the American woman. I believe you have only to understand the food needs of this nation, of the Allies, and in fact of the entire world, in order to enlist your immediate and intelligent support.

I realize full well that 70 per cent of our households are conducted with thrift and without waste, but even in these we need to secure the use of equally good food in substitution for those commodities which are so concentrated a character that they can be shipped over the seas in these times of short shipping.

Among the 30 per cent, it is true enough that we have deserved the reputation of the most wasteful housekeeping in the world, and the time has come to turn our faces squarely in the opposite direction and make our country a model throughout, of economical management.

Indeed, if our American ideal of a square deal is right, we can do no less.

For three years now the people of the Allied countries have borne the burden of this struggle for life and liberty, and are bearing it with pain and privation. There are millions of women in Belgium and Northern France today who for three years have heard no word of their husbands, their sons or their brothers, who go about their daily tasks provided with the most meager allowance of food for their children, with a smile on their lips.

It is for women such as these, for soldiers gallant beyond description, for little children of Europe, that you now face the immediate duty of taking up arms as it were in your households. You are a great army drafted by conscience into what is now the most urgent activity of the war—that of increasing and conserving the food supply.

Conditions which have brought about a world shortage of food have placed upon the shoulders of you, the women of America, to a great degree, the responsibility of winning this war, for the wolf is at the door of all the world except our own country, and we have a superabundance.

We are not alone appealing to the women; we are actively organizing so far as possible without legislation, the men in trades, hotels, restaurants, and in food distribution, hoping not only to eliminate waste but to moderate the burden of speculation and extortionate profits.

It stands to reason that your first duty is to the members of your family. They must have all the food they require to keep them in good health and capable of performing efficiently their daily tasks. Information for your guidance as to the food needs of the average family will be put in the hands of every earnest woman in America.

In confidence I turn to you so to conduct your affairs, and so to influence the activities of your community, that we may largely pay for the war as we go along out of our savings in food and in human production.

With deep gratitude for the earnest support already given me,

I am,

Faithfully yours,

Herbert Hoover

FRENCH TOAST.—Here is a way suggested by the United States Department of Agriculture to utilize stale bread and left-over milk:

Beat up together one egg, one cup of skim or whole milk and salt to taste. Place a small quantity of butter, bacon fat or other suitable fat in a broad-bottom frying pan. Dip slices of stale bread into the egg and milk mixture until they are thoroughly moist and fry on both sides until a golden brown. Serve hot with or without syrup.

Thursday

MEAT AND BREAD-CRUMB CAKES.—Here is one way to utilize left-over meat by spreading its flavor. To four parts of chopped or ground meat, add one part soaked bread-crums, a small quantity of chopped onion, and salt and pepper to



MEAT AND BREAD-CRUMB CAKES.

taste. Mix and form into small round cakes. Brown the cakes in butter or other fat, turning them.

Raw ground meat may be used. If so the pan should be covered so that greater heat will be applied.

Friday

Making Greens Nutritious

Here is a way to add nutriment to greens, and at the same time to vary the form in which this important food is served. The suggestion is made by the United States Department of Agriculture.

CHEESE AND GREENS ROLL.—Cook two quarts of spinach, Swiss chard or other greens. Drain and dress with one tablespoonful of butter. Chop and add one cupful of grated cheese and bread crumbs enough to make a mixture sufficiently stiff to form into a roll. Place in oblong pan and cook in moderate oven for twenty minutes. When cold the mixture may be sliced in one half inch pieces and served on lettuce leaves with salad dressing. If desired leave the mixture more moist and bake in casserole or baking dish and serve hot.

Saturday

MOCK DUCK.—Here is a suggestion for making a delicious dish from an inexpensive steak.

On a round steak cut thin, place a stuffing of bread crumbs well seasoned with chopped onions, butter or other fat, salt, pepper and flavorings such as sage, celery seed, etc., if desired. Roll the steak around the stuffing and tie in several places with a string. If the steak is tough steam or stew the roll until tender before



MEAT, RICE AND TOMATO CROQUETTES.

roasting in the oven. If desired, the roll may be cooked in a casserole, in which case a cupful or more of water should be added.

MEAT TURNOVERS.—Here is one way to utilize left-over meat by spreading its flavor.

Chop the meat. If the quantity on hand is small, mix with it left-over potato or rice. Season with salt, pepper, onion, etc. Place filling on circular pieces of biscuit dough about the size of a saucer. Fold over the dough and crimp edges together. Bake for about one half hour in a hot oven.

A brown sauce made from two tablespoonfuls of flour browned in two tablespoonfuls of butter to which a cupful of water or stock and a half teaspoonful of salt is added, may be served over the turnovers.

Use Every Drop of Milk

Don't throw away left-over skim-milk. It is a nutritious food and every drop of it should be used. One way to utilize it to make milk-vegetable soups.

MILK-VEGETABLE SOUPS.—To each two cupfuls of milk use one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, two thirds of a cupful of a thoroughly cooked vegetable, finely chopped, mashed or put through a sieve, and salt to taste. Thicken the milk with the flour as for milk gravy and add the other ingredients.

Practically any vegetable except tomatoes may be used with the other ingredients as stated. If tomatoes are used a little soda should be added to them to prevent the milk from curdling.

PEANUT SOUP.—A delicious and nourishing soup may be made from skim-milk and peanut butter as follows, says the U. S. Department of Agriculture:

Heat one pint of milk until lukewarm. Add two rounded tablespoonfuls of peanut butter mixed to a smooth paste with a little of the milk. Salt to taste. Thicken with one teaspoonful of butter or savory fat mixed with one tablespoonful of flour. Bring almost to the boiling point and serve.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

KANSAS CITY, 3230 Flora Ave., Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I read COMFORT several years when I was at home

and, since leaving there, have subscribed for it myself.

I have lived in the city three years, am a stenographer and enjoy my work very much. I have never seen a letter from Kansas City. Most of them are from the country, telling of the joys of farm life. I wonder if the city sisters are too busy in this great rush, to sit down and visit a bit with these fine COMFORT sisters and dear Mrs. Wilkinson?

Kansas City is an industrious and growing city. A fine place in which to live if one has God as their protector but a poor place for a young person without this fortification against temptations that daily arise. I am a member of one of the Baptist churches here, teach a Sunday School class of twelve-year-old girls and am a worker in the Baptist Young People's Union. I enjoy the work very much. We young folks hold meetings at a Mission among the poorer people, support a missionary in China and are engaged in a good work. It certainly makes one see the deeper side of life.

I have been interested in the discussion as to whether country or city children are more innocent. In all schools, in both city and country, there are children ready to unfold the sacred secrets of nature in the most rude and coarse manner, just as it has been unfolded to them. Rather, just as they have found it out as it is rarely unfolded to them. I think, after all, that one's parents have more to do with the development of one's character than their school associations. While they do receive wrong impressions upon first entering school, as they grow older, the home

influence will have more weight with them than those early impressions. For this reason a mother should realize that a sacred thing is to be a soul into this world and undertake the forming of that one's character. Although I have never met a man that I could love and may never be a wife and mother, I do think that motherhood is the greatest height that God has allowed a woman to attain.

I do not think a mother is entirely responsible for what her child grows up to be but, after she has made the home a shelter from the sins and temptations of the world, by living close to God, and has done all in her power, by intelligent study to give to the world a Christian young man or woman, with a depth of character to meet and conquer the bad things that come to ruin our lives, she need have little fear as to the final outcome. I have a dear mother and father living on the farm and I am always glad to get off for a few days and go back to them and the old home. They visit me here, too, which makes it pleasant for all of us.

I taught school, in the country, and I had but very few children in my care who were evil minded. I do not think that the things a child sees on the farm, which were intended by nature, are so harmful to him as the sins of the small towns and cities. Most country children have enough to employ their minds and time, and are not in daily contact with all classes as are many town children. Mothers may be careful but the little ones who have only the street for their playground, hear coarse jests and remarks of which mother never knows.

Now you will see that, although I live in the city and like it very much, I really think the country child has many advantages over the city child. They generally develop a deeper character, one that will withstand greater temptations, on account of having been associated with nature instead of things artificial. They, most always, are healthy and robust

and can come to the city and adopt city ways much quicker than the city folks can learn of the country. A green country boy is amusing in the city but not nearly so amusing as a green city chap in the country.

I will close by describing myself. I am twenty-two years old, have brown eyes and dark brown hair, five feet six inches tall and in the best of health. If any of the sisters ever come to Kansas City would be glad to show them around or help them in any way I can. I would like to hear from some of the sisters on ranches and from different parts of the West.

With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and COMFORT sisters, I am, Your COMFORT sister, ETTA BAKER.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I thank you all for your kind letters which were forwarded to me. I tried to answer all, but it was impossible as I had so little time. You ask who I am. I am "Lonesome in the Heart of the City," whose letter appeared in COMFORT a few months ago. I thank each and every one for the aid they offered which I cannot now accept as for the last four months I have been in a hospital where I am training. There is nothing like helping those really in need, for those in ill health are the really poor, I think. As for myself, I am getting stronger every day and am quite a different person from the lonesome, homesick and motherless girl who wrote the other letter to COMFORT. I am always cheerful now. Duty, sweet duty, has taught me to overcome everything, even the loss of mother for when I see how some of the old ladies here suffer with the same disease she had, I thank God she is spared that much. I can realize now what she suffered.

All of my patients like me and some of them even think that the older nurses cannot handle and take care of them as well as I can.

It has cost me a lot though for my people think that a nurse has a very poor moral sense, but I saw

my work and I did not hesitate to take it up, for a person can really enjoy doing work which suits them.

God bless you all, NURSE BUSSMAN.

Nurse Bussman. Your letter brings to mind a remark I once heard—to the effect that there were no really lazy people in the world but just people who didn't like their work because they were not fitted for it and it did not appeal to them, and if they could once find work they liked they would be the most industrious people in the world. Sort of a square-peg-in-a-round-hole idea and it's rather a comforting one to me. Here's wishing you success.—Ed.

LAVACA, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been waiting for some one to write about their favorite books and authors, since Mrs. Wilkinson invited us to discuss the subject, but no one has taken any interest in the subject. There are so many people who cannot be coaxed to read a book or newspaper; some few because they can't and more because they won't. People think they are too poor to buy books but will spend twice as much money on clothes and food as they ought to. Don't waste your spare time gazing off into space but grab a worth-while book, even have a college education, but that is just a foundation and you still need to read and think in order to keep informed on current events and discoveries in science.

I plan to have my subscriptions to my papers and then the renewal price doesn't seem as great as when they all come at once.

I will tell you some of the books I have read and enjoyed. "Daniel Deronda," by George Eliot, "Lady of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

HALL OWE'EN PARTY

with MYSTIC RITES and WEIRD CHARMS

By Ella Gordon

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MISS OCTOBER, dressed as a witch, ushers in Hallowe'en, on the last night of her stay, October 31st, when the vigil of the feast of All Saints is celebrated in merrymaking and divination of the future. The popular superstitions attached to Hallowe'en give license for narrating any weird stories of supernatural lore; for singing folk songs that reflect old superstitions; for indulging in quaint customs and mystic tricks, and people have been known to "ride the goat" at these entertainments.

If you would have your Hallowe'en party a success, spare no pains in making your setting weird and spooky; a barn or attic offers ideal advantages to this end.

Decorate with bunches of cornstalks, behind which are lighted lanterns with globes covered with red or yellow tissue paper. Use branches of any green trees available, and festoon with garlands of green, having pendants of carrots. Use numerous Jack-o-lanterns with horns made from ears of corn, and smiling with a display of large uneven teeth. Put a lighted candle in each, and these and the lighted lanterns will furnish the only light. Another effective decoration is made by putting a lamp in the center of a table, and about it arrange vegetables and fruits so the light will shine through, but the lamp remains unseen.

The invitation carries a request of secrecy, and that a mask and hood must cover the entire head, and the form be draped in white, black, yellow or red. The guests assemble in a nearly dark room, and when all is ready, three groans, the first deep, the second weaker and the last just a sound are given, and the way is lead to the decorated room. The guests will pass in grand march, endeavoring to identify each other, and the one making the largest number of correct guesses receives a black cat, either alive or stuffed, or made of cake or chocolate, as a prize. Masks are now removed and the fun begins.

Hallowe'en Rites and Mysteries

Make a mound of flour on a large platter, using just water enough to hold it together. Somewhere in the mound conceal a ring. Each guest takes a turn at cutting a slice from the mound, and the one who finds the ring will be the first to marry, but must pay for that good fortune by taking the ring from the flour with his or her teeth.

Hide a penny, a thimble and a ring in the room. The one who finds the penny will be wealthy; the thimble promises single blessedness,

and the ring a hasty marriage.

Have a tub nearly filled with water on a table, and in it several small apples floating. The ones who can catch an apple with the teeth receives a prize.

Have a woman who can disguise her voice, enter the room masked and dressed in gaudy short skirt, a red waist with huge sash and wearing numerous strings of buttons around the neck. She must tell the fortunes of those present by reading the palm, and with some preparation this feature may be very amusing. Give the palmist a list of the guests' names a few days in advance, that she may inform herself of their past and present circumstances and therefrom predict their futures.

Have the guests seat themselves in a circle on the floor, cross-legged. If before a fireplace so much the better. Have some one start a weird story, stopping short at the most exciting point, and the one next to him go on with the story, each one trying to outdo the other.

Popping corn, roasting apples and toasting marshmallows on long sticks, make appropriate refreshments.

Let the hostess be dressed as a witch, representing Miss October as pictured in "The Kingdom of Our Birthright." The skirt, cape and pointed hat are red, and the hair is powdered white. The broom is made of crisp brown wrapping paper cut in strips to make it rustle, and suspended on a wire is a cat cut from pasteboard and painted black.

The Cat and Chestnuts Cake

There is an old fable about the cat that tried to pull the chestnuts from the fire, and as both cats and nuts are intimately associated with Hallowe'en, the fable was appropriately taken as a theme for the Hallowe'en cake illustrated in the above heading. Of course it is a "fortune" cake, containing wee trinkets such as coins, thimbles, rings, and other prophetic emblems. It is made in two tiers, two cakes of different sizes having been put together, one above the other, and the icing (pale yellow) applied over all. Around the sides of the lower cake are small cats made by applying chocolate peppermints to form the bodies, and small chocolate wafers for the heads, the ears and tails being drawn with chocolate icing. On the apex of the cake is placed a humped black cat with wide open mouth and staring eyes, such as can be bought in any candy store at this season, or might be made at home, and the remaining space is decorated with candy chestnuts. These may be bought at almost any confectioner's, or can be made at home of chocolate fondant tipped with white fondant.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

the Lake," by Walter Scott, "Pathfinder," by J. F. Cooper, "Prisoners of Hope," by Mary Johnston, "Around the World in Eighty Days," by Jules Verne, "Kidnapped," by R. L. Stevenson and "Old Curiosity Shop" by Charles Dickens. I have read many more but will not name them here.

I am five feet, three inches tall, with gray eyes and brown hair and am nineteen years old. Would like to get letters from any who care to write to me.

With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters, IMA CARTER.

GEORGETOWN, 1104 Rock St., TEXAS.

DEAR EDITOR:

My advice to the lady who wrote about adopting a child, would be to do so by all means and get one as young as possible for I think you will love it more the younger it is when adopted. I am sure no parents could love their own any more than we love our Gladys, whose picture appeared in the January, 1913 COMFORT. She was a year and a half old at the time the picture was taken but was only three weeks old when we took her. She will be seven years old the 11th of next March. I am sending her picture hoping it will be printed. She is a very bright child, smart in her studies and everyone seems to like her. We are very proud of her. I think every couple who have no children of their own should take one, or more, of these little unfortunates to care for, for there are many that need homes and many homes that need



GLADYS LACKEY, SEVEN YEARS OLD.

children. They are such a blessing. If Gladys goes away to spend the day the place seems so lonely without her and the first thing husband says when he comes home is, "Where's baby?" Some may say it is too much responsibility to raise a child. It certainly is, but someone has to do it and perhaps some one not as well able to care for it as you are. I say that any couple that can care for themselves can care for one little orphan child and their love will repay you tenfold.

COMFORT sister and reader, MRS. PEARL LACKEY.

Mrs. Lackey. It is very good of you to share

your little girl with us. I've often wondered about her, ever since you sent us the other picture. Our best wishes to her, and her parents.—Ed.

PATERSON, N. J.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a city girl, twenty-four years old, and want to ask the sisters if they can help me find a home in the country. At present I am working in a silk mill and as my health isn't so very good I would like to leave the factory and get out in the country, so if anyone knows of a place on a farm (perhaps with some lone-some old couple) where I could have a good home and could work for my living, I would be very grateful if you would let me know. I am a home-loving girl, of good character and come from a respectable family. Send letters to Mrs. Wilkinson. MISS E. V. O.—

COLORADO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I wish to sympathize with Mrs. G. W. B. E. A little over a year ago I married a man I did not love and while he is a good, trustworthy man and provides me with all I need and is good to me, I am not happy in the fullest sense of the word. I am twenty years of age and my husband is ten years older. I would like to ask the COMFORT sisters' advice as to whether it would not be wise for me to go away for a while, till I can know if I care enough for my husband to live the remainder of my life with him. Somehow I feel as though somewhere in this world the man I will love is going to meet me. What should I do if that should ever happen? I married because I needed a home and my health was broken down considerably from overwork. I had no parents, so I simply closed my eyes and made the plunge. I knew I was doing wrong when the minister performed the ceremony and tears came to my eyes and he looked so accusingly at me. I have nothing to say against my husband for he took me and gave me a good home. He has one fault, however, that worries me and that is his lack of education. He was not able to go to school very much and as a consequence his grammar is very poor, as is his spelling. Doubtless I am wrong when I let this worry me. I feel as though I have thrown my life away. What would you do?

Mother of Three, by all means have your children's adenoids and tonsils removed. It is a simple operation and I have cared for many cases in the hospital where I trained as a nurse. The adenoids and tonsils are a decided detriment to your children's health. Not only that but a child's intellectual faculties are not so good as when they are removed. It will be worth the money spent to have it done.

Just a word about hospitals. I believe it is just as economical in case of sickness to go to a hospital and it is much safer. In case of dangerous complications, aid can be given immediately and there are so many modern conveniences at hand that render first aid more efficient. If possible, have a private nurse for there will be many little things to be done that will require a good deal of the general nurse's time. A general duty nurse has all she can attend to and is often in such a rush that a patient hesitates to ask her to do the many little things that patients always want. Be courteous to the nurses for they are human as well as anybody.

Sincerely,

Mrs. V. M.

V. M. Of course it is best to keep our nasty dispositions under cover, but I feel it my duty (did you ever notice how people get around something unpleasant by calling it their "duty") to say that if anyone has thrown their life away, you, certainly, are not the one. Many women would appreciate such a man as you have; however, so long as you haven't met that belated true love of yours, why don't you try loving your husband until you do. What do the sisters think about it? Really V. M., I'm not so disagreeable as I sound and can understand how you feel about it, only won't you try and look at the matter in a different light for you will be much happier. Maybe you are just tired and nervous now. Don't try to look ahead the remainder of your life. You know you can live only one day at a time, so make the most of each day.—Ed.

SPANISH FORK, L. Box 1151, UTAH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you admit a reader from the Sego Lily state

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



A great aid to food economy

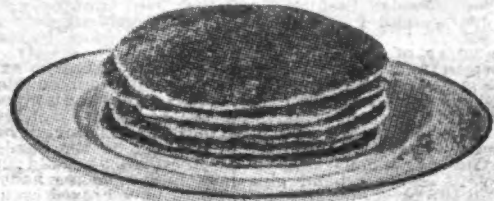
Royal Baking Powder

saves eggs in baking

In nearly all recipes eggs may be reduced in number and often left out altogether by adding Royal Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted. The following recipes are practical examples.

These recipes also conserve flour as urged by the Government.

Corn Meal Griddle Cakes

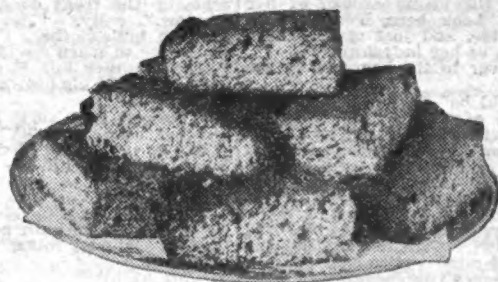


1 1/2 cups corn meal	1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup flour	1 tablespoon shortening
3/4 cup milk	1 tablespoon molasses
1 1/2 cups boiling water	4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Scald corn meal in bowl with boiling water; add milk, melted shortening and molasses; add flour, salt and baking powder which have been sifted together; mix well. Bake on hot greased griddle until brown.

(The old method called for 2 eggs)

Corn Bread



1 1/2 cups corn meal	NO EGGS	1 tablespoon sugar (if desired)
1/2 cup flour		1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder		1 1/2 cups milk
		2 tablespoons shortening

Sift the dry ingredients into bowl; add milk and melted shortening; beat well and pour into well greased pan or muffin tins. Bake in hot oven about 25 minutes.

(The old method called for 2 eggs)

Equally satisfactory results in saving eggs may be obtained by using Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, also made from Cream of Tartar, and now manufactured by this Company.

"55 Ways to Save Eggs," a new booklet mailed free. Address Royal Baking Powder Co., 130 William Street, New York.

Cream of Tartar, the chief ingredient of Royal Baking Powder, is of pure fruit origin, derived from grapes, and has no substitute for making a baking powder of the highest quality.

Royal Never Leaves a Bitter Taste
No Alum **No Phosphate**

The Girl He Loved

by Adelaide Stirling



The Umbrella, indeed!



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CHAPTER I. SWEETHEARTS.

"TOMAS, my son!" The voice came darkly from the scullery window, and Sir Thomas Annesley gave a guilty start where he knelt in the kitchen garden.

"Oh! it's you!" he cried with relief. "I thought it might be her ladyship, and I didn't want her."

He hastily covered in a small grave he was making in the parsley-bed, and his sister poked her bronze head from the open window with some curiosity.

"What are you doing?" she inquired.

"Oh, nothing! Just putting away something. There is nothing like a hole in the ground. What on earth are you doing in the scullery?" eying the unwelcome smartness of as much of Miss Ravenel Annesley's toilet as was visible. "What have you got on your Sunday frock for? Have you been blacking the family boots in it?"

"If it's anything to eat you've buried, the cats will dig it up again!" loftily ignoring his question, except for a guilty glance at her lilac muslin gown.

"No cat!"—calmly—"will dig this up, for I'm going to do it myself first! Come out, why don't you?"

"I'm coming." Miss Annesley vaulted nimbly from the window with much display of her only pair of black silk stockings. "You don't see her ladyship anywhere, do you, Tommy? Because I've an errand in the quarry, and I don't want her to sniff it out."

"She can't sniff a quarter of a mile!"—comfortably—"She's gone down to sit by the lake without any hat: said she had neuralgia. But I know she's gone to bleach her golden hair." "She does bleach her hair, Ravenel remarked thoughtfully. "It was the most awful color yesterday—a sort of green! I heard her giving it to the Umbrella for making a mistake."

Sir Thomas Annesley lit a contraband cigarette.

"And yet," he said blandly, "it was not the Umbrella who changed the bottle! Her ladyship kicked Mr. Jacobs, and any one who kicks my dog has misfortune. I'll walk over to the quarry with you!" affably.

"No, Tommy dear!" with guilty haste. "I—I don't require you."

Sir Thomas coughed.

"Don't blame me then if her ladyship sends the old Umbrella all over the country for you when you're missed. I'll have to kill that maid some day! Do you know, she listens at the door when we're alone?"

"Much good she'll get!" contemptuously, marching on under the blossoming apple-trees with the sun flecking the lovely bronze of her hair with red gold. "Look here, Tommy, you come as far as the hedge, and just give a cooee if you see the Umbrella or her ladyship."

"Can't. I'm going over to the barracks to see Gordon."

"I wouldn't! It would be"—she was not looking at him—"a waste of time."

"Oh!" Sir Thomas winked vulgarly, as he observed a lovely carnation grow and deepen in his sister's cheeks. "I see. Well, go on, my dear! I don't blame you; only, in hasty addition as they reached the hedge, 'keep your eye peeled. The Umbrella is active, and also far-sighted. I don't recommend the quarry myself; it is too like being a mouse in a bowl. Give me a wood for such undertakings! And mind you're back by dinner, for if her ladyship sees you sneaking in with your Sunday blouse on she'll put two and two together. Meantime, I've gone over to the barracks to see Gordon. You mind that when you come home!"

"You're a duck, Thomas, some day I'll reward you," returned the vision in mauve muslin, disappearing with some pains through the white-thorn hedge.

But Sir Thomas only grunted. He approved of his sister's adorer because Lady Annesley did not, but he privately considered that meeting a handsome, penniless hussar was wasting time.

"However, Mr. Jacobs," he observed, as that disreputable bull-terrier joined him, "anything for business, and we're growing old. And it is my belief that my lady wants to marry Ravenel to that old Lord Levalion, and I'll see her blown first."

He sat down on the bank at the foot of the hedge and pulled his hat over his eyes. They were worldly wise eyes for a boy of sixteen; but to have Lady Annesley for a stepmother was a liberal education. Old Sir Thomas had married her in haste, and, fortunately for himself, had died too soon to have time to repent at leisure. He was poor; his new wife had been supposed to be rich; but her fortune turned out to be about as real as her complexion—there was just enough of it to swear by. Annesley Chase was mortgaged too deeply for the widow's small income even to pay the interest; when young Sir Thomas came of age it would be foreclosed and sold over his head, unless money came from the skies. And yet Lady Annesley, even while she sat and saw the interest piling up against her, had no idea of letting Annesley Chase go. A snug old age in the dower-house appearing to her more inviting than spending her declining years in a semidetached villa, she was even now taking steps to secure it by the simple scheme of a rich marriage for Ravenel, and later and harder, for Sir Thomas. In the

meantime, she provided the stepchildren, who were her only stock in trade, with bread and butter. Thin bread and thinner butter, perhaps; but still she fed them. And they hated her cordially—Ravenel from having seen her father's last days made wretched; Tommy from a far-sighted distrust that grew on him every day.

But Ravenel just now had no thoughts for her stepmother, nor of how she was improving the long hours of the May afternoon. Over the short grass of the field above the quarry pits she was walking with the air of one having an infinity of time and no particular destination. Her heart might be galloping before her, but it was not good for captains of hussar regiments to know it. She sailed on demurely under the shade of an ivory-white parasol—it was one of Lady Annesley's, and her stepdaughter hoped devoutly there would not be a hue and cry for it while it was out—as if she had not a care in the world. Yet a sharp color came to her clear cheeks as she neared the quarry pit.

Suppose he had not come!

The thought made her feel chilly in the warm May sunshine. For one breathless moment she was afraid to lift her eyes from the short grass lest she might look in vain for Adrian Gordon. And so nearly walked over him where he lay stretched on the warm, green sod at the edge of the quarry.

Miss Annesley dropped her pirated parasol. "Oh!" she cried, as he sprang to his feet. "I nearly walked over you."

"Tread lightly then, for my heart is under your feet," quoted the man, with a little laugh of pure pleasure. He took both her hands and looked down into her gray-blue eyes.

"I began to think, Miss Annesley," he remarked gravely, "that you were not coming. Another ten minutes and I should have walked up to your hall door and paid a polite visit, his strong, fine hands holding hers with utter content."

The girl looked up at him where he stood bareheaded, the sun on his close-cropped, fair hair. How tanned and strong and good to look at he was! And how sweet his gray eyes and his mouth under his fair mustache.

He caught her hands a little closer.

"You see," he said; "you were just saved having to receive me under her ladyship's nose. I would have braved even her tea rather than have gone back without seeing you." He stooped to pick up her parasol, and she drew her hands from his left one that held them both.

"It wouldn't have been any good your coming in state," she returned calmly. "You would only have had 'not at home' said to you. Her ladyship is engaged today in renovating her charms."

"I should have met you at the door if I'd started when I first thought of it! Would you have sent me away?" seating himself beside her in the shade of a flower-filled thorn-tree on the sharp slope down to the quarry. "I believe you would!" rather dashed.

"I should not, for an excellent reason. I didn't come by the front door, but out of the scullery window," gaily. "Her ladyship supposes I'm darning table-cloths. I've left Tommy down by the hedge to warn me if my flight is discovered." The laughter left Captain Gordon's handsome eyes. He laid his brown hand on Ravenel's white one.

"Tell me, my Nel," he said softly: "do you love me, ever so little?"

"No!" very low. "Ever so little!" Did she not love him with all her soul and body, as she loved no one else in God's world?

"How much do you love me? That much?" measuring off a tiny space with her two hands, for he had them both now, and Lady Annesley's lace parasol had rolled where it would down the quarry.

"Not at all!"

"Not at all," but she barely whispered it.

"Do you mean that, Nel?" he was whispering, too. "Because I love you—oh, you know how I love you!" he let her hands go. "Tell me, quick, do you mean it?"

Miss Annesley made no answer, only raised her eyes to his for the briefest instant. But it was long enough for Adrian Gordon.

"Sweetheart," he said, and kissed her. "Nel, look at me; won't you kiss me?"

"I—I don't know." But she did look at him, and, somehow, without either of their wills, their lips met. And at that long, gentle touch of the man's lips on hers Ravenel Annesley gave her heart and her soul to his keeping, forever.

"My sweet," he said, letting her go. "do you know, I've no right to ask you to marry me? I've no money."

"Neither have I," gaily. "Would you like to be off your bargain?"

"Don't say it!" quickly. "It hurts too much. But money I must and will have to marry you. I mean the girl of my heart to have all she wants in this world—gowns and horses and happiness. It would kill me to see you as I've seen the wives of lots of poor men. Can you wait for me, sweet, for two years, while I go out to India?"

"India! What for?" the color left her face.

"Well! I've a second cousin, who has some influence. He's not a man I like much, but he surprised me the other day by telling me that a friend of his out in India would offer me an appointment on his staff—he's a general—if it were certain I'd accept. I—I said I would. It's more than three times the pay I'm getting now and a chance in a thousand to get on in the service. I'd have to leave my regiment, but I'd do that—for you."

"Adrian—not now!" she whispered. "We're so happy." Her heart fairly turned over at the thought of Annesley Chase without Adrian Gor-

don quartered ten miles off, of the long, empty summer days.

"We'll be as happy again," he answered wistfully, "and the sooner I go the sooner I'll be back. But I wouldn't go at all if I saw any other way. I'm afraid to leave you with your stepmother."

"She can't marry me out of hand to a slug or a snail, and those are the only visitors we ever have. My charms"—dryly—"have doubtless not yet been noised abroad."

"I believe you wish they had been!" quite as dryly. "You're a bundle of vanity, Miss Annesley, and I believe you've got a temper—and you're proud!" he paused eloquently.

"Go on," returned his charmer calmly. "Don't mind me! And when you're done I'll tell you what I am—quite good enough for you!"

Her eyes met his with sweet insolence, fearless for all their softness, and the man's face changed.

"You're too good, that's one thing," he said slowly. "And for another, you're too proud. I know you! If anything went wrong between us, and it was my fault, you'd never give me a chance to explain."

Ravenel looked at him, as he sat beside her, with the May sun full on his face, that was meant to be fair, but was turned a clear-pale-bronze by wind and weather; full on his tawny, gold mustache, and the clear-cut lines of his cheek and chin. Strong and cold and proud that face was, till you looked at the man's eyes or saw him smile. But now he was not smiling and a quick pang caught at the girl's heart. Adrian Gordon to talk of pride!

She flung out both her hands to him, as she had never done before.

"Listen," she cried passionately. "It's you who are proud; not I! Offend me, and I will give you all the chances on earth to explain; but you—oh, I don't believe you would ever forgive anything."

Her eyes, that had been so gay, so full of sweet mockery, were brimming with tears, and Gordon caught her to him jealously.

"There will never anything come between us," he said as he kissed her, "not between the girl I love and me!"

CHAPTER II. THE PERSON IN BLACK.

Behind a rock, not two yards from Captain Gordon's flat young back, something stirred—stirring so faintly that even a thrush in its nest in the hawthorn bush did not hear it. Perhaps the sour-faced person in black who knelt on the grass, ostensibly digging dandelions for a complexion salad, had been there for a long time; or, perhaps, it had not been hard to evade the sentry on the hedge and bring up in good ear-shot of the two people who were blind and deaf to everything but themselves.

"Heaps of things can come between us," Ravenel was retorting dolefully. "Lady Annesley can. And Tommy says the Umbrella—that beast of a maid of hers—tells her everything we do."

The person in black bridled angrily behind her rock. She had come from curiosity; she would stay now for spite. The Umbrella, indeed!

Gordon laughed.

"Why do you call her that?" "Oh, because she's a framework of bones with limp black silk over them—just like an umbrella shut up! But she's a vicious wretch, too, and I hate her."

The unseen listener's eyes narrowed in her flat face.

"Well, never mind her; she can't worry us!" hastily. "This is the only thing that matters just now. My cousin wired for General Carmichael that I'd accept his offer, and—got an answer. Nel, I must go in a week!"

"Well?" She did not look at him.

"Well, I'm going!" his handsome face drawn and hard. "But I won't leave you like this. I want you to marry me before I go."

"But you couldn't take me with you?" a wild hope made her voice shake.

"No! But I could send for you, or come when I could get leave and carry you off. Look here, my heart," with gentle strength, "if I must go I want to leave my wife behind me. Then I shall know nothing can ever come between us."

"Oh," her cheek reddened, "I can't marry you! How could I?" though the very thought of being Adrian's wife made life heaven.

"There's Tommy."

Gordon smiled.

"Is that all? Only Tommy! When I come back for you we'll take Tommy, too; will that do? Or, do you think you'll find me an insufferable husband? Tell me. Why don't you look at me, sweetheart?"

"Because I don't want to," returned Miss Annesley, with scarlet cheeks and a truthful tongue.

"Say you'll marry me!" he demanded. "Say yes—unless you don't love me."

Very deliberately she looked at him, saw the love and truth in his eyes, the strength and beauty of his face, that was pale with earnestness.

"Yes," she whispered, so that he could hardly hear; but he knew without hearing—and the silent woman behind the rock knew, too, and strained her ears.

"Then will you do this?" said Gordon. "The curate at Effingham went to school with me. He'll marry us if I get a special license. All you'll have to do is to walk over to Effingham—

which is really your parish church, though you don't go there—with me, and be married. No one will know, unless you like to tell Tommy. And I'll bring you straight home from the church door. But you'll belong to me, and I can defy her ladyship or any one else to make trouble between us. Will you do that?"

She nodded, her face like a crimson flower. "Yes, Adrian," he prompted; but she spoke with a sudden flash of her spirit.

"Your wife or no one else's in the world!" she cried, "unless—you change your mind and throw me over."

Gordon caught her up like a child.

"Oh, you silly, silly!" he cried. "I'll not give you a chance to be any one else's wife; don't flatter yourself. But I've no right to so sweet a thing as you. What you ought to do is refuse me and marry my cousin."

"I don't even know his name."

"That's a trifle. He has money enough to buy this country and not know it."

"He hasn't money enough to buy me!" with a quick flash of her eyes. "Oh!" with sudden remembrance of the world about her, "I must go! Look how long the shadows are."

"Wait—just one second! I've something for you," he was feeling in his pocket. "I meant it to be diamonds, but they say these things—though of course it's nonsense—less than light if things go wrong with—any one you care for!"

He drew out a velvet case, and there shone into Ravenel Annesley's eyes the green fire of a half-hoop of emeralds, curiously set in a kind of mosaic of small diamonds and opals. The thing was wonderful in a queer, barbaric way as it blazed in the sun. The girl who looked at it stood speechless.

"Don't you like it?" his face falling, for he had searched London for a ring unlike any others.

"I—I love it! But—" she stopped with dismay.

Opals—every one knew what luck opals brought. And emeralds all the world over meant "forsaken."

"Opals aren't lucky," she said hastily, and left the green stones out of the question; "but this is too beautiful to bring bad luck. And I suppose it's all nonsense really! Adrian, do you know, I never had a ring in my life?" shaking from her the senseless dread she felt of this one.

"You're going to have two now. This today and another next week," he was slipping the fiery-green wonder on her third finger. "Till death do us part," he quoted softly. "That belongs to the next ring but I can say it with this one."

"Death or Lady Annesley!" sharply her eyes full of quick tears. "She hates me, Adrian, and she doesn't like you."

"It can't hurt either of us, Nel!" with the little backward jerk of his head the girl loved.

"Why do you never call me Ravenel?" she said irrelevantly, for there was no sense in wasting good time talking about her ladyship.

"Not like you!" promptly. "Means some one quite different. Mind you, never let any one call you Nel till I come back again," with a sudden curling jealousy.

"No one will want to," dolefully. "Oh! Adrian; do you really mean to go next week?"

"I must," his face grew dark, hard-bitten; for it was like dying to leave her. "And the worst of it is I'll be so busy. I'll have to go to London to get my kit, and say a decent word to my cousin, and sit through a farewell dinner at mess—that'll be about as lively as a funeral—the night before I leave, when I shall be mad to be with you. But we'll have one day together if everything goes undone. And you'll go with me to Effingham, Miss Annesley, and come back Nel Gordon!"

But she sat pale and quiet.

"It seems so mad, so impossible!" she said at last, as if it were wrong from her. "And I believe my stepmother would kill me if she found out."

"That's about the only thing she couldn't do," shortly. "Do you think I won't take care of her claws for you? Look here, besides, the day we go to Effingham there'll be the duchess's garden-party. I'll manage to get there. If I can't, I'll send you a note to say what day I am coming to take you to Effingham. After that, sweet, we can laugh at her ladyship."

"You'll be gone! We won't be able to laugh at anything!" forlornly.

"You'll be my wife," something flashed into his eyes that boded no good to any one that dared lift a finger against Adrian Gordon's dearest. "I'll be able to write to you and you to me. Some day I'll come and carry you off, no matter what Lady Annesley may be pleased to say. The only thing is," a sudden pity in the masterful protecting hand on hers, "it's a pretty poor match for you, my Nel. And a doleful wedding in an empty church to a man who can't even keep you is a selfish bit of work—it makes me feel a beast! You ought, you know, to marry a lord—with a choral service, and two bishops, and a church full of fine people to make it all proper." his voice was jesting, but his eyes were sad enough, and he held her hand as if he never could let it go.

"Don't talk like that!" she cried sharply. "It makes me feel as if some one were walking over my grave. What have I got to do with lords and bishops at my wedding? I'd be miserable. I'd—she could not go on. What made her see, as if in a vision, a strange church, filled

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Come and
Join the

Happiest Family
in the World



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

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COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

ANY of our readers write me complaining bitterly of the disloyalty of socialists and the socialist press. Seventeen socialist publications have been denied the use of the mails, and others are in line to get the axe.

You need not get very excited about what you see in the pro-German, anti-American, so-called "socialist" press right now, for that press is not interested in socialism. All it is interested in at present is promoting anarchy, hate, disorder, and rebellion, blatantly rooting for our common enemy Prussia, deriding and discrediting every action of our government and its policies, and slurring and reviling our allies and trying by every means in its power to continue to fool and mislead the gullible dupes, who eagerly gulp down this insidious poison, so that the pennies by which these peace-for-profit fanatics and traitors live, may continue to flow in. The socialist party, which is a party no longer, has degenerated into a narrow, bigoted, traitorous, alien sect, largely composed of German nationalists, Jewish anarchists, economic paranoids, Marxian mannikins and soulless materialists, is hopelessly in the hands of an element that is bitterly anti-American, anti-Christian, anti-everything except anti-Kaiser. What Kaiser Billy and Germany do is all right, or at least they can always find plenty of excuses for Germany's murderous acts and piratical behavior. The socialist acts of all the warring nations have rallied to the support of their governments. The German socialist is a German before he is a socialist, so is the Frenchman, so is the Briton, so is the Russian. In this country however, if a man wants to be an American as well as a socialist, there is nothing left for him to do but get out of his party or be thrown out, and so those socialists who love their native land in spite of its faults, the really big, worth-while men of the party, have gotten out of it and left it to a rapidly dwindling, noisy, arrogant, foreign element, whose bitter hatred of this country and its institutions, has made it ignoble and contemptible and one may also add, treasonable. But you need not take my word for this, let W. J. Ghent, a man honored and respected by all progressive thinkers and socialists the world over, tell you what he thinks about it. Writing recently to the New York Times, he says: "The socialist majority has proved disloyal to the cause of democracy and civilization. It has echoed virtually every demand of the German foreign office. Its members have taken part in activities financed by the German government. It has in effect sanctioned the employment in this country, by the German Government, of an army of spies and agents provocateurs and has ridiculed the efforts of the government to apprehend them. * * It has denounced the sale of munitions to the Allies and the efforts of our own government to prepare itself against German aggression, and thus gives its sanction to German preparedness, while obstructing preparedness at home. It has no word to say against the German declaration of war, but it has officially declared that the entry of the U. S. A. into the conflict, was a crime against humanity. It is now in many devious ways obstructing the operation of the draft. Its disloyalty to the nation of which it is a part, is matched by its disloyalty to internationalism and world-wide humanity. It has uttered no word of protest against the invasion of neutral Belgium. Against the exactions of capital it has much to say, but against the frightful exactions of the German army in Belgium, it has kept studiously silent. Regarding the seizure and transportation to Germany of the machinery, rolling stock and raw material by which the Belgian workers make their living, it has said nothing. The pathetic and desperate plea of the Belgian working class to the working class of America * * * was wholly ignored by the majority of the American party * * * the unparalleled atrocities in Belgium, Serbia, Roumania and Austria, have wrung from it not even a whisper of protest. It has more or less openly justified such violations of international law as seemed to aid the German cause. The slaughter of women and children has moved it to no concern whatever * * * It has ignored the murder of civilian workmen. Whatever this element professes to stand for and whatever it may really think it is trying to promote, the record shows it has given its support to spoliation and massacre, the perpetration of infinite cruelty and to the denial of reparation."

A. M. Simon, who has resigned from the party, writing in the New Republic recently says: "There is a blatant antagonism to religion (in the socialist party) that is also un-American. At a time when the American people are turning against the liquor traffic, the party allows itself to be dragged at the heels of the brewery and saloon forces. Socialists in legislative halls have joined hands with the worst enemies of labor in order to protect the liquor interests. The pacifist movement has also been manipulated in the pro-German direction and most socialists pose as pacifists."

Now listen to what Upton Sinclair, who is both a patriot and a socialist and famous the world over, has to say: "This war must be fought until there has been a thorough and complete democratization of the governments of Germany and Austria. Any agitation for peace that does not include this demand is pro-German agitation. If Germany be allowed to win this war, then we in America shall have to drop every other activity and devote the next twenty or thirty years to preparing for a last ditch defense of the democratic principle. I have lived in Germany and know its language and literature and the spirit and ideals of its rulers. Having given many years to a study of American capitalism, I am not apt to be blind to the defects of my own country, but in spite of these defects, I assert that the difference between the ruling classes of Germany and America is the difference between the seventeenth and the twentieth centuries. I find those with whom I have talked utterly unable to conceive what the Prussian ruling class is. They cite its modernness, its use of science, failing to realize that this is precisely the thing that makes it dangerous—a beast with the brains of an engineer. They cite the good care it takes of its workers, failing to realize that every farmer who fattens animals for the slaughter house, does the same thing, and from the same motive.

"The Appeal to Reason, the paper to which

I have been a continual contributor for sixteen years, refused to allow me to put my ideas before its readers."

The socialist press howls about the capitalist press suppressing the truth on important matters, concerning the working class. Here we catch the socialist press doing the same dirty work. By the way here is what the Appeal to Reason has to say about itself: "The Appeal firmly believes that our entire scheme of propaganda generally adopted by socialists during the last twenty years has been built on preconceived notions not applicable to conditions in the United States. We confess that we ourselves have aided and abetted * * * the infliction of these undemocratic and ineffective methods and ideas. * * * But we shall do so no more."

Chester M. Wright, former editor of the New York Call (Socialist) in resigning from the party has this to say: "It (the Socialist Party) has lost all color as a working class organization."

John Spargo the intellectual giant of the party, who lives at Old Bennington, Vermont, and who recently resigned from its executive committee says: "The present Socialist party is entirely out of touch with American life, and incompetent to interpret it."

Never were truer words spoken. Spargo and other progressives are organizing a new radically progressive American political party on the wreck of a discredited movement. Spargo, Russell, Upton Sinclair, Phelps Stokes and others, who though radicals, have won the respect of the American public, will engineer this party, which will probably sweep into its ranks the Farmers' Non Partisan League, Single Taxers, Progressives, Organized Labor, Woman's Party, etc. Those who have been misled and become entangled in the present traitorous, anarchistic America-hating, pro-enemy organization of alien soreheads had better get out while the getting is good.

The so-called "Socialist" party pretends to be wild with delight over the overthrow of the Czar by socialist Russia, but its members refuse absolutely to strike a blow to aid their Russian comrades in their fight to retain their hard won liberty, which will be utterly lost if Germany triumphs. That ought to be sufficient to convince even the most hopeless Henry Dubb of the real nature of this seditious bunch of rabid hypocrites, trouble fomenters, treason spreaders and peace-for-profit fakers, who are rapidly making the word socialism a stench in the nostrils of all decent, fair-minded, red-blooded American people.

The I. W. W. anarchists and fake socialists are too blinded by hate, treachery and treason to realize, or too tricky and foxy to admit that they will benefit more than anyone on earth from the sacrifice that our gallant soldier boys are making for them, and these dastardly ingrates have the brazen audacity to call our soldiers "Scabs" and "Ruffians and rowdies in uniform." That ought to make the blood in every decent American body boil with indignation. Frank Little, the I. W. W. agitator who was lynched in Butte, addressed the Governor of Arizona thus: "I don't give a damn what your country is fighting for. Later he said: 'A city ordinance is simply a piece of paper that can be torn up. The same can be said of the Constitution of the United States. If the mines are taken under Federal control, we will make it so hot for the Government that it will not be able to send our troops to France.' People who talk treason in war time must not wonder if they meet a traitor's fate—death. I'm glad to note Union Labor realizes the menace of the I. W. W. movement and is now fighting it tooth and nail."

Charles Edward Russell, a man who is both a socialist and an American, who was sent with a message to the Russian people by our President in spite of the howls of the envious socialist Kaiser coddlers, found that nearly all his attempts to give the Russian people a correct idea of conditions in this country were blocked by Russian socialists and anarchists, naturalized American citizens (Jews everyone of them I'll bet) who hurried to Russia to blacken this country in the eyes of the Russian people before Russell could get there. These scheming miscreants came to this country to fatten and batten on Uncle Sam's best, they make themselves utterly obnoxious in every walk in life, they spit on our flag, curse our country and its institutions, root for our common enemy Germany, and plot against us wherever they go.

The fake socialist malcontents are whining because a parade of theirs was broken up by soldiers on Boston Common. The paraders (almost entirely foreigners) came from countries that we are going to shed our blood to make free and happy. These miserable ingrates knew we were at war on their behalf and yet they dared to carry banners bearing such sentiments as these: "Who Stole Panama, And Crushed Hayti?" "The United States Has Ordered Two Hundred Thousand Coffins." "Liberty Bonds Are A First Mortgage On Labor." What these miscreants need is a good dose of Prussian tyranny or the lash of the Cossack whip. That medicine might put them in a mood to use and not abuse the liberty and freedom which is given them, all too bountifully in this great land of ours. Let me warn you to keep your eye on the People's Peace Council, as well as on the I. W. W. pests and other pro-enemy organizations. The purpose of these pestiferous traitorous pro-enemy gangs, is to make the conduct of this war impossible and so bring about a German peace which would be only a truce, and which would give the Prussian tiger a chance to profit by the million mistakes he has made in this campaign, and to complete his bloody schemes for world domination a few years later. These organizations are determined to stab Uncle Sam in the back, while he is shedding the best blood of his noblest sons, so that all nations may have a chance to develop along lines of freedom and democracy and attain higher standards of living than have hitherto been known. Fight these enemy ingrates whenever you have a chance and ship the whole viperous bunch of reptiles back home to their ghettos and rathskellers in Europe directly the war is over, and write to your Congressman and insist that the foreign language press be suppressed immediately. We can never have a united America or any decent American citizenship while these traitorous sheets are permitted to do their dirty, treacherous work.

Now remember this you reformers and dreamers. No political party no matter how idealistic

and beautiful its theories and noble its aims can ever hope to win the confidence and support of the American people unless it is genuinely American in its scope, purpose and sympathy, and ready at all times to fight and shed its blood that democracy may be safe the world over and our people, country and flag given that protection which manly men and self-respecting nations are ever ready to give to the things they love, honor, prize and cherish. We want reformers who are real Americans, patriotic citizens who are anxious to build and create not dastardly rascals whose only purpose is to tear down and destroy—to loot and revolute.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them,—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort,—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her Ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

STRASSEL, OREGON.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am twelve years old. My brother takes the COMFORT. We have three horses and about thirty chickens. I am fond of fishing and hunting. What kind of bait is best for common trout?

Yours sincerely,

ESPEY DAVIS.

Espey, I regret to say I am not an expert on piscatorial subjects. I am a fisher of men and humans generally and not of trout. I generally address Billy the Goat as "you poor fish," but he is more goat than fish. Before telling you what kind of "bait" to use that is best for common trout, you will have to tell me what "bait" is, and what particular attraction "bait" has for fish anyhow. The Goat says he thinks you mean bait. If it is bait you mean I would suggest that you get on a hook and jump in the river and make a noise like a worm; or you might make a hole in the middle of the water and sit by the side of the hole, then when the fish fall into the hole, you might jump in and pull them out by the legs. If their legs are too slippery I suggest you grab their arms, and if they don't have any arms you might grab them by the whiskers or the left big toe. You might also sit on the bottom of the river bed and when the fish go to bed and get well asleep, you could grab them by the ears and eyebrows and pull them out. You might also try drinking all the water until the river is dry. All the common trout that went into your mouth you could

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If these suggestions fail to help you Espey, may-
be some of our readers will come to your assist-
ance.

HALE, COLO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am fourteen years of age and passed the eighth
grade last year and want to go to high school next
year. We live in the country on a large ranch of about
1,600 acres. We are about thirty-five miles from a
rail road and five miles from a post-office. I have
three brothers and three sisters, my oldest brother
graduates from law school this year and one of my
other brothers teaches school. Two of my sisters
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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The Masked Bridal

By Mrs. Georgia Sheldon

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

MR. BRYANT MEETS WITH UNEXPECTED DIFFICULTIES.

LET us now return to Edith, to ascertain how she is faring under the care of her new friends in New York. On the morning following her arrival Mr. Bryant called at the house of his cousin, Mrs. Morrell, as he had promised, to escort our fair heroine to his office, to meet Mr. Louis Raymond, who had been so anxiously searching for her.

The gentleman had not arrived when they reached the place that was so familiar to Edith, and "Roy," as she was slyly beginning to call him, conducted her directly to his own special sanctum, and seated her in the most comfortable chair, to await the coming of the stranger.

A few moments later Mr. Raymond was ushered in, and Roy, after greeting him cordially, presented him to Edith.

It was evident from the earnestness with which he studied her face that the man had more than an ordinary interest in her; while, as he clasped her hand, he appeared to be almost overcome with emotion.

"Pardon me," he said, as he struggled for self-control, "but this meeting with you awakens memories that have proved too much for my composure. You do not resemble your mother, Miss Edith," he concluded.

"No?" the fair girl returned, flushing, and feeling half guilty for allowing him to believe that she was Mr. and Mrs. Allandale's own child.

But she had determined to let him tell his story, or at least reveal the nature of his business with her, and then be governed by circumstances regarding her own disclosures.

"If you will kindly excuse me, I will look over my mail while you are conversing with Miss Allandale," Roy remarked, thinking, with true delicacy, that the man might have some communication to make which he would not care to have a third party overhear.

Then, with a bow and a smile, he passed from the room, leaving the two alone.

"I cannot tell you how gratified I am to find you, Miss Edith," Mr. Raymond remarked, as the door closed. "I have met only disappointment of late, and, indeed, throughout most of my life, and I feared that our advertisements might not meet your eye. I was deeply pained upon returning to America, after many years spent abroad, to learn of the misfortunes of your family, while the knowledge of your mother's privations during the last two years of her life—

as related to me by Mr. Bryant—has caused me more grief than I can express."

"Yes, mamma's last days were very sad," Edith said, about them, please—tell me all about your father's death, and how it happened that you became so reduced financially," said Mr. Raymond.

Then the fair girl, beginning with the loss of her young brothers, related all that had occurred during the two years following, up to the time of her mother's death, while she spoke most touchingly of the patience and fortitude with which the gentle invalid had borne their struggles with poverty and hardship.

When she had concluded her story her companion remained silent for a few moments, as if to fortify himself for the revelations which he had to make; then he remarked:

"Your mother and I, Miss Edith, were 'neighbors and playmates' during our childhood—'schoolmates and friends' for long years afterward, she would have told you; but ever since I can remember, she was the dearest object the world held for me. This affection grew with my growth until, when I was twenty-one years of age, I asked her to marry me. Her answer was like obscuring the sun at midday, for she told me that she loved another; she had met Albert Allandale, and he had won, apparently without an effort, what I had courted for many years. I could not blame her, for I was but too conscious that he was my superior, both physically and mentally, while the position he offered her was far above anything I could hope to give her at least for a long time. But it was a terrible blow to me, and I immediately left the country, feeling that I could never remain here to witness the happiness that had been denied me. During my exile I heard from them occasionally, through others, and of the ideal life they were leading; but I never once thought of returning to this country until about six months ago, when, my health suddenly failing, I felt that I would at least like to die upon my native soil. You can, perhaps, imagine the shock I experienced, upon arriving in New York, when I learned of Mr. Allandale's misfortunes and death, and also that his wife and only surviving child had been left destitute and were hiding themselves and their poverty in some remote corner, unknown to their former friends. I searched the city for you, and then, discouraged with my lack of success, I put my case into the hands of Mr. Bryant, from whom I learned of the death of your mother and your brave struggles with want and hardships; whereupon I commissioned him to spare no effort or expense to find you; hence the advertisement which, his note to me last evening told me, met your eye in a Boston paper, and brought you hither."

"What a strange, romantic story!" Edith murmured, as Mr. Raymond paused at this point; "and, although it is so very sad, it makes you seem almost like an old friend to know that you once knew and loved mamma."

"Thank you, dear child," returned the man, eagerly. "I hardly expected you to greet me thus, but it nevertheless sounds very pleasant to my unaccustomed ears. And now, having told you my story in brief, my wish is to settle upon you, for your dear mother's sake, as well as for your own, a sum that will place you above the necessity of ever laboring for your support in the future. During the last ten years I have greatly prospered in business—indeed, I have accumulated quite a handsome fortune—while, strange to say, I have not a relative in the world to inherit it. The disease which has attacked me warns me that I have not long to live; therefore I wish to arrange everything before my mind and strength fail me. One half of my property I desire to leave to a certain charitable institution in this city; the remainder is to be yours, my child, and may the blessing of an old and world-weary man go with it."

As he concluded, Edith raised her tearful eyes to find him regarding her with a look of tender earnestness that was very pathetic.

"You are very, very kind, Mr. Raymond," she responded in tremulous tones, "and I should have been inexpressibly happy if mamma could have been benefited by your generosity; but—I feel that I have no right to receive this bequest from you."

"And why not, pray?" asked her companion. "Because—truth compels me to tell you that I am the child of Mr. and Mrs. Allandale only by adoption."

"Can that be possible?" cried Mr. Raymond. "Yes, sir; it hurts me to speak of it—to even think of it; but it is true," she replied.

Then she proceeded to relate the circumstances of her adoption, so far as she could do so without casting any reflections upon the unhappy young mother who had been so wronged in Rome.

"Of course, I loved papa and mamma just the same as if they had really been my own parents," she remarked, in conclusion, "for I had not a suspicion of the truth until after mamma died. I was always treated exactly as if I had been as near to them as the children who died."

"And have you no knowledge of your own parents?" Mr. Raymond inquired.

"Not the slightest. The only clues I possess are some letters in my mother's handwriting and the name Belle that she signed to them. Strange as it may seem, there is not a surname nor any reference made to the locality where she lived in her youth, to aid me in my search for her relatives."

"That seems very singular," Edith returned. "It is not only that, but it is also very trying. My father—this with a proud uplifting of her pretty head—I have no desire even to look upon his face. I could never own the relationship, even should we meet; but I would like to know something about my mother's family, for, as far as I know, I have—like yourself—not a relative in the world."

"Then pray, Miss Edith, for the sake of that other Edith whom I loved, regard me, while I live, as your staunch, true friend," said Mr. Raymond earnestly. "The fact that you were the child of Edith Allandale only by adoption will make no difference in my plans for you. To all intents and purposes you were her daughter—she loved you as such—you were faithful and tender toward her until the end; therefore I shall settle the half of my property upon you for your immediate use. I beg that you will feel no delicacy in accepting this provision for your future," he interposed, appealingly, as he remarked her heightened color. "Mr. Bryant had full instructions to carry out my wishes, and the money would have been yours unconditionally, had I never been so happy as to meet you. The only favor I ask of you in return is the privilege of seeing you occasionally, to talk with you of your mother."

"You are very kind," she said, when she could command her voice sufficiently to speak. "I have no words adequate to thank you, and it will be only a delight to me to tell you anything you may wish to know about her who was so dear to us both. I could never tire of talking of mamma. More than this, I trust you will allow me to be of some comfort to you," she added, earnestly. "When you are lonely or ill I shall be glad to minister to you in any way that I may be able."

"It is very thoughtful of you, Miss Edith," to suggest anything of the kind," Louis Raymond responded, his wan face lighting with pleasure at her words, "and no doubt I shall be glad to avail myself now and then of your kindness; but we will talk of that at another time."

He arose as he concluded, and, opening the door leading into the outer office, requested Mr. Bryant to join them, when the conversation became general.

Later that same day, at Mr. Raymond's desire, the papers were drawn up that made Edith the mistress of a snug little fortune in her own right, the income from which would insure her every comfort during the remainder of her life.

The man was unwilling that the matter should be delayed, lest something should interfere to balk his plans.

When Roy took Edith back to Mrs. Morrell's he expressed his admiration and sympathy in the highest terms for the generous-hearted invalid.

"When we make a home for ourselves, darling, let us invite him to share it, and we will try to make his last days his happiest days. What do you say to the plan, sweet?" he queried, as he bent to look into the beautiful face beside him.

Edith flushed painfully at his question and hesitated to reply.

"What is it, love?" he urged, forgetting for the moment the resolve he had made earlier in the day.

"Of course, Roy, I would be glad to do anything in the world for one who was so devoted to mamma, and who, for her sake, has been so considerate for my future; but—"

"Well, what is this dreadful 'but'?" was the smiling query.

"I am afraid that you are too sanguine regarding our prospects," returned the fair girl, gravely. "I am somehow impressed that we shall meet with difficulties that you do not anticipate in the way of your happiness."

"Do not be faint-hearted, dear," said her lover, tenderly, although a shade of anxiety swept over his face as he spoke. "I am going immediately to look up that woman with whom Giulia Fiorini told you she boarded, and ascertain what evidence she can give me to sustain my theory regarding Correlli's relations with the girl."

He left Edith at Mrs. Morrell's door, and then hastened away upon his errand.

He easily found the street and number which Edith had given him, and, to his joy, the name of the woman he sought was on the door.

A portly matron, richly dressed, but with a very shrewd face, answered his ring, and greeted him with suave politeness.

"Yes, she remembered Giulia Fiorini," she remarked, in answer to his inquiry. "She was a pretty Italian girl who had run away from her own country, wasn't she? Would the gentleman kindly walk in? and she would willingly respond to any further questions he might wish to ask."

Roy followed her into a handsomely furnished parlor, that was separated from another by elegant portieres, which, however, were closely drawn, thus concealing the room beyond.

"Yes," madam continued, "the girl had a child—a boy—a fine little fellow, whom she called Ino, and she did remember that a gentleman visited them occasionally—the girl's brother, cousin, or some other relation, she believed—with a look of perplexity that would lead one to infer that such visits had been so rare she found it difficult to place the gentleman at all."

"No, she did not even know his name, and she had never heard him admit that the girl was his wife—certainly not!—nor the child call him father or papa. There had always been something mysterious about Giulia, but she had appeared to have plenty of money, and had paid her well, and thus she had not concerned herself about her private affairs."

Roy's heart grew cold and heavy within him as he listened to these suave and evasive replies to his every question.

It was evident to him that she had already received instructions what to say in the event of such a visit, and was paid liberally to carry them out.

He spent nearly an hour with her trying to make her contradict or commit herself in some way, but she never once made a mistake; her answers were very pat and to the point, and he knew no more when he arose to leave than he had known when he entered the house.

He was very heavy-hearted—indeed, a feeling of despair began to settle down upon him; for, unless he could prove that Emil Correlli had taken Giulia Fiorini to that house, and lived with her there as his husband, he felt that he had very little to hope for regarding his future with Edith.

Madam ushered him out as courteously as she had invited him in, regretting exceedingly that she could not give him all the information he desired, and hoped that the matter was not so important as to cause him any especial annoyance.

She even inquired if he knew where Giulia was at that time, remarking that she "had been invariably sweet-tempered and lady-like, and she should always feel an interest in her, in spite of a certain air of mystery that seemed to envelop her."

But the moment the door closed after her visitor madam's keen, black eyes began to glitter and a shrewd smile played about her cunning mouth.

A little gurgling laugh of triumph broke from her red lips as she returned to the parlor, when the portieres between it and the room were swept

aside, and Emil Correlli himself walked into her presence.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING RESULTS IN A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

"Well done, madam! you managed to pull the wool over his eyes in very good shape," the man remarked.

"Certainly, Mr. Correlli," the woman returned, in a tone of serene satisfaction. "Only give me my price, and I am ready to make anybody believe that black is white, every time; and now I'll take that five hundred, if you please," she concluded, as she extended her fat hand for the plump fee for which she had been so zealously working.

"You shall have it—you shall have it; I will write you a check for it immediately," said Monsieur Correlli. "But—you are sure there is no one in the house who knows anything about the facts of the case?"

"Yes, I am sure; I haven't a single servant now that was with me when the girl was here."

"Have you any idea where they went after leaving you?" asked the man, with evident uneasiness.

"No, no; you needn't have the slightest fear of their turning up," responded his companion, with a light laugh. "That lawyer might as well try to hunt for a needle in a haystack as to seek them as witnesses against you; while as for the lodgers who were here at that time, not one of them knew anything about your affairs."

Presently, he slipped into her hand a check for five hundred dollars.

"Now, in case this matter should come to court I shall rely upon you to swear that the girl's story is false and the lawyer's charge simply a romance of his imagination," he remarked.

"You may depend on me, sir—I will not fail you," madam responded, as, with a complacent look, she neatly folded the check and deposited it in her purse.

Emil Correlli had arrived in New York very early the same morning, and, not caring to have his presence there known, he had sought a room in the house of the woman with whom Giulia had boarded for nearly two years.

Having partaken of a light breakfast, he went out again to seek the policeman to whom he had telegraphed to detain Edith.

He readily found him, when he learned all that we already know of the man's efforts to obey Correlli's orders.

"That was the girl, in spite of the lawyer's interference. You should have never let her go," he exclaimed, when the officer had described Edith and told his story.

"But I couldn't, sir—I had no authority—no warrant—and I should have got myself into trouble," the man objected, adding: "The lawyer was a shrewd one and had a high and mighty way with him that made a fellow go into his boots and fight shy of him."

Monsieur Correlli knew that the man was right, and saw that he must make the best of the situation; so, taking possession of Roy's card, and making his way directly to Broadway, he proceeded about the vicinity of his office to see what he could discover.

He had not waited very long when his heart bounded as he caught sight of Edith coming down the street and escorted by a handsome, manly fellow; whose beaming face and adoring eyes plainly betrayed his secret to the jealous watcher, who gnashed his teeth in fury at the sight.

The happy, unconscious couple soon disappeared within an office building, whereupon Correlli went back to his lodgings to lay his plans for future operations.

Some hours later, while he was conversing with his landlady in her pretty parlor, he was startled to see Edith's champion of the morning mounting the steps of the house.

Like a flash he seemed to comprehend the object of his visit there; but he was puzzled—understand how it was possible for either Edith or him to know that he or Giulia had ever lived there.

A few rapid words were sufficient to reveal the situation to his landlady, to whom he promised a liberal reward if she would implicitly follow his directions.

The result we know; and, although his bribe had been a heavy one, he did not begrudge the money, since he believed he had thus securely fortified himself against all attacks from the enemy.

Later in the day he attempted to dog the young lawyer's steps, hoping thus to ferret out Edith's hiding place; but nothing satisfactory resulted, for Roy, after his hard and somewhat disappointing day, simply repaired to his club, where, after partaking of his dinner and smoking a cigar to soothe his nerves, he retired to rest.

The next morning, feeling secure of his position, Emil Correlli boldly presented himself in his rival's office and demanded of him Edith's address.

Roy was prepared for him, for his fruitless visit to his former landlady had aroused his suspicions that Monsieur Correlli was in the city. Therefore he had resolved neither to evade nor parley with him, but boldly defy the man, by acknowledging himself the wronged girl's champion and legal adviser.

"I cannot give you Miss Allandale's address," he quietly responded to his visitor's demand.

"Do you mean to imply that you do not know it?"

"Not at all, sir; the lady is under my protection, as my client; therefore, in her interest I refuse to reveal her place of residence," Roy coolly responded.

"But she is my wife, and I have a right to know where she is," said the would-be husband.

"Your wife?" repeated the young lawyer.

"Certainly—I claim her as such; my right to do so cannot be questioned."

"There may be a difference of opinion regarding that matter," Roy calmly rejoined.

"But we were publicly married on the twenty-fifth."

"Ah! but there are circumstances under which even such a ceremony can have no legal significance."

"But I have my certificate, and can produce plenty of witnesses to prove my statements."

"The court will decide whether your evidence is sufficient to substantiate your claim," Mr. Bryant remarked.

"The court?—will she take the matter into court?—will she dare create such a scandal?" exclaimed the man.

"I do not feel at liberty, even had I the inclination, to reveal any points in my client's case," coolly replied the young lawyer. "This much I will say, however, he added, sternly, 'I shall leave nothing undone to free her from a tie that is both hateful and fraudulent.'"

"I warn you that you will have a battle to fight that will cost you something," snarled the baffled villain.

"That also remains to be seen, sir; but whether you or I win this battle, let me tell you, once for all, that Miss Allandale will never submit to any authority which you may imagine you have acquired over her by tricking her into this so-called marriage; she will never live one hour with you; she will never respond to your name."

Royal Bryant arose as he concluded this defiant speech, thus intimating to his visitor that he wished to put an end to the interview, for the curb that he was putting upon himself was becoming almost unbearable.

"Well," Correlli remarked as he also arose, while he revealed his white teeth in a vicious smile, "it may be in her power to carry out that resolution, but one thing is sure, she can never free herself from the fetters which she finds so galling—she can never marry any other man while I live."

"As I have twice before observed, sir, all these things remain to be seen and proved. Now, can I do anything further for you today?"

The man could not do otherwise than take the hint; besides, there was that in Roy's eye which warned him that it would not be safe

for him to try him too far. So, abruptly turning upon his heel, he left the room, while the young lawyer, with tightly compressed lips and care-lined brow, walked the floor in troubled thought. After leaving his office Emil Correlli repaired to the hotel where his letters were usually sent, and found awaiting him there a telegram announcing the sudden death of his sister and requesting his immediate return to Boston.

Shocked beyond measure, and grieved to the soul by this unexpected bereavement, he dropped everything and left New York on the next eastward express.

We know all that occurred in that home where death had come unexpectedly; how, after the burial of Mrs. Goddard, Emil Correlli had suddenly found his already large fortune greatly augmented by the strange will of his sister, while the man whom she had always professed to adore was left destitute, and to shift for himself as best he could.

The day after he had turned Gerald Goddard out of his home, so to speak, the young man dismissed all his servants, closed the house, and put it into the hands of a real estate agent to be disposed of at the best advantage.

He made an effort to find Giulia and her child, with the intention of settling a comfortable income upon them, provided he could make the girl promise to return to Italy and never trouble him again.

But she had disappeared, and he could learn absolutely nothing regarding her movements; and, impressed with a feeling that she would yet avenge herself upon him in some unexpected way, he finally returned to New York, determined to ferret out Edith's hiding place.

Meantime the fair girl had been very happy with her new friends, who were also growing very fond of her.

But she would not allow herself to build too much upon the hope of attaining her freedom which Roy had tried to arouse in her heart shortly after her arrival in New York.

He had, however, filed a plea to have Edith's so-called marriage set aside, and was anxiously waiting for some time to be appointed for a hearing of the case.

Edith and her new acquaintance, Mr. Raymond, were fast becoming firm friends, in spite of the suspense that was hanging over the former regarding her future.

One day Mrs. Morrell and Edith went to attend a charity exhibition that was under the supervision of a friend of the former, at her own house.

Upon their arrival they were ushered into the drawing-room, which was beautifully decorated and hung with many exquisite paintings, while some rare gems were resting conspicuously upon easels.

In one corner, and artistically draped with a beautiful scarf, Edith was startled, almost at the moment of her entrance, to see a painting that was very familiar.

It was that representing a portion of an old Roman wall, with the lovers resting in its shadow, which had attracted the attention of Mrs. Stewart on the last night of the "winter frolic" at Wyoming.

With an expression of astonishment she went forward to examine it more closely, and to assure herself that it was the original, and not a copy.

Yes, those two tiny letters, G. G., in one corner, told their own story and proved her surmise to be correct.

"How strange that it should be here!" she breathed.

She had hardly uttered the words when some one arose from behind the easel, and—she stood face to face with Gerald Goddard himself.

The girl stood white and almost paralyzed before him, and the man appeared scarcely less astonished on beholding her.

"Miss Allen?" he faltered. "I never dreamed of meeting you here!"

"Oh, pray do not tell Monsieur Correlli that you have seen me," she gasped.

"Do not be troubled—he shall learn nothing from me," said the man, reassuringly. "Correlli and I are not very good friends just now, simply because I told him that I should do all in my power to help you prove that he had no just claim upon you."

"Thank you," said Edith.

"I suppose you have heard of my—of Mrs. Goddard's death?" he remarked, after a moment of silence.

"Yes, Goddard—dead?" exclaimed Edith.

"Yes, she died very suddenly, the second morning after you left Boston."

Edith was about to respond with some expression of regret and sympathy, when she saw him start violently, and a look of agony, that bordered on despair, leap into his eyes.

Involuntarily she turned to see what had caused it, and was both surprised and delighted to behold Mrs. Stewart—whom she supposed to be in Boston—just entering the room, and looking especially lovely in a rich black velvet costume, with a hat to match, but brightened by two or three exquisite pink roses.

At that instant a lady, to whom she had recently been introduced, laid her hand upon Edith's arm, remarking in quick, incisive tones:

"Miss Allandale, your friend, Mrs. Morrell, is beckoning you to come to her."

Again Gerald Goddard started, and so violently that he nearly knocked his picture from the easel.

He shot one quick, horrified glance at the girl, and then, as if he had been struck, he repeated, in a dazed tone, as all that the name implied forced itself upon his mind.

Another in the room had also caught the name, and turned to see who had been thus addressed.

As her glance fell upon Edith her beautiful face grew radiant.

"Oh, if it should be—!" she breathed.

"The next moment she had crossed the room to the girl's side."

"What did Mrs. Baldwin call you, dear?" she breathlessly inquired, regardless of etiquette, for she had not yet greeted her hostess. "Was it—Miss Allandale?"

"Yes, that is my name," said Edith, flushing, but faintly meeting her look of eager inquiry.

"But you told me—!" Mrs. Stewart whispered.

"Yes," interposed the young girl, "while I was in Boston I was known simply as Edith Allen—why, I will explain to you at some other time; but my real name is Edith Allandale."

The woman seemed turned to stone for a moment by this unexpected revelation, so statuesque did she become, as she also realized all that this confession embodied.

Then, as if impelled by some magnetic influence, her eyes were drawn toward the no less statuesque man standing by that never-to-be-forgotten picture on the easel.

Their gaze met, and each read in that one brief look the conviction that made one heart bound with joy, the other to sink with despair—each knew that the beautiful girl, standing so wonderfully beside that stately woman, was the child that had been born to them in the pretty Italian villa hard by the old Roman wall which Gerald Goddard had so faithfully reproduced upon canvas.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"THAT MAN MY FATHER!"

Isabel Stewart was the first to recover herself, when, gently linking her arm within Edith's, she whispered, softly:

"Come with me, dear; I would like to see you alone for a few minutes."

She led her unresistingly from the room, across the hall, to a small reception-room, when, closing the door to keep out intruders, she turned and laid both her trembling hands upon the girl's shoulders.

"Tell me," she said, looking wistfully into her wondering eyes, "are you the daughter of Albert and Edith Allandale?"

"Yes."

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The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

with sweet people, whispering indifferently while the organ pealed, and the bride, all in white—with a heart of stone—came up the aisle on feet that would hardly carry her, since it was not Adrian (Gordon who waited at the altar? There was a look on her face as she stared in front of her, wide-eyed, that made Gordon catch her to him. A prescient look, as of one who sees for a shuddering moment the curtain lifted from the future.

"What's the matter? You're not afraid?" he whispered. "I'll take care of you, my sweet; you know that! May God treat me as I treat you, my wife."

Lip to lip, soul to soul, they kissed each other. She was shaking when he let her go; afterward it was small comfort to him to remember it, nor the real terror in her voice when she spoke.

"Oh! I've stayed too late. And the ring, I haven't worn it. You mustn't come with me. She mustn't know you were here." She dragged up her neck-ribbon and put the ring on it, slipping it round her neck, inside her collar, pushing it out of sight with miserable care. And the watch-er behind the rock—who was stiff and much fatigued—saw her do it.

"Rings!" she reflected, coming cautiously out as the pair vanished, and rubbing one foot that had gone to sleep, "and weddings at Effingham—we'll see." "Old Umbrella, indeed!" and her ladyship's confidential maid moved stiffly off in a devious direction that took her to Annesley Chase quite unobserved.

CHAPTER III.

A GIFT OF JUDAS.

"Oh!" said Ravenel Annesley to the empty schoolroom, the ill-spread breakfast-table. She stared at the small envelope that lay on her plate with a breathless, helpless joy. Since this four days past she had hoped for it in vain.

"I never thought he'd write by post!" she thought pouncing on it and inspecting every inch of it, from the London postmark to the last letter of the address. "But her ladyship couldn't have suspected it was from Adrian, or I never would have seen it! It was just that London postmark that saved me!"

She turned it over sharply with the horrid thought that perhaps she had only got it after Lady Annesley knew what was in it, for the post-bag always went to her bedroom, and her ladyship's prejudices were few. But the clean, red seal on the back of it reassured her no one had tampered with that clear-cut A. Tommy, sauntering in, whistled as he looked from his sister's face to the envelope she was tearing open.

"My Nel!" she read breathlessly.

"I find I can go to the duchess' tomorrow. I was afraid I couldn't manage it. My ship sails on the 15th, so the 14th is our only day. I have arranged everything, got the license, seen the curate at Effingham, and I'll come to the back gate for you at three on the 14th, which is our only chance for Effingham, as my ship sails a day sooner than I thought. Will it be very hard for you to get away? But you'll do it, won't you? Bring Tommy if you like. It does not seem true that the next time I see you will be on our wedding day, does it, sweetheart? I feel as though I were hurrying you brutally, but it is our only chance. Excuse pencil and haste, but I'm writing in another's man's room, and his ink won't work.

"Always yours—my very dearest, ADRIAN."

But Miss Annesley bestowed no attention on the pencil-scribble or the dates written in figures, which Lady Annesley would have considered tempting Providence.

"Today is the twelfth," she thought joyfully. "I'll see him tomorrow at the duchess'. Oh, if I only had something fit to wear!"

"Look here," said Sir Thomas suddenly. "When you have done moaning over that precious letter I wish to discourse. Are you going to marry Gordon?"

"Shut up, Tommy!" she was scarlet. "Some one might hear."

"Who could?" scornfully. "The Umbrella's at her breakfast. Are you? Because, I should if I were you! It may be your only chance," significantly.

"Yes, I am!" she said defiantly, and afterward was glad she had told no more.

"But what do you mean?" for his face was sober.

"Only that somehow I think her ladyship's in mischief. She's been eying you like a cat lately. I feel afraid she may be on to you and Gordon."

"I don't care if she is." Somehow she could not tell all her wild plan to Tommy. "I'm engaged to him. Why should I care?"

"You don't now, but you will when her eye's on you," shrewdly.

"I'll soon find out. She wants me after breakfast," bestowing Adrian's note in a safe pocket. "I suppose it's about the duchess' party tomorrow. Do you know I'm to go?"

The boy nodded.

"Good old duchess!" he said disrespectfully. "Ever see her on a bicycle? She's gorgeous. You'll never be a fine woman like that unless you make her ladyship give us more to eat."

doefully.

"What do you bet—she's having sweetbreads up-stairs?"

"Don't bet," concisely. "Met them going up. I'll go myself now, Tommy, and hear the worst."

She marched out of the untidy old schoolroom, where she and Tommy had their meals, and through the bare passages to the only luxurious room in the house. It was like going into another world, a world of scent and rose-colored hangings and mirrors, silver-topped bottles and cushions. On a sofa sat its owner and in the tempered light she was beautiful still. Yet she looked enviously at Ravenel standing in the doorway. With half her looks Sylvia Annesley would have married a duke.

"You wanted me?" Somehow Ravenel was nervous.

"Yes," pointing to a chair; about tomorrow. Have you anything to wear?"

"My Sunday frock," coloring as she remembered when she had last worn it.

Lady Annesley let a gleam of amusement come into her eyes, since her back was to the light. "That lavender thing! It can't be fit."

"It's all right," hastily. "It doesn't matter what I wear."

"Except that I fancy the duchess would like to see you decent." So carelessly that no one would have dreamed that all her schemes might be made or marred by her stepdaughter's toilet at a country garden-party.

"It's my lavender or nothing!" returned that young person not too amiably.

Lady Annesley's answer made her jump.

"Not at all! I am going to give you a gown."

"You!" It sounded more candid than polite.

"Why? What for?" For her life she could not get out any thanks. Lady Annesley, who let her go cold in winter to suddenly present her with a new dress. "I—I'd rather not," she ended stiffly.

"Oh, you might see it first," rather dryly.

"Adams, Miss Ravenel's gown!"

Ravenel watched the Umbrella go to a wardrobe.

"If she made it," she thought, "I'll never put it on!"

Sylvia Annesley read the obstinate face like print.

"You see," she said lightly, "the whole county will be there tomorrow, and all the soldiers! You simply can't go in a tumbled old muslin."

All the soldiers! And Adrian had never seen her in a frock that was even new. Lady Annesley saw her waver.

"That is the little gown," she said quickly. "Slip it on and decide afterward," thinking that mention of the soldiers had done the business, and blessing the discretion of her maid without which she might have given her stepdaughter ten gowns and not known how to make her wear them.

For Ravenel had risen and was staring at the ivory-white, silk-lined muslin the Umbrella held.

There was not a spot of color about it, and as she gazed the girl knew that Adrian had never even dreamed of her as she would look in that filmy white frock.

"I can't take it," she faltered, but she let the Umbrella put it on her.

"The hat, Adams!" cried Lady Annesley quickly. "In the next room. Give me the scissors first. The collar is too high in the back."

She snipped hastily once or twice, but Ravenel hardly felt the cold scissors as she stared down at her long skirt.

"There look at yourself!" With a curious lingering touch, Lady Annesley pushed her to the glass. But the girl gave a little cry of astonishment.

Was this her very own self who stood so thin and tall, her bronze hair gleaming, her cheeks rose-red, her eyes—she turned from the mirror with sudden passion. No matter who gave her the gown she would wear it! would go all in white for Adrian Gordon's eyes.

"Do you know it is very good of you?" She faced the woman in the yellow silk morning gown honestly. "I don't deserve it."

"It is not new. I had the things," slowly. "Just turn and let me see how the train hangs." She stooped gracefully, pulled the bodice down under the skirt, settled the train. She also had not been prepared for the dream of peach and carnation the girl looked in the white gown; had doubted if her one card were strong enough to play against the world-worn shrewdness of a man grown old in society. But she was confident enough now.

"I can snap my fingers at Captain Gordon, I fancy," and she tightened her small hand. "He can't blame anyone but himself," but she kept the scorn off her face till Ravenel had put on her every-day clothes and departed.

"Tommy," the girl cried, bursting into the schoolroom and recounting the extraordinary tale, "fancy her giving me a dress! Do you think it means she's beginning to like me?" wistfully.

"I don't think—I know," said Sir Thomas bluntly. "It means Lord Levallion. You bet your boots he's going to that party."

"What do you mean?" blankly. "I never heard of the man."

"Her ladyship dropped that out of the window," producing a torn envelope. "It blew slap in my face. Darkblue coronet, 'Levallion' on the back and 'Lady An' torn through in front. And, sent by hand!"

"I don't see what that's got to do with the garden-party," getting up. "You're a girl and can't see past your nose. I tell you Levallion's staying with the duchess. Aren't you hungry? I'm going out to get that ginger beer I buried. I hooked some buns, too. We hadn't too much breakfast."

"We'll get less after tomorrow," following him briskly into the garden. "For I'm not going to speak to any nasty old Lord Levallion—not for ten gowns. I'm going to—!" She stopped short, white with terror.

"My ring!" she cried wildly. "I took off my dress before her. She must have seen it."

Both hands at her throat, she fumbled for her treasures; and leaned back against a convenient tree with her knees giving under her.

Ring and ribbon were gone!

CHAPTER IV.

"A HORRID OLD MAN!"

Lord Levallion was bored. He hated garden-parties, and he had patiently endured the Duchess of Avonmore's country omnium-gatherum from four o'clock until six.

He could not go home, because he was staying in the house, and, retreat being impossible, he had revenge himself for his martyrdom on his old friend, Lady Annesley, by departing hastily on her eager offer to introduce him to her stepdaughter.

"I don't see her just now," Sylvia Annesley had said, with the smile he had once known so well, "but if you will come with me we shall easily find her!"

"No, thank you, Sylvia; I don't care for little girls."

Lord Levallion had the rudest drawl in the world when it pleased him, and he enjoyed Lady Annesley's rage at it now. It was all very well to write her a note by way of amusing himself on a wet day, but it was another story to have her introduce him to a bread-and-butter miss.

"The woman wears well, though," he reflected, as he adroitly drifted away from her. "Who would imagine it was fifteen years since I loved and rode away! I think a cigarette might assist me to endure to the end. If I can get away from this maddening crowd, I'll get back to town tomorrow, that's one thing certain. The country is less in my line than ever."

He pursued his leisurely way through the magnificent old gardens, round the end of the lake, and finally found a seat on a retired bench in the heart of a grove of trees. There was not a soul to be seen, and if it had not been for the mellow sound of a distant band Lord Levallion would not even have been reminded that he was at a party. He had smoked one cigarette, and was lighting another with a contented sigh, when he heard a quick step and a rustle of silk which caused him to look up sharply. Pray the gods Sylvia had not tracked him!

But it was not Sylvia. It was a strange girl, all in white from her hat to her shoes, and she did not even see him as she walked toward him along the quiet path where the light came dim and green through overarching boughs. She was magnificently handsome—and she was blind with tears that streamed down her face. Her white gown trailed unheeded on the gravel as she fumbled in her pocket for a handkerchief.

"Something must be very wrong," Levallion reflected swiftly, "to make her ruin her skirt round the hem!"

But even in her tears she was gloriously beautiful, and he was not going to let her pass him. Lord Levallion got up, dropped his cigarette, and took off his hat.

"I beg your pardon," he said gravely. "I will go." But he did not move.

Ravenel Annesley started furiously.

"I didn't see you," she said, with a sob in her throat. "I thought there was no one here. And—I wanted to be alone."

She wiped the tears from her eyes savagely, with a morsel of a handkerchief; but they came again, and Levallion saw her chest lift with an uncontrollable sob.

"Do you want to stop crying?" he said quietly.

Ravenel stamped her foot.

"Of course I do, but I can't!" she cried childishly.

"Then don't be alone," he returned. "If you stay by yourself you will cry till you are not fit to be seen. Sit down here by me instead, and talk. Oh, I know you're wishing me miles away; but just try it! When you get to my age you will find it is always better to stop crying."

His voice was cool and hard. It came on her nerves like iced water. She did not answer him, but she sat down on a corner of the bench limply, as if her feet could carry her no longer.

"Do you mind my cigarette? No," as she shook

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

to join your happy band? It is needless to say I am an ardent admirer of the Sisters' Corner. It is impossible to tell how much may be learned by reading the letters from the many sisters who over this great country of ours. Although we cannot all agree in everything we can each express our views on certain topics and after weighing in the balance other people's ideas with our own, we are in better condition to form our own conclusions. This is one advantage of correspondence, both personal and through a magazine and this is another reason why I like COMFORT above all other household magazines.

Of the topics being discussed, I stand for universal woman suffrage and since I deem that an undebatable question I will merely say that since women are created equal to men they should enjoy the same privilege as men when it comes to supporting a government which governs women as much as it concerns men. As to the arguments of "women being superior or inferior to men," "not being able to be home-makers and have the privilege of voting," that, "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," are too disgusting for words. Woman Suffrage does not mean the flocking to office by women. The men all have the right to vote, but do they all hold office? Why cannot a woman vote for what she thinks is right and yet be a homemaker? Some women are more suited for lawmakers than homemakers. Why withhold from them what is their right because of the selfishness of certain individuals who never look beyond their horizon of life?

In the first place, the couple should be well suited so divorce would never be necessary, but if a great mistake is made it is wrong to keep them together when their presence becomes distasteful to each other.

I do not admire the habit of getting extracts from the Bible (which is centuries old) to prove the great questions rising before us today. In fact, I think the Bible represents civilization as much as it does the word of God; at least, it isn't the word of my God. In my mind, God would not give to His people such vulgar things as are in parts of the Bible, as His word. Nor do I believe in the Devil. I think the prinkings of our consciences for the evil deeds we do on earth, is punishment enough. God, in my mind, must be all-power, the possessor of love, righteousness and all that is pure and good. His word is transmitted by Nature and is the happenings of the universe. He has nothing to do with war; that is the work of man. He has nothing to do with plagues, disease or the like; that is the work of germs (I agree with Uncle Charlie about germs) assisted by the fifth, carelessness of man.

Many of you may not agree with me, but then, all have a right to express their opinions on different subjects. Here is a poem which expresses my sentiments pretty well:

Not Much of a Creed

"He didn't have much of a Creed,
And his doctrine was not very deep;
His faith wasn't one he could read
In volumes expensive or cheap.
He helped all who asked when he could,
He comforted all when they grieved,
He believed in the right and the good,
And he lived up to what he believed."

"He didn't have much of a Creed,
His doctrine was simple and plain;
But he seemed to have all that we need
To balance life's pleasure and pain.
He wasn't a fellow to shirk,
With burdens that could be relieved,
He believed 'twas his duty to work,
And he lived up to what he believed."

"He put out his hand here and there,
To succor the weak and distressed;
And when he had burdens to bear,
He bore them in the right and the best.
He refused to take profit or gain,
That was won by another's deceit;
He believed in a life without stain,
And he lived up to what he believed."

"I reckon, when toiling is o'er,
And all our struggles are through;
When no one needs help any more,
And there are no good deeds to do,
When the last of life's dangers is braved,
And the judgment of all is begun,
Not by what we believed, we'll be saved,
But by what, through believing, we've done."

I should like to hear from the sisters and cousins and would highly appreciate receiving pressed flowers from the various states as I am trying to get a collection of flowers.

With best wishes, MISS DOLLY I. HULL.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

DAMSON PIE.—Scald the plums and get aside to cool. Take out the stones. Sweeten and put in pie tin lined with paste. Dredge with flour and cover with rich top crust and bake.

MISS JENNIE C. KENNE, West Alton, Mo.

ORANGE PUDDING. (Requested.)—Peel and slice three oranges and cover with sugar; let stand half an hour and pour over them a custard made of one pint sweet milk, three tablespoons corn-starch, yolks of two eggs, six tablespoons sugar, boiled together four minutes. Put the beaten whites on top and set in oven to brown. Serve cold.

MRS. ELIZABETH, Hot Creek, Wyo.

COCONUT RICE PUDDING.—Cook carefully one half cup rice, with a pinch of salt added. When well done add the following and let stand on the stove about ten minutes longer: One well-beaten egg, one half cup sweet milk, one half cup sugar, any desired flavoring, a sprinkle of nutmeg and half a cup of shredded cocoanut. Pour over cooked rice. Serve with cream and sugar.

MISS LELAND DICKSON, Grangerville, Idaho.

COMBINATION SALAD.—Have prepared one cup of crisp shredded cabbage, one large tomato cut in small pieces, half a cup each of cubes of apple and celery. Take one large ripe tomato, cut in eight sections but leave so it will hold together in center of salad dish. Around it arrange the apple, tomato and celery and

on top the shredded cabbage. Sweet pepper, onion, radish and cucumber may also be used in this way. Pour over French dressing just before serving.

FRENCH DRESSING.—In a cup put half a teaspoon of salt, a pinch of pepper and three tablespoons of olive oil. Beat until salt is dissolved, then very gradually add two teaspoons of vinegar and beat till it somewhat thickens. Use at once.

SULPHURED APPLES.—Prepare firm apples as for canning, put them in a loose-mesh basket and hang it in the top of a box or barrel in which sulphur should be put in the proportion of one half cup sulphur to half bushel of apples. Shake up apples occasionally so all will get a smoke. Pack in stone jars and they will keep solid and fresh as when first prepared. Before using, wash in cold water, then stew and all flavor of sulphur will disappear, while flavor and color of the apples remain.

To prevent insects from getting into dried fruit, give the fruit a fifteen-minute sulphur smoke before putting away.

Left over green tomatoes may be sliced and pickled exactly as for "krou." If sliced green mangoes are added a fine flavor results. May be eaten raw or boiled with a bit of pork.

CREAM CARAMELS. (Requested.)—Four cups granulated sugar, one half cup corn syrup, one cup cold water. Boil, stirring occasionally, until it forms soft in cold water, then add cup of rich sweet cream and a pinch of salt. Boil again until it hardens in water, add flavor, remove at once and pour in a buttered pan, three quarters inch thick. When cool, mark off in squares.

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.15—1 Can Campbell's Tomato Soup		.08
.07—1 Bar Kirk's Flake White Laundry Soap		.02
.07—1 Bar American Family Soap		.02
.25—1 Can Sardines, LaParis Brand, French Style, smoked and spiced, fried in best oil. Very Appetizing		.14
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ONCE to EVERY MAN

By Maud Mary Brown

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PART TWO.

STRICKLAND shook in inarticulate fury as Coit, without having spoken after his chastisement of the older man, moved unharmed to the door. Before he reached it, some seclusive change took place in the man in the chair.

"I say, Coit, I want you, curse you! Will you come?"

"I am on my way to the Pierpont now to pack," was the unexpected reply as Coit left the room. Alone, Strickland felt of his insulted lips, chuckling in unholy mirth.

Winter, even in northern New York, held off late that year and during the pleasant days of the prolonged autumn, Diana and Coit inevitably drifted into a warm friendship.

Diana Strickland was the first mature woman she had told him that she was thirty—with whom Coit had ever been thrown for his mother had died in his infancy. Diana's forbearance under great provocation, the dignity which even her dissolute husband had not been able to unseat, appealed to him strongly.

It was not long before he began to feel for her an emotion beside which his love for Frances Fuller had been a feeble flame. Her beauty, her loyalty, her acceptance without a whimper of the blows of life, aroused in him an almost savage devotion.

Strickland seemed not to mind the dangerous relationship. Indeed, he watched its growth, an amused gleam in his half-shut eyes, devouring, meanwhile, salacious literature, in an effort to galvanize into life his jaded senses. It was with difficulty that Coit tolerated the picture of decadence, but for Diana's sake, he stayed on.

During the hours which they spent together, Diana told him about her life. She had been married ten years—had married Strickland knowing what he was—as the price of freedom for her ennobling father.

There had been a daughter of Strickland's by a previous marriage. Angela had lived with them until her father's recurrent attacks had made too dark a shadow for a young girl's life. She was with an aunt now, in Japan.

"A woman has no business to violate a contract which she made with her eyes wide open," Diana said to Coit one day when they had been exchanging confidences.

"But your eyes weren't open, Diana; how could a girl foresee such a ruin of manhood? I love you, dear. You knew that after that first night, I want to get you away from this where I can protect you. Diana, do you love me a little?" His dark eyes devoured her face.

"Could there possibly be two answers to that question?" she replied, smiling. "You are the first man who has suggested protection without a too-heavy price. Of course I love you, Murray; it would be idle to deny it."

"Diana!" He reached for her, his desirous arms outstretched. "Then nothing else matters. Come!"

But Diana drew back. It was during such a scene that Strickland's man approached Diana one day with a request from her husband for her immediate presence in his room.

A little pale, Diana went, and Coit in the grip of a primitive rage that the woman he loved should be subject to the whims of a beast, loitered in the hall outside Strickland's suite.

An hour later Diana, ghastly and unmoved, emerged, and Coit met her, a question smoldering in his eyes.

Diana shook her head and, Coit's arms being open, for the first time, she crept into their shelter.

"You can't love me, Murray," she shivered. "I feel so old and soiled and—"

"Love you, my darling?" interposed Coit; "I love you so much that I would wade through a sea of slime to reach you."

But his arms relaxed suddenly at a sound from Strickland's room.

With a leap Coit, followed immediately by Diana, reached his door. The man, in rising from the couch where he had been lying, had pitched forward in an attack, and in falling had cruelly twisted his head beneath his arm.

It was obvious that he was struggling. The sounds that he uttered became more guttural while the two stood looking at each other, the dark pupils of Diana's eyes dilated till they looked black, the feet of the two of them riveted to the floor.

It was Coit who recovered himself first and sprang to the aid of the helpless man; it was Diana who arranged pillows on which to ease her husband. Together they worked over him, loosening his clothing, administering stimulants, furnishing every comfort.

When the attack had passed, Strickland, pale and shaking, regarded the two with an odd smile. Some occult messenger seemed to have conveyed to him their thoughts as they had faced each other in the presence of his danger.

"Good sports!" he taunted, grinning. Diana wheeled and left the room and when he was able, Coit followed. He met her in the hall in her riding kit.

"I am going for a canter," she said. "Nothing but this fresh wind will set me right."

"Wait for me on the ledge," he begged, and she nodded and went on while he hurried away to dress.

When Coit joined Diana he thought he had never seen her so desirable. Exercise had brought an unusual and delicate color to her small, pointed face; a loosened curl of her dark hair had crept from beneath her tricorn hat and lay softly against her temple; she looked adorably young and boyish in her well-cut coat and breeches as, with gauntleted hands, she flicked her crop against her boots.

He would have taken her in his arms but she repulsed him and he drew back, hurt.

"You don't love," he charged; "you are Artemis, as I said the first night I saw you—a modern Artemis, untouched by love."

"Not untouched by love," she corrected, "but unsoiled by love."

"How can you say that after what Strickland has put you through?"

"Love had nothing to do with that. He has not besmirched my soul, Murray. No one can do that unless I am willing." She looked off across the rippling lake.

"I am trying to make you see, dear," she went on, "that I am paying a legally-incurred debt."

"But it was paid long since, dear. Can't you see that it isn't possible for us to go on like this? Didn't what happened this afternoon teach you that? Leave him, darling! Leave him to his money and his beastliness. It is time you had release. You have held a poor hand in the game of life, Diana."

Her head went up superbly. "But I wish always to be able to reflect that I played it well," she said.

"This is final? There isn't any way by which I can have you—now?"

She shook her head, her eyes remote. She was silent for an instant. "But afterwards" he began.

She gave him her eyes and he was satisfied.

In silence they rode back to the house. Strickland's querulous voice came to them from his room and Coit went to him at once.

"Lord!" he began. "Where have you two been?" His ferret eyes were fastened on Coit's face. "It isn't any use, Coit," he added with a sneer.

Coit approached him, his jaw set. "Shouldn't you, perhaps, like to make your meaning a bit clearer, Strickland?"

"Lord, no!" and he grinned wickedly as he reflectively stroked his lips.

To Coit the winter passed swiftly if not always pleasantly, and as the weeks wore away the old, terrifying weariness became a vague memory. It was hard to see Diana playing her hand so gamely, but there were mitigating hours when they tramped or rode or read together in the embrasured windows of the fire-lit library.

Sometimes Strickland joined them there. He had formed a curious liking for the only man who had ever taught him the wisdom of bridling an offensive tongue.

Toward spring it began to be clear that Strickland's faltering heart could not be stimulated much longer, and in March Coit advised their immediate return to New York.

In May Strickland died and Coit assisted Diana through her final ordeal with him.

Strickland, it was found, had, in a last diabolical caprice, left his wife only a small annuity and Whispering Pines. The rest of his vast estate went to Angela.

"Do you care, Murray?" questioned Diana.

"Care, girl? Why, I'm glad! I don't want his money in our lives. I suppose you will go to Whispering Pines for the summer, dear?"

"As soon as Angela arrives. She lands in San Francisco on Saturday. When shall you be able to get up?"

"On my return from Montana. It looks as though you and I were going to be rich, honey."

"That doesn't interest me nearly so much as the fact that you are coming up to the country."

"Next summer is my affair," Coit interrupted, smiling, and he bent to kiss her lips.

It was a late-June day when Diana met Coit at the little country station. She was driving her own stout roadster.

"How goes life, sweetheart?" he asked when they were off.

"Peacefully, dear. And with you?"

"Right merrily. Uncle Tim's estate is going to relieve us of any worryment over money. And I'm as fit as a fiddle. Doctor Roberts says so; he is in a hurry now to teach me to carve; also he wants to meet you; he fished for an invitation up here. But most of all, I find life good because I am here with you."

He looked into her face, thankful that the hard years had left no scars. She glanced at him, flushing slightly under his gaze.

"Angela is here; did you know it?"

"Dread Angela!"

"Wait until you have seen her. She is very handsome, Murray."

But Coit was not interested in Angela.

They were on the piazza overhanging the terrace that led down to the lake when Coit had his first sight of Angela Strickland. She padded out to them as unconcernedly as the diminutive puppy that trotted at her pretty heels.

"Angela!"

Coit came to his feet and turned to meet the amused flicker in the girl's reddish brown eyes.

She was clad in a one-piece bathing suit of finest Jersey which perfectly defined her figure. She had dispensed with stockings, and her flesh against the black of her garment looked like Parian marble. The whorl of her copper-colored hair was partially concealed by a vivid green cap which few could have worn so effectively.

She was, Coit remembered, nineteen, but the mature perfection of her body made her look older, even than Diana. Practically nude, she regarded Coit undismayed with what might have been the innocence of youth or the design of a seductive woman. Coit wondered from which source her manner issued and the doubt intrigued him.

She held out a slim, warm hand.

"Diana is much too shocked to present you. You are Doctor Coit, of course. I am Angela Strickland. I always go for a dip in the afternoon. Will you join me? Diana declines repeatedly. I suspect that she apprehends rheumatism." She laughed with the insolence of youth.

"No," she went on as Coit begged to be excused. "Too bad." And she sauntered down the steps, and across the terrace, frolicking unconcernedly with her puppy.

"Grief doesn't visibly bow down her heart," Coit commented, his eyes on the retreating figure.

Diana's eyes followed Angela also. "I never saw that outrageous garment before," she said. "I am afraid that Angela has had her head rather too long."

"It would be rather a pity, don't you think, to curb so fine an animal?"

He was thinking that Angela was like her father, but he forced the thought aside. It was sacrilege to compare that young divinity with her grossly-fleshed father.

Conversation languished between him and Diana. She seemed thoughtful, and Coit, quite frankly, watched the girl who was sliding gracefully through the water.

"I believe that jolly little brigand is right. Let's go for a swim."

"Not I, thank you. You go, Murray; you will find everything you need in the dressing-room of the boathouse."

Protesting reluctance, Coit went.

"I thought you would come," Angela greeted him as he swam out to the raft where she sat trailing her pink toes in the water.

"Well, now that I am here, what are you going to do to amuse me, Circe?"

"Whatever you like."

He climbed up beside her and she removed a jewelled case from her cap and, taking a cigarette, she lit it and passed the box to Coit.

"Diana disapproves of me," she blew smoke reflectively toward the house. "She thinks I'm not exactly naughty and not exactly nice."

"Well, are you?"

"Their blended laughter reached Diana in her room. Later she saw them come up to the house, with the manner of old and intimate friends.

As she dressed for dinner, Diana tried to shake off a haunting sense of fatality—a feeling that the Stricklands, father and daughter, had declared a vendetta against her.

Angela, with characteristic willfulness, had refused to wear black, and she came down that night in a gorgeous green frock, above which her shoulders and throat rose like a lily from its perfect calyx.

She made the one spot of color in the shadowy room, and during dinner Coit looked at her again and again, as one's eyes return involuntarily to a spot of color in a somber landscape.

He kept near Angela that evening, but he wanted Diana there, also; she, however, went early to her room.

Coit followed her into the hall. "Tired, sweet? I hate to lose you so early. Tomorrow we must have a long day together—just you and I."

He kissed her as Angela's colorful voice in the Redoubt Love Song reached his ears, and as Diana ascended the stairs, he hurried back to the drawing-room.

"You and Di love each other," Angela swung about and confronted Coit.

"And why not?"

She shrugged her perfect shoulders. "Why not, she asked. 'It is a glorious night,' she went on; 'let us go down to the lake and watch the moon-path on the water.'"

They returned very late. "I suspect that I am going to enjoy myself here very much," Angela remarked as they parted in the hall.

Coit's long hours with Diana did not materialize the next day, nor in the days which followed. Angela always had plans and she had a genius for seeing that they were executed. There was no strife between the women, no warfare, for Diana was too proud to fight.

"She doesn't care," Coit told himself with a bitterness which was unconsciously feigned.

But Diana did care. She spent long hours pondering the chemistry of youth. She began, for the first time, to feel old; the three years

which lay between her age and Coit's seemed like a decade. The contour of her face sharpened slightly. There were faint circles, tokens of her sleepless nights, beneath her eyes. More and more she shrank from placing herself near Angela. The contrast, she felt, was cruel.

She had ordered some lovely frocks, but she wore none of them. She wished not to confuse Coit's mind nor his judgment. Marriage, she knew, was an endurance test for which a pretty face and an artfully decked body were insufficient equipment.

If his love was worth while, Coit would come back, and if it were not, God knew that she did not crave it. She had had her fill of the substitute for love. So she assured herself. But philosophy sits uneasily on the shoulders of love.

There were days when she indulged in bitterness. She had played fair—had, in the face of temptation, stood by her moral code. To what purpose?

Through August Coit was constantly at Angela's side. He was suffering no pangs over his moral accounts, for he quite simply refused to meet them, putting them off as one does an insistent creditor, with promises and excuses and sophistries.

One day he and Angela started off for an all-day picnic which Diana had declined to share. In the afternoon, seated in a sheltered nook overlooking the lake, Angela cast aside her book. "Diana is a fool!" she said abruptly.

"What do you mean?" sharply demanded Coit.

"To have philtered along the primrose path with you."

"If you mean—" but Coit's indignant words were drowned in a peal of thunder and almost simultaneously great drops of rain began to fall.

"Come!" Angela was on her feet, her hands outstretched. "The fire lookout's cabin is near."

Hand in hand they scurried to the unoccupied cabin and took shelter in its one, storm-darkened room.

"Murray! I am frightened!" Angela cried as Coit dropped her hand. "Love me, dear!" And she held out desirous arms.

Involuntarily Coit drew her close and for a dizzy instant their bodies clung. He bent her bright-tinted head backward, thrilled at the nearness of her white, pulsing throat, her melting, beckoning lips. Enraptured, he bent to obey their call when Angela opened her feverish eyes.

He caught her glance, paused, and his arms relaxed so suddenly that the girl half fell against the wall. Coit had seen in Angela's eyes the same expression that had beastialized her father's—that had outlived every other light in Strickland's own.

"I am going back to the house at once," he said, starting for the door. "I advise you to wait here till the storm is past. You will be perfectly safe."

She was beckoning him still through half-shut, brilliant eyes and Coit, observing it, laughed.

"Did you think you had me, Angela? You? You have offered me more than any woman can afford to give a man. And, frankly, I don't want it. Your day is over. Men weary of flesh alone. Remember that, Angela. You are monotonous—like a tune picked out with one finger on an instrument. Life may add the chords and the notes and the accidentals to make a harmony. I don't know. It depends entirely upon yourself. At present you are a rather disgusting girl playing at being a vampire. It is a perilous game and a losing one, and any decent man will tell you so."

Angela cowered against the wall and Coit left her there to fight his way through the storm-punished woods to the house.

As he came within sight of it he saw a group of servants huddled together on the piazza overlooking the lake and the old man who pattered about the grounds was down at the dock, wet to the skin.

"What is it?" called Coit above the storm.

"She's out there, sir; she was trying to get in when the storm broke. I can't manage a boat with a sea like this running."

"I'll get her, John, never you fear. Give me a hand here."

In a few moments he was shooting through the angry water. "Coming, Diana!" he called and she heard him above the pounding water.

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She was still clinging to her overturned boat when he reached her.

"You'll go over yourself, Murray. If you try to get me into your boat, and neither of us can swim in this."

"Hold steady, girl, and obey orders!" he commanded sternly.

An hour later, Diana was lying on a *chaire longue* in front of an open fire for the storm had brought a chill to the air. Coit hovered about protectingly, a vast thankfulness in his heart.

"Where is Angela?" Diana finally inquired.

"I left her at the lookout's cabin, honey."

"You left—Angela?"

She looked into his eyes and found them clean. It was as though some master surgeon had relieved a pressure upon his soul. He not only was healed, but he seemed not to remember what had taken place in the days of his delirium. Between him and Diana that period was never mentioned.

In the days which followed, Angela went about, thoughtful. Coit had reached some stratum of good in her and she seemed to be trying to make a harmony out of her life. Already, with Diana's help, she was planning serious work for the winter when they should be in town.

In September, Doctor Roberts ran up to Whispering Pines. He entirely approved of Diana. His courtly manner toward her and his eyes, softening always as they met hers, proved that.

On his first evening, after Diana and Angela had left them, Coit turned to the man whose colleague he was to be.

"Well?" he said.

"If I were ten years younger, Coit, I'd give you a race," he said with a whimsical smile.

"You seem to have passed with honors," he added after a moment of silence.

"Passed?" Coit puzzled.

Doctor Roberts looked reflectively at the end of his cigar. "I know none of the details," he said; "I do not wish to know them; but your face tells me that you have passed the test of temptation which comes once to every man."

Coit's head went up. It was his accolade.

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Conducted by Katherine Booth

Some Beauty Conveniences

AMONG my girls are many who would like to know of simple toilet conveniences that would make it easy to keep one's self well-groomed. And so, this month, girls, let's talk this over.

First, our brushes and combs. Our hair can't be live and "springy" if, every time we brush it we give back to it from our brushes some of the soil from the time before. Our brushes must be immaculate and they won't be unless we take particular pains to keep them so. Shake well after using, and wipe off with a damp (not wet) cloth, letting the brush stand in the sun afterwards. Twice a week wash the brush thoroughly in soapy water, rubbing between the bristles with



USING A BATH MITTEN WILL WORK SMOOTH SHOULDERS LIKE THESE.

one's fingers, and getting out every particle of dust. Do not have the water too hot, as it yellows the bristles—just lukewarm. Rinse by dipping in a flat dish of water to which has been added a teaspoonful of boric acid powder.

Your comb must be cleaned after every using. Ingenious contrivances come for this purpose—little round very stiff brushes with a handle like a shaving brush, for one thing; but an even more convenient arrangement is a sort of strop made of immovable strings woven just at each end into a firm strip but left loose for about eight inches, between the strips, and having a metal hook at each end. One hook is put over a nail or dresser-drawer knob, and the other is held in the hand, while the comb is passed back and forth along the loose strings, which thus cleanse the teeth of the comb of any specks of dust or other soil from the hair. This comb cleaner must be washed thoroughly daily, but with its aid one's comb can be kept in perfect order. You could make a similar contrivance by braiding for an inch at one end a hundred fine strings about ten inches long, then braiding at the other end, and sewing on tape loops at each end.

An eyebrow brush is almost as indispensable as a hairbrush, for dust lodges in the brows, and if we use powder they become regular storage warehouses. Always brush the brow toward the nose first, that the hairs may be dislodged from their normal position, and any dust be shaken loose, then brush away from the nose, carefully shaping the brow and going over and over it until it is smooth and glossy. The eyebrow brush, like the comb, must be washed as soon as used.

Always dry toilet articles in the sun, and stand brushes on their side, so the moisture will not soak down into the back of the brush.

A complexion brush, of course, you must have. Be sure it is of camel's hair or it will be too stiff for your face.

A bath mitten will serve to rub the body into a healthy glow and keep the skin smooth and fine, if used after your daily body bath. You can buy a bath mitten for a very small sum, or you can make one of a piece of an old Turkish towel by laying the hand on the towel and cutting a mitten without a thumb, about an inch longer all round than the hand. Sew two pieces of this kind together, bind the seam and the wrist edge with tape, and there you have your bath mitten.

Try all these things, girls, and see how convenient they are. By the way, dainty washcloths, tied in packages of six, make delightful Christmas presents, and it isn't too soon to begin to think about your friends!

Answers to Questions

Brown Eyes.—The spots on your face need a physician's attention, as they indicate some blood trouble. The use of iodine, as you suggest, will not "color" them and render them invisible. Iodine colors the skin yellowish brown. It is a good thing to use on a bruise or cut, or other portion of the skin where there is infection, because it kills the germs and so prevents further trouble, but it will not conceal any spot. You should not use powder on your face until it is healed. A zinc ointment, which you can get from your druggist, might be rubbed on the spots at night, and in the meantime you should see that your bowels move freely every day, and that you drink quantities of water. You can carry off many impurities by being careful about these two things, and oftentimes clear up a mild skin trouble.

Young Beauty.—A thirty-six-inch bust is not too large for you. I should let it alone. It may be your flesh is a little soft and flabby. Dash cold water on your skin, always (except when you are not feeling well) after bathing, and this will keep the skin firm. Any of the arm exercises I give from month to month in COMFORT are good to keep the bust firm. You say you have fat fingers, hands and arms. Exercise the arms as much as possible, and do not eat quite so many sweet things. Perhaps you are rather fond of cake, pie, candy, and such foods. A good exercise for fat wrists and arms is this:

For Fat Wrists and Arms

Extend the arms on a level with the shoulders, closing the hands to form a fist. Arms should extend sideways instead of in front. Now, clenching each fist as tight as possible, turn the hand in a circle, without letting the arm drop below shoulder height. First, turn hand with clenched fingers up, then turn so they face backward, then so they face forward, then downward, then turn upward from the downward position. You will find this exercises the muscles of the arm and works off surplus fat.

A good exercise for fat fingers is to extend arm on level with shoulder, spread the hand as wide as possible, and then stretch with the fingers as if trying to reach something just beyond. Close the hand, then stretch, close hand, stretch and continue for fifteen or twenty times. Shaking the hands from the wrist as if they were limp rags is also good for them. But I have an idea you need to cut down sweets, first of all. Tennis would be a good game to help you get

rid of flesh on fingers, hands and arms, or any game that exercised the arms violently.

J. P.—I should not worry about those "too red cheeks." If you know how anxious hundreds of girls are to have red cheeks, you would be congratulating yourself. Don't wear any tight clothes—collars, sleeves, shoes, waistbands. Of course you don't wear corsets at fifteen, and won't for several more years, as it isn't fashionable and certainly isn't healthful. Don't eat too much at a time—eating too much gives one a stuffy feeling and makes one red in the face. I am quite sure you don't eat too much, but I just mention this. About your hair, if your forehead is high I should part the hair in the middle. Combing it straight back will make your forehead higher and probably not be so becoming to you. I think I have suggested ways of wearing the hair at fifteen, lately, but let me repeat that the most fashionable way among wealthy people is for the girl to wear the hair in one long braid with loosened ends. You can part the hair in the middle, or a trifle to one side, then comb each half back and join them in one braid in the back. A good way is to part the hair from ear to ear, as well as from the forehead back. Then take half of the front hair and roll it gently away from the face, pinning it with hairpins or side combs halfway back of the ear. Do the same with the other half, then braid the ends of the two halves of the front hair in with the back hair. Another way to dress your hair is to part from forehead to nape of neck, braid in two braids, and tie the end of one braid to the top of the other with a bow, and the end of the second to the top of the first with another bow, making two looped braids at the back of the neck.

Lawrence.—Never use powder without first rubbing the skin with cold cream, and it will not chap nose or cheeks. Also rub in cold cream well at night. Just smearing the face with cream is not enough; you should gently rub it in, over and over and over, until the skin has absorbed it. When you apply it before powder, wipe off any surplus of cream with a bit of absorbent cotton. For the hands which need whitening, give them a good scrubbing in warm soapy water, then rinse thoroughly. After this, rub in the following lotion:

For White Hands

Rosewater, four ounces; orange-flower water, four ounces; borax, one half dram; spirits of benzoin, one dram; bruised almonds, one ounce. Put the bruised almonds in the orange-flower water and rosewater, let stand twenty-four hours, strain through cheese-cloth, add the borax, shake until thoroughly dissolved, add the benzoin, a little at a time, constantly shaking. This is an excellent whitener for the hands.

Polly.—You say you have been taking "from one quart to a gallon of milk a day," but are not gaining as you should. I expect the reason is just that "from one quart." The way to take milk is to stick to a regular amount daily. If you are not taking solid food, you should take two glasses of milk every hour during the day, "chewing" each mouthful before swallowing. You should drink a glass of hot water on rising, and should eat, fifteen minutes later, half-a-dozen prunes which have been soaked all night in a tumbler of water. Chew the prunes thoroughly and drink the juice. If you will stick to these directions, you will gain steadily. When you have gained a considerable amount, you can take less milk, a glass and a half of milk every hour until about four o'clock, and eat supper, but nothing like cabbage, which you mention! Cabbage is difficult to digest. You could eat some broiled meat (never fried), but of course not pork or veal, as they, too, are hard to digest. Any green vegetable would be good for you, and you could eat a baked apple with or without cream, or any other fruit (but not preserves). You should not eat cake, pie or candy, of course, nor drink coffee or tea. Do your best to follow these directions, and I shall hear good news of you, I know.

Tutty.—I am sorry your letter was not in time for



THE WELL-GROOMED GIRL READY FOR THE STREET.

the September issue. However, I hope my advice will help you, now that it does reach you. If you have a good complexion naturally, I should not use either cold cream or powder. You say your nose is full of blackheads—that is probably because you rub cold cream in, and do not get it out, so your pores are all clogged up. I suggest that you give your face a good scrubbing at night with warm soapy water, and a camel's-hair complexion brush. You should then rinse and rub the face. A gentle squeezing of one side of the nose between the two forefingers will probably unload some of the pores; treat the other side of the nose the same way. Your nose will be red, as a result, but as you are going right to bed, that does not matter and the redness will be gone in the morning. Of course you must not be too strenuous in your squeezing, nor do I mean that you are to do this every night. I am suggesting it for one night, to get those pores unloaded. In the morning do not use soap on the face, but tepid water, and finally dash on cold water. This will close the pores and keep out blackheads—which are nothing more nor less than dirt or other foreign matter lodged in the pores of the skin. In your case I have an idea you have loaded them with cold cream and never got them unloaded. A little cold cream is good for most skins, but it must be washed off once a day and the pores emptied. I should leave the whiteheads alone for the time being, just being careful about scrubbing your face at night, using the cold water dash in the morning, and being sure to have plenty of exercise during the day, drink plenty of water, and keep the eliminative functions active. You may find that all these troubles of yours will disappear. As to the hair on your arms, shaving would only make them worse—it is a very bad plan indeed. You can use a depilatory. Using peroxide on them will bleach them and render them unimportant. For the hairs under nose and lower lip, if they are just a downy fuzz, let them alone. If they are more serious, dampen them one day with ammonia, the next day with peroxide, and in time they will become inconspicuous. The ammonia will finally kill the roots. This is a perfectly safe treatment, will not bring back the hair later, and really

10c

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does the deed if you are patient. It is slow, however. I should say your eyes were hazel, as hazel eyes have a greenish tinge and yet are brown. Don't use alcohol on your hair. It is very bad for it, drying up the oil which keeps it healthy and makes it grow. Give your hair a shampoo once in two weeks or three weeks, with a simple soap jelly (white soap shaved into hot water, dissolved on stove, and let stand until cool), being careful to rinse many times and thoroughly. There is no objection to using lemon juice in the water if you wish to, in rinsing. It helps to keep the hair light. But you are probably going to have dark or hair, as many people do, when they get older. It will probably be a very pretty color, and I should not worry about it, nor should I try to do anything to affect its color. Keep it perfectly clean, don't use alcohol or any other drying lotion on it, brush it persistently at night, and you will have pretty, healthy hair. If the cords in your neck enlarge when you are nervous or excited, your circulation is probably not good. Perhaps you wear clothes a little too tight in some place—at neck or wrist, or waist. Even tight shoes will restrict the circulation. Keep the bowels in good condition, choose your foods carefully, rub the skin well after your daily body bath (whether you take it with a sponge or wash-cloth, standing on a towel, or in a bathtub), sleep in a room with the windows wide open, and you will soon find yourself better in this regard. And in the meantime try to be calm and deliberate about everything. If you are tired after singing two or three songs, you probably do not use your throat properly. The "frog in your throat" would result from a cold in the head or a catarrhal condition. Clear the nose thoroughly each morning on rising, and on going to bed. A good exercise for the lungs is as follows:

To Develop the Lungs

Stretch arms out at the sides on a level with the shoulders, keeping the elbows stiff. Throw the arms forward, violently, letting the hands meet each other, but being careful not to let arms drop below shoulder height. Now, throw arms back as if trying to make them meet in the middle of the back, keeping them on the same level as before. Of course you can't make them meet, but each time you will get them a little farther back. Repeat this exercise fifteen or twenty times, and continue daily.

Miss Blue Eyes.—Indeed, I am glad to answer your letter. If you are five feet nine inches tall, you should weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds. If you only weigh one hundred and thirty, you are underweight and it won't do you a bit of harm to try to gain. If you have a large frame, you may look as if you weighed more than one hundred and thirty. "Is it proper for you to have more than one sweetheart?" It is proper for you to have as many friends as you want, but that means friends, without any sentiment or loveliness or the slightest familiarity. I hope you know many nice men and that you like them and they like you. But in many such places, it is customary for a girl to go with one young man. This does not necessarily mean that they are sweethearts and should not mean that there is any loveliness unless they are engaged to be married. No, it isn't proper for a girl of your age, or a girl of any age, to have more than one sweetheart. A sweetheart is supposed to be the man one loves and is going to marry, and you could hardly love more than one man, could you, now? And certainly couldn't marry more than one! Surely you may ask all the questions you want, at any time. I couldn't possibly guess what grade you are going to enter at school in the fall, but am glad to say in answer to your question that there were no grammatical mistakes in your letter. There were one or two misspelled words, however, and you might put a little drill on your spelling. I hope your school work this year will be very successful indeed.

Troubled.—At sixteen, many girls are troubled with pimples periodically, but this condition will soon pass away. Do not put anything on the pimples, but try to drink lots of water to help carry the impurities away from the body in that manner and keep them from coming out in pimples, look after the bowels daily, chew your food well, eat fruits and vegetables, and no fried foods. A red nose can come from a stomach which is out of order, has too heavy food to digest, or food not properly chewed, so be careful. Chew every mouthful of food until it is liquid before swallowing it, and don't eat hot biscuits or griddle cakes or fried potatoes or fried eggs or other food which is hard to digest. A soft boiled egg is easily digestible, so is a baked or boiled potato, and stewed or roast chicken or broiled or roasted beef, while fruits and green vegetables are excellent for you. If your nose is embrowned, apply steaming hot cloths, replacing as fast as one becomes cool. Do this for ten minutes before going to bed. Rub a little cold

cream into the skin of the nose on going to bed also. Ever so much good luck to you.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
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French was the language of the court at that time, so the burly old English hunters used the cry of the French wolf hunters, which was "Au loup!" "Au loup!" (To the wolf.)

"These" words heard at a distance sounded like "A loo," but the English, who always put an H on wherever they possibly can, put it on the words "A loo," and when wolf hunting shouted "Ha loo." This form we use when we call "hello," as no word has been found that carries so far or so well as hello.

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Cubby Bear's Friends Say Good-By By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"WHAT are you thinking about so soberly, Cubby Bear?" asked Mamma Bruin one morning.

Cubby looked up from the porridge he was not eating.

"I am thinking," he said, "of my little friend Kiddie Goat, who stayed with us after his leg was broken until it got well. He was such a DEAR little goat, and I have not seen him for a long, long time! I would like to go to the big pasture today, to visit him and Lillie Lambkin."

"You may go if you like," Mamma Bruin told him. "I think you would be quite safe in the pasture, but do not go near the farmhouse."

So Cubby Bear started off happily to visit Kiddie Goat and Lillie Lambkin. The summer days were past, and it was a beautiful autumn morning. There had been a little frost earlier, but that had melted away in the bright sun. The air was warm and beautiful, and with the hush that comes in autumn, when the falling leaves rustle as they touch the ground, and every dropping nut can be plainly heard.

Pine and spruce and cedar trees, in their lasting greenness, made the bright colors of the maples gayer by contrast. How pretty the autumn leaves were, thought Cubby Bear, with their shining gold and glowing scarlet and crimson. You will never see a lovelier sight than the woods on a sunny day in autumn.

Cubby Bear heard a sweet song, and thought, "That sounds like Robbie Reddie. I will see if I can find him."

He hurried along, and sure enough, there was his sweet-voiced little bird friend, perched on a maple twig, his red waistcoat just the color of the leaves around him.

"Good morning!" called Cubby Bear. "What are you singing about?"

"Listen," answered Robbie Reddie, "and you shall hear:

"When the autumn days grow colder,
And the frost is on the leaves,
When the ripened fruits are gathered,
And the grain is in the sheaves,

"Then we know that soon the winter,
With its storms and ice and snow,
Will be here, and so we robins
To a warmer country go.

"We will spread our wings, and flying
Through the sunny autumn sky,
Soon we'll reach our winter dwellings,
Good by, Cubby Bear, good by."

"Good by," said Cubby Bear. "Good by, Robbie Reddie, and thank you for singing to me. You will come back again when the winter is gone."

As Cubby Bear went on, he heard the tap-tap-tapping of Redtop Woodpecker's sharp bill, clear and loud in the still air.

"He may be going away, too," thought Cubby Bear. "I must try to find him, and say good by." But the tapping soon stopped, and though Cubby Bear spent some time looking about, he did not find his brisk little friend with the red topknot.

Chirpy Chipmunk came running along, his cheeks puffed out with acorns which he was carrying to his home.

"What are you hurrying so for?" asked Cubby. "Come for a walk with me this fine day. I am going to see Kiddie Goat and Lillie Lambkin."

Chirpy took the nuts out of his mouth, so he could speak, and held them in his paws.

"Do not bother me," he said. "I am very busy."

"Don't you know that summer's past?
Summer, with its pleasant heat?
Freezing winter soon will come—
I must gather food to eat."

"In my warm and cozy nest
I must store these nuts away,
I am working hard and fast,
And I have no time for play."

"You should see the things I have—
Hazelnuts and acorns too,
Corn and seeds of many kinds!
They must last the winter through."

Then Chirpy said good by, and popping the acorns inside his cheeks again, hurried away. Chirpy never thought he had enough food stored away, and the autumn was a busy time for him. "Chickadee! chickadee!" called a little voice, and Cubby Bear looked up to see the little bird

Cubby Bear. "The forest will be lonely with all the birds away."

Soon after, Cubby Bear reached the big pasture. He spied Kiddie Goat and Lillie Lambkin not far off. They welcomed him gladly, and soon the three were having a merry game of tag.

The cows, browsing about on the scant, late grass, or lying on the ground, calmly chewing their cud, looked at Cubby Bear with mild interest. But the horses, sniffing the air, pricked up their ears and trotted down to the pasture fence nearest the farmhouse.

"Why do they run away?" asked Cubby. "I'm afraid they do not like me."

"Never mind!" said Kiddie Goat. "I like you. I remember how good you were to me

from the farmer's garden, where I have been eating. When I feel cold weather coming, you see, I eat and eat and eat—all I can—then I curl up in my warm, safe hole and sleep sweetly—oh, such a long, happy sleep! Good by, Cubby Bear, you may not see me again for months."

"I am going home soon," said Cubby Bear. "Wait, and we will walk together."

"I will start now," Wollie decided. "You may overtake me. Perhaps I shall go to sleep on the way," and he started slowly off, stumbling along sleepily.

"Oh, come, let us play!" said lively Lillie Lambkin.

"Too soon will come the dreary time
When freezing winter days
Will keep us close within the barn,
And stop our merry plays.
Then gambol and skip,
With frolicsome trip,
While sunshine and freedom are ours,
We'll merrily play
This bright autumn day,
And gather the beautiful flowers."

"Late autumn flowers were blooming in the pasture, golden-rod and blue wild asters, and Kiddie Goat and Lillie Lambkin helped Cubby Bear pick a large bouquet to carry home to Mamma Bruin.

"I think I must go now," said Cubby. "Next summer I will come to see you again."

They went with him as far as the tamarack tree, where they bade each other good by.

As Cubby walked along, keeping watch for Wollie Woodchuck, his good friend Shinyblack Crow came flying to meet him.

"I am going away, Cubby Bear," said Shinyblack Crow, "and I wanted to say good by to you."

"My coal-black wings are large and strong,
And never tire as I fly along,
Mile after mile through the pure, free air,
On and on, with never a care!

"Caw, little Cubby, caw!
The southern lands the bird-tribes draw,
But back we'll come with spring's first thaw!
Caw, little Cubby, caw!

"I'm going far away from here,
Where never comes the winter drear,
I've sung no sweet-voiced songs for you,
But always gave you friendship true.

"Caw, little Cubby, caw!
Some day in spring, with eager claw,
I'll grasp your friendly little paw,
Caw, little Cubby, caw!"

"Good by, good Shinyblack Crow. I shall look for you in the spring."

"Mamma Bruin," said Cubby Bear soberly, after he had reached home, "so many of my friends have said good by to me today, and I shall not see them again for months. The winter will be long and lonely."

"Oh, no, Cubby Bear," Mamma Bruin said, as she smiled at him kindly.

"Safe in our warm and cozy home
We'll sleep away the days,
My little Cubby Bear and I,
While boisterous winter stays.

"The flowers, too, will be asleep,
Beneath the winter's snow,
Till southern breezes whisper
'Tis time for them to grow.

"Then all the forest people
With gladness once again
Will greet the springtime's sunny warmth
From burrow, house and den."

The next Cubby Bear story will tell how poor little Cubby Bear lost his Thanksgiving plum pudding. Don't miss it next month in November COMFORT. Renew your subscription now.



"YES," ADMITTED WOLLIE, "I ALWAYS GET FAT AND SLEEPY IN THE FALL."

who had shown him the way to Betty Badger's house when he went to the west forest with Dr. Squilly Porcupine's good medicine for the sick little Badgers.

"How do you happen to be so far from home?" asked Cubby in surprise.

"I'm going, I'm going away and away!
When cold weather comes, I no longer can stay.
I'm leaving my nest in the green forest tree
To fly to the south—Chickadee, chickadee!

"I'll fly over mountains, and cities, and streams,
I'll bask in the warmth of the sun's tender beams
In a sweet southern clime, by a murmuring sea!
Farewell, Cubby Bear! Chickadee, chickadee!"

"Good by, little Chickadee Chirruppee," said

when my leg was broken."

As they were running about at play, Cubby Bear tripped over something among some tall, dead ferns, and nearly fell.

"Be careful, can't you?" cried a familiar voice, and Cubby Bear was surprised to see Wollie Woodchuck. "I shall have a black-and-blue spot on my head where you gave it such a bump, with your awkwardness!" grumbled Wollie.

"I am sorry," said Cubby. "I did not mean to hurt you."

"I suppose not," answered Wollie, with an astonishing yawn. "I must have been napping. I am sleepy these days."

"How fat you are getting!" said Cubby.

"Yes," admitted Wollie. "I always get fat and sleepy in the fall. I am going home now

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

are going to school in Greeley and my oldest sister does the housework.

Well, Uncle Charlie, what do you think about the war? Don't you think it wrong to go across the ocean to fight Ido.

Your niece, JOICE MAHER.

Joice, so you want to know whether I think it wrong to go across the ocean and fight "Ido." Before giving an opinion on this vital matter I would first like to know who "Ido" is and what he has done, for to be truthful I never heard of him before. That such a person exists however is very evident or you would not be so perturbed about him and so anxious to know whether we should cross the ocean and grab Mr. Ido by the seat of his pants and dash his brains out in Europe, or calmly wait for his appearance on our shores and fight a battle to the death with him, either in the streets of New York or somewhere along the American coast, or wherever Mr. Ido found it most convenient to land. If Mr. Ido could be arrested on landing and handled by the police then I suggest we wait until the gentleman arrives before dealing drastically with him. If however, Mr. Ido is a leader of millions of efficient fighting men and is a real menace to civilization, then I think we should be an awful bunch of fools if we waited for him to attack us and spread ruin, death and devastation on our shores instead of our attacking him and making him do all the suffering. When fire breaks out we do not sit quietly in our homes until the roof is in flames. We rush to the spot where the fire started and fight it before it can spread. It is quite enough to have Germany destroy one house without letting it spread all over town, and it is quite enough to have Germany destroy Europe without giving her an opportunity to make a Belgium out of the United States as she is fairly itching to do. I quite understand why you, Joice, think it foolish to go to France. Living in the center of the country, as you do, where an enemy cannot reach you, you are quite willing for Mr. Ido (who I strongly suspect is the Kaiser in disguise) and his hordes of barbarians to tear the country to pieces as far West as Omaha, but if they got to Omaha you would begin to get just a wee bit nervous, now wouldn't you? Then perhaps you would say: "Well, I guess it would have been better after all to have fought Mr. Ido in his own country, and not let him land here and tear the bowels out of our beloved land and menace my home. Please remember young lady, that our Eastern coast-

line belongs to the United States just as much as Colorado does, and that we Easterners strenuously object, even if you do not, to having Mr. Ido lay waste our cities, slaughter our people, outrage our women, dig up and empty the caskets containing the bodies of our dead and fill them with filth, and treat us as though we were vermin. It is sad to see a young lady whose parents own 1,600 acres of good American soil (a royal domain that even a king might be proud to call his own, and whose brothers and sisters are doing a million times better here than they could in any other country on earth) hesitating in her duty toward her native land. The French sent us Lafayette, and to France we owe our liberty, but, alas, the present selfish, ungrateful generation doesn't even remember who Lafayette was or what he did. The French did not hesitate to cross the ocean to help us fight Mr. Ido King George, and it took many months in those days to make a trip that now takes but a few days' pleasant steaming. France, England and Russia have spilled rivers of blood for us, and we should be dastardly cowards and ingrates if we did not go to the aid of those who have so long and nobly fought our battles. The French however were brave, they had ideals, and the La Follettes, Gronnas, Bill Stones, pacifists, I. W. W.'s, anarchists and socialists weren't around in Lafayette's days to poison their minds and make cowardly curs of them. This war is being run by experts trained in the arts of war, gallant American soldiers and sailors who know their business and not, thank God, by pacifist lunatics, slushy sentimentalists, Kaiser owned socialists, I. W. W.'s and other half baked dreamers, traitors and copperheads, who are doing their darnedest to make this country into a Prussian slave pen. Germany has decreed that we must go to France or go to hell. With ice at its present price, I prefer France.

MONROE, WASHINGTON.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I quite agree with all you have said to Cousin C. in the April issue of COMFORT for although I don't believe in war unless it is absolutely necessary I do not believe that we should permit any nation to treat us as though we were dogs and dirt. Both of my grandfathers were soldiers and I believe that in case of need that I can show myself worthy to be called a soldier's granddaughter.
Last Wednesday afternoon all of the Monroe people that wanted to attend the big patriotic parade at Everett were taken down in automobiles, free of charge.
The Red Cross, soldiers and marines were well represented, and children from nearly all of the schools, and high, from all over the county, marched in a mass. The papers said that ten thousand, two

hundred and fifty-two people marched and every one carried Old Glory.

I am a senior in high school. I live on a farm about two miles from Monroe, which is a small town. My favorite pastimes are reading and roaming through the woods hunting for new kinds of flowers and mooses and watching Mother Nature's children frisk and play. I dearly love animals, especially dogs and horses.

MURIEL MCCORMICK.

Muriel, you say you do not believe in war. No rational, decent, well-balanced, God-loving individual "believes" in war, any more than we believe in smallpox, earthquakes, hydrophobia, leprosy, dirt, filth, dyes or typhoid germs. If we could get rid of these things by not believing in them it would be lovely, but you can't keep flies out by not believing in them, you have to use a screen, or poison, or a swatter to fix them. You can't keep smallpox out by not believing in it. You have to fight disease unless you want disease to kill you. Life is a battle from the cradle to the grave. It is a fight against hunger, poverty, sin, selfishness and heaven only knows what else, and the finer the fight we put up the greater and more glorious the victory. Life is just one eternal scrap, and directly you quit

fighting the wrong, the evil and the destructive forces in the world, directly you quit standing up for right, righteousness and justice, then you begin to slide downward to destruction. If Germany had not believed in making war her chief national business and glorifying war and conquest, and scorning peace and ease, substituting Nietzsche's doctrine of the superman, the man on horseback, the haughty conqueror for the lowly Christ, whose doctrine was love and unselfishness, peace, good will and brotherhood, we should not be fighting Germany today. We must conquer wrong or submit to wrong, and thank God there is enough of the spirit of our forefathers still left in us, in spite of the treachery and treason that exists on all sides, to nerve our arms in the day of battle and make us victorious. There are a lot of hen-brained idiots who will tell you that war accomplishes nothing and settles nothing. When these mush-brained lunatics tell you this, reply thus: War made the white man ruler of this, the red man's continent. War replaced British with American rule and drove out the troops of the British German King, George the Third, and gave us Washington, the Father of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Fall Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



THE Fall coat will have smart pockets and jaunty revers. Cheviot, serge, double-faced cloakings, jersey cloth, pile fabrics, plush and velvet will be used.

Tucks are again in fashion, especially for dresses of silk, chiffon and other soft fabrics.

Simple one-piece frocks of serge are nice for afternoon and general wear. Some of the latest models on this order are made without belts, and worn like coats or outer garments. These frocks may be draped on one side, while the other side hangs straight from shoulder to hem.

Pattern Descriptions

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1298—Boy's Blouse Suit with knee trousers. This style of suit is very popular with boys who have outgrown the Russian blouse styles. The blouse may be made of khaki cloth, drill, linen, galatea, linen, madras, cambric or muslin. The trousers are good for most any suit.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 12-year size.

1307—Ladies' Corset Cover and Petticoat. This style is good for lawn, crossbar, muslin, dimity, crepe, cambric, batiste, or silk. It may be trimmed with lace or embroidery edges, or the free edges may be embroidered in scallops, and the fullness over the fronts drawn up through embroidered eyelets.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a medium size, without the ruffle which will require three and five eighths yards of embroidery.

1890—A Smart Coat and Cap for the little miss. Cheviot, plush fabrics, velour, broadcloth, velvet, silk, corduroy, tweed and similar cloakings are nice for this model. The fronts are single breasted. The sleeve is a two-piece model finished with a shaped cuff.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size and three quarters yard of 24-inch material for the cap.

1955—Ladies' Overall Apron, with sleeve portion in either of two lengths. Percale, seersucker, gingham, chambray, lawn, alpaca or brilliantine could be used for this design.

Cut in four sizes; 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size.

1979—Ladies' Shirt-waist. This style has full fronts joined to yoke extensions of the back. This pattern is good for lawn, madras, batiste, serge, poplin, satin, taffeta and flannel.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2004—Junior Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Serge, gabardine, plaid suiting, or Shepherd check would be nice for this style. Taffeta, corduroy or velvet are also nice for this model.

Cut in three sizes; 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires five and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a 14-year size.

2015—Girl's One-piece Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. The model has smart pocket trimmings.

Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

2024—Ladies' House Dress with sleeve in wrist or elbow length. This design is good for striped seersucker, for checked gingham, rep, poplin, flannelette, linen, drill and other washable fabrics.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires seven yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2046—An Ideal House or Morning Dress. In dotted percale, checked gingham, striped seersucker, this model will be very pretty. It is also nice for poplin, rep, linen, corduroy, drill, for tub silks, gabardine and crepe.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 38-inch size.

2078—A Simple Apron Model. Seersucker, gingham, percale, lawn, drill, alpaca, brilliantine or sateen may be used for this style. It is fitted by shoulder and underarm seams and has deep arm openings for comfort and ease.

Cut in four sizes; small, medium, large and extra large. It requires for a medium size four and three quarters yards of 36-inch material.

2163—Ladies' Shirt-waist, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Madras, linen, lawn, batiste, tub silk, crepe, shantung, percale, flannel and crepe de chine are nice for this style.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material.

2168—A Practical Apron Model. Drill, linen, khaki, alpaca, lawn, cambric, gingham, seersucker and chambray are nice for this style. The pocket may be omitted.

Cut in four sizes; small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires six and one eighth yards of 36-inch material.

2170—An Ideal House Dress. This model is unique and practical. It is made with reversible closing, and its fullness is held by a belt that fastens at the center back.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires for a 38-inch size, six and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material.

2184—Coat-Waist. 2187—Skirt. A Charming Three-piece Suit. The waist and coat blouse are cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires two and three eighths yards of 36-inch material, for the waist, and three and three eighths yards for the blouse, for a 36-inch size.

The skirt is cut in seven sizes also; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure, and requires three and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a 24-inch size. Two separate patterns, 10c for each pattern.

2185—A Good Coat for General Wear. This model is good for pile fabrics, zibeline, corduroy, velour, wool mixture, double-faced cloth, also for silk and velvet.

Cut in five sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires six and one half yards of 54-inch material.

2186—Infant's Set, consisting of a cap, a sack, a night gown and a dress. For the dress of flouncing, it will require one and three quar-

ters yard of 36-inch material with one and one quarter yard of plain material for yoke and sleeves. Of nainsook or lawn 36 inches wide it will require two and one quarter yards. The gown will require two and one half yards of 24- or 27-inch material. The cap, one half yard of 18-inch material. The sack requires seven eighths yard of 27-inch material.

2191—Dress for Elderly Ladies. This style is lovely for satin, silk, crepe, gabardine, serge and

broadcloth. The fronts are finished with vest portions. It is gathered over the sides and back. The sleeve is new in its shaping.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2192—A Jaunty Coat for Girls. This model has inserted pockets in pouch effect. The fronts are lapped at the revers edges, but may be rolled high, as in the small collar view. This style is nice for cheviot, zibeline and other coatings, also for velvet, corduroy and silk.

Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires for a 14-year size, four and one half yards of 54-inch material.

2198—A Jaunty Dress. This is nice for plaid or checked gingham, with chambray or linen for pockets, collar and cuffs. The belt is slipped



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through openings in the pocket straps.

Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require four and three quarters yards of 36-inch material.

2201—An Attractive One-piece Dress. This is a very popular style, with its long waist and simple gathered skirt portions. The design is nice for silk, cloth or cotton fabrics.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires for a 16-year size five and one quarter yards of 44-inch material.

2203—A Serviceable Model. This style makes a splendid work dress. Linen, khaki, gingham, chambray, drill, seersucker and percale may be used for its development.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires six and one quarter yards of 44-inch material, with three quarters yard of 27-inch material for the cap.

2206—A Pretty and Practical Set. This comprises a little yoke dress, a petticoat slip, and comfortable drawers.

Cut in four sizes; one, two, three and four years. The dress requires two and one half yards of 36-inch, the slip requires one and one half yard, and the drawers requires one and one eighth yard of material, for a three-year size.

2215—A New Biding Skirt. This model has trouser portions joined to the skirt portions and will make a very comfortable and practical garment. The skirt measures about two and three quarters yards at the foot. The pattern is good for Jersey cloth, serge, mannish mixtures, linen and broadcloth.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires five yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

9130—Girl's Cape with Hood Collar. This design is suitable for evening or rainy weather. It affords protection and comfort. The collar may readily be converted into a hood.

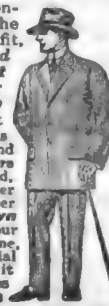
Cut in six sizes; six, eight, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material for the 12-year size. Cravenette, rainproof cloth, broadcloth, silk rubberized material, serge or velvet may be used for this design.

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The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

It was all the answer that Edith, in her excitement, could make.

The beautiful woman caught her breath gaspingly, and every particle of color faded from her face.

"Tell me, also," she went on, hurriedly, "did you ever hear your mother speak of a friend by the name of Belle Haven?"

Edith's heart leaped into her throat at this question, and she, too, began to tremble, as a suspicion of the truth flashed through her mind.

"No," she said, with quivering lips, "I never heard her mention such a person; but—"

"Yes—but—" eagerly repeated her companion.

"But," the fair girl continued, gravely, while she searched with a look of pain the eyes looking so eagerly into hers, "the evening after mamma was buried, I found some letters which had been written to her from Rome, and which were all signed 'Belle'."

"Oh!"

It was a sharp cry of agony that burst from Isabel Stewart's lips.

"Oh, why did she keep them?" she went on, wildly; "how could she have been so unwise? Why—why did she not destroy them?"

At these words a light so eager, so beautiful, so tender that it seemed to transfigure her, suddenly illumined Edith's face for they confirmed, beyond a doubt, the suspicion and hope that had been creeping into her heart.

"Tell me—are you that 'Belle'?" she whispered.

"Oh, do not ask me!" cried the unhappy woman.

"Ah, I am sure you are!—I am sure that I have found my mother, and—I am almost too happy to live."

"Child! my own darling! Is it possible that you can thus open your heart of hearts to me?" sobbed the astonished woman, as she clasped the slight form to her in a convulsive embrace.

"Oh, yes—yes; I have longed for you, with longing unexpressed, ever since I knew," Edith murmured.

"Longed for me? Ah, I never dared to hope that Heaven could be so kind. I feared, love, that you would despise me, as a weak and willful woman, even after I should tell you all my story, with its extenuating circumstances; but now, while knowing and believing only the worst, you take me into the arms of your love, and own me—your mother!"

She broke down utterly at this point, and both clasped in each other's embrace, sobbed in silent sympathy for a few moments.

"Well, dearest, this will never do," Mrs. Stewart at last exclaimed, as she lifted her face and smiled tenderly upon Edith; "we must at least compose ourselves long enough to make our adieux to our hostess; then I am going to take you home with me, to have all the story of our tangled past unraveled and explained. Come let us sit down for a few moments, until we get rid of the traces of our tears, and you shall tell me how you happened to be in Boston under the name of Edith Allen."

She drew her toward a couch as she spoke, and there Edith related how she had happened to meet the Goddards on the train, between New York and Boston, and was engaged to act as madam's companion, and how also the mistake regarding her name had occurred.

"And were you happy with them, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Stewart, regarding her curiously.

"Indeed I was not," she replied, "I think they were the strangest people I ever met."

Almost as she spoke the door of the reception-room opened, and Gerald Goddard himself appeared upon the threshold.

He was pale to ghastliness, and looked years older than when Edith had seen him in the drawing-room a few minutes previous.

"Pardon me this intrusion, Miss—Edith," he began, shrinking, while he searched both faces before him with despairing eyes; "but I am about to leave, and I wished to give you this note before I went. If, after reading it, you should care to communicate with me, you can address me at the Hotel Mammoth."

He laid the missive upon a table near the door, then, with a bow, withdrew, leaving the mother and daughter alone again.

"That was Mr. Goddard," Edith explained to her companion, as she arose to take the letter; but without a suspicion that the two had ever met before, or that the man was her own father

The Kingdom of Our Birthright

In running this series we are not advocating belief in astrology or faith in the pretended talismanic charm of birth-stones, although these beliefs have persisted from remote antiquity and have not a few devotees even in this present age of reason. Yet as myths and superstitions that have dominated through the ages they possess historic interest and educational value. Miss November will appear with a pleasing message next month.—EDITOR.

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SCORPIO is the zodiacal sign that rules between October 23 and November 22, and persons born under its influence will be magnetic, ardent and zealous, and very averse to doing manual labor. They are very tenacious in upholding whatever popular sentiment decrees; are proud and conservative, and are circumspect in all their outward behavior. So opposed are they to any departure from accepted rules and customs, that they may sacrifice their own individuality, and therefore should strive not to be so sensitive to public opinion, and remember that wealth and aristocratic appearances are not of half so much value as the hand-grasp of one genuine friend, that self-respect outweighs the applause of the multitude and the flattery of sycophants.

These persons excel as managers or superintendents, as they have the power of holding their own popularity, and at the same time are extremely exacting and determined that all measures entrusted to their management shall be executed with order and precision.

Positions of confidence and trust in the departments of the government are frequently held by men born under Scorpio, and they conduct themselves with a quiet dignity and decorum that befit their position and command respect. They should marry women who have gained self-poise and will gracefully submit to be ruled by their husbands. They will be more generous with money than praise, yet will be very proud of a wife who has a commanding presence and easily



MISS OCTOBER.

—the "monster" who had so wronged her beautiful mother.

Mrs. Stewart made no reply to the remark; and Edith, breaking the seal of the envelope in her hands, drew forth several closely written pages.

"Why!" she exclaimed, in a startled tone, "this is Mrs. Goddard's handwriting!"

She hastily unfolded the sheets and ran her eye rapidly down the first page, when a low cry broke from her lips, and, throwing herself upon her knees before her mother, she buried her face in her lap, murmuring joyfully:

"Saved! saved!"

"Darling, tell me!—what is this that excites you so?" Mrs. Stewart pleaded, as she bent over her and softly kissed her flushed cheek.

Edith put the letter into her hands, saying, eagerly:

"Read it—read it!—it will tell its own story."

Her companion obeyed her, and, as she read, her face grew stern and white—her eyes glittering with a fiery light which told of an outraged spirit aroused to a point where it would have

fills a place among rich and influential people.

Women born under this influence have the same deference for popular conventionalities and superior external appearances, and are inclined to be self-indulgent. They like to be leaders and have a great admiration for persons in exalted positions of life. They are apt to marry more for wealth and position than for love. They will rule their home with womanly dignity and be particularly fastidious about their dress and in a business-like way will be devoted wives, ambitious for the success of their husbands and children.

Children born under this sign will have strong likes and dislikes and a dominant will power. Their training should commence when they are babies in arms, with exceeding patience and kindness, qualities which must be instilled into their minds, else their naturally cold and exacting natures will greatly retard their development. They will study hard and uncomplainingly follow set rules. A systematic course of suitable reading should be adopted, and along with this a course in music, if they have a taste for music; but it is useless for those who have no music in their souls to try to cultivate this art. Try not to cross them in choice of wearing apparel; only insisting that it be simple, for they will evince much concern regarding their personal appearance. Praise them, and work through their pride to the development of self-control and the elimination of outbursts of temper. Teach them to do unto others as they would have others do to them.

The Lucky Opal is the October Birth-Stone

For centuries past the opal has been esteemed the talisman of "good luck" and now, in modern times, it is worn as the October birth-stone to symbolize hope that eternal springs in the human heart.

Hope inhabits the poor man's hut, as well as the abode of the rich, and presses forward and befriends when all else fails. True sentiment is one of the great blessings to the human heart, and when illumined by hope, it gives to all humanity a brighter forecast of days to come, that cheers and helps people over the difficult places in their lives.

In the early centuries the opal was called "beryl," and this pretty legend of ancient date proves the opal has been long associated with hopeful expectations:

"When fair October to her brings the beryl,
No longer need she fear misfortune's peril."

For instructions as to how to construct and use Miss October see "Hallowe'en Party" on another page.

been dangerous for the woman who once had deeply wronged her, had she been living, to have crossed her path again.

"If I had known!—if I had known!" she began, when she reached the end. Then, suddenly checking herself, she added, tenderly, to Edith: "My love, it seems so wonderful—all this that has happened to you and to me! We must take time to talk it all over by ourselves. You can excuse yourself to your friend, can you not, and come with me to the Supremacy? Say that I wish to keep you for the remainder of the day and night, but will return you to her in the morning."

Edith's face beamed with delight at this proposal.

"Yes, indeed," she said, rising to comply at once with the request. "I am sure Nellie will willingly give me up, when I whisper the truth in her ear. My dear—dear mother!" she added, tremulously, as she bent forward and kissed the beautiful face with quivering lips.

"Edith, my child," gravely said Isabel Stewart,

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as she held the girl a little away from her and searched her face with anxious eyes, "after learning what you did of me, from those horrible letters, is there no shrinking in your heart—is there no feeling of—of shame or of pitiful contempt for me?"

"Not an atom, dear," whispered the trustful maiden, whose keen intuitions had long since fathomed the character of the woman before her; "to me you are as pure and dear as if that man—whenever he may have been—had never cast a shadow upon your life by the shameful deception which he practised upon you."

"My blessed little comforter! you shall be rewarded for your faith in me," returned Mrs. Stewart, her lips wreathed in fondest smiles, her eyes glowing with happiness. "But go excuse yourself to Mrs. Morrell, then we will take leave of our hostess, and go home."

Ten minutes later they were on their way to the Supremacy.

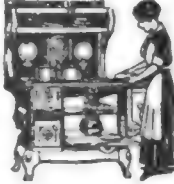
Upon arriving at her hotel Mrs. Stewart led the way directly to her delightful suite of rooms, where, the moment the door was closed, she turned and once more gathered Edith into her arms.

"I must hold you—I must feel you, else I shall not be quite sure that I am not dreaming," she exclaimed. "I find it difficult to realize my great happiness. Can it be possible that I have

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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Crumbs of Comfort

Joy gives wings.
Life is a shuttle.
Hate makes partisans.
Law is a bottomless pit.
Frugality is true wealth.
Flattery is a flowery weed.
The heart is not a logician.
News is the manna of a day.
Glory lights a flaring candle.
Fatigue is the best night cap.
No man is so great as mankind.
A merry heart can laugh at care.
Tranquility is the surest pleasure.
The hand of God has written legibly.
The greatest hearts are the simplest.
The truly generous are the truly wise.
Bow to him who bows not to flatterers.
Late gifts come as fruits out of season.
Men love in haste and detest at leisure.
Life is not to live, but living to be well.
An honest man is like an unmoved rock.
Millions died that Caesar might be great.
A serpent heart can wear a flowering face.
The only medicine of the miserably is hope.
Who pants for glory will never know repose.
The sweetest birds build nearest the ground.
Judge of a jest when you have done laughing.
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
Half of our ills come from neglect of the body.
Small injuries that are slighted lose their sting.
Idleness travels slowly, but poverty follows fast.
All things are artificial, for Nature is the art of God.
Love will often creep in service where it will not walk.
Money is like manure, of little use unless to be spread.
A master should be sometimes blind, and a servant deaf.
To cultivate kindness is a great part of the business of life.
Gold is the curtain of the fool to hide him from the world.
We walk always in old paths where many feet have trod the dust.
A lie must be thatched with another or it soon rains through.
That state is the most corrupt where laws are most multiplied.
Impartial fate knocks with equal fate at the palace or at the cottage gate.
The greatest glory of a free-born people is to transmit that freedom to their children.
Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within that would open if they could find sunshine and free air.
Nothing more baffles one who is full of trick and duplicity, than straightforward and simple integrity in another man.
Happiness is much more equally divided than is imagined, for one man may possess most of the materials and but little of the thing, while another may have much of the thing and but few of the materials.



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Selecting Birds for Next Season's Breeding

LAST week I went to a large poultry meeting and demonstration where there were representatives of many large plants in the East. Mr. Roy E. Jones, who is in charge of the extension work being conducted by the Storrs Agricultural College, gave some interesting and valuable demonstrations in selecting birds to be kept for next season's breeding pens, and explained at length how every one could cull out the birds not worth feeding through the winter. I was so favorably impressed by his talk that I am going to repeat it as nearly word for word as possible.

Breeders should be selected first for vigor, second for high fecundity, and third for longevity. Vigor is of first importance in the breeding stock, hatching eggs, chicks, growing stock, and laying hens; for, without vigor, nothing can be accomplished. High fecundity, or the ability to transmit high egg production should be coupled with vigor. Longevity, or the ability to live and produce a profitable number of eggs for three years or over, eliminates the expensive necessity of renewing the larger part of the flock each year. These qualities may all be produced in the same bird by careful methods of selection and breeding.

Breeders should be selected in the fall while the marks of the year's production are evident and may be used for a guide. This, of course, eliminates the pullet from the breeding pen. Let the first year be for eggs only, then select the best birds, and keep them as long as there is reasonable production and a goodly number of strong, healthy chicks can be produced each year.

One very noticeable characteristic in the high producer is the lack of yellow pigment at the end of the laying year. It takes a lot of color material to make egg yolks, and the pullet that starts the year with bright yellow legs and beak will, if a high producer, finish with practically no yellow color. The vent is most easily affected and loses the yellow color after a very few eggs are produced. The carlotes are next easily affected, and may become quite pale after two or three weeks of heavy production. The carlote test, of course, applies only to those breeds having white carlotes. The beak is affected next, usually losing its color after about three or four months of heavy production. When a bird stops laying the different parts gradually recover their color in the same order, carlotes first, beak next, and shanks last. Only strong, healthy birds should be considered, as sickness may, in some cases, cause a loss of yellow color.

High producers may be detected by the condition of the plumage at the end of the laying season. Birds do not, as a rule, lay and moult at the same time, although exceptions to this rule may sometimes be found. The birds that stop laying and moult in August or early September should be disposed of, as it appears that birds moulting late usually start laying again just as early in the winter as those that moult early. Trap nest records show that the birds that lay late and moult last are the birds that started laying first the previous fall. The late moulting birds are the highest producers, those moulting in November or later should be the best for breeding stock.

When selecting breeding stock, the pelvic bones may be used as an indication of present production. The pelvic bones are the two little bones either side of the vent between which the eggs must pass. If these bones are what poultry men mean by one finger apart, we may know the hen is not laying. If these bones are two, three or even four fingers apart, we may know that the hen is laying, provided she is not over fat or abnormal in some way. If these bones are widespread, thin and pliable, it indicates a high producer. If these bones are hard and rigid, even though they may be spread and the bird producing at the time, it indicates a low producer.

High producing hens must have a large capacity in order to allow for well-developed egg-producing organs. They must also have a large capacity for food materials and a strong digestive system. As the pullet matures and comes into laying condition, the breast bone is forced downward and forward to make the necessary room in the body cavity. Other things being equal, the capacity may be rated by the distance from the pelvic bones to the rear end of the breast bone. Relative measurements may be obtained by comparing birds of the same breed, as different sized birds would not be comparable.

High producing individuals invariably show what might be termed as quality, that is, soft, pliable skin over the breast bone and the abdominal cavity, and absence of hard fat. Some over fat birds may have widespread pelvic bones and show large capacity, but they are entirely lacking in quality, and consequently should be eliminated from the high producing class.

The activity of a bird is a very good indication of her production. The high producer must have more to eat of everything that a hen requires for production, consequently she is the first down in the morning and the last to roost at night. She will range farther and is always looking for something to eat. The best layer is the best worker every hour in the day.

From the time the breeding stock is selected in the fall, it should receive the very best of care, ever keeping in mind the fact that strong, fertile, hatchable eggs during the breeding season are essential to success. Health, vigor and vitality are necessary, and the winter should be spent in storing reserve energy which may be thrown into the hatching eggs.

Clean, dry quarters are absolutely necessary for good health. The house should be located where good water and air drainage may be had. Where the soil is suitable, and rats are troublesome, dirt floors are probably best. On damp land, moisture proof cement floors, well covered with soil or sand, are most satisfactory. Small flocks in small houses usually give slightly better results than large flocks.

Fresh air and sunshine are necessary in every poultry house. They are even more important in the breeding-house than in the laying-house. The open front, cloth front, or combination of glass and cloth seem to give the best results. In any case, the location of the openings should be such that the sun may reach every part of the house at some time during the day, and provide an abundance of ventilation without drafts in all kinds of weather. Sunshine is the best disinfectant, and fresh air is the best tonic.

Do not crowd breeding stock; allow four square feet of floor space or over to each bird. Allow the breeding stock to run out of doors every day in the year, but make the house so much more comfortable that they will not care to go out in bad weather. Clean litter in the houses, and a sheltered run outside, will encourage exercise.

Feed of the breeding stock need not be so different from that for the laying stock except that the protein in the mash may be reduced, and a larger proportion of whole grain fed. The ration should

be quite bulky and rather low in beef scrap. The method of feeding is quite as important as the kind of food used. Scatter the grain in clean, dry litter, and keep the mash always before the birds. Use every possible means to encourage the birds to work.

Green food in some form is necessary every day in the year. Mangels are perhaps the most convenient and cheapest source of green feed. Hens will consume during the winter about one ton per one hundred birds. Cabbage or sprouted oats are also very satisfactory. The green food problem may be greatly simplified by using clover hay or at least a part clover hay for litter. Where clover is home grown, it is not an expensive form of litter, as the hens recover all the food value in the leaves, and the stalks are even better than straw. A fresh grass and clover sod is, of course, the best source of summer green food.

Sour skim-milk seems to be the most satisfactory single food that we have for poultry of all ages. When fed to breeding stock during the winter, better egg production, higher fertility, higher hatchability, and stronger chicks may be expected. Results will warrant paying at least one cent and sometimes two cents per quart for the breeding stock.

The whole object in caring for the breeding stock during the winter is the production of strong, healthy chicks. Remove from the breeding pen any chicks that show signs of sickness or weakness during the winter. The campaign for the eradication of Bacillary White Diarrhea by means of the agglutination test has proved beyond doubt that all breeding stock should be tested and any reacting individuals removed. This is the only means by which any breeder can be sure that his stock can be free from the disease. Quality in hatching eggs is more important than quantity. Quality in eggs means more and better chicks with much less expense in labor and equipment.

The one desire in incubation is the production of strong, viable chicks, that is, chicks strong enough to stand outdoor life rather than weak chicks that will require constant attention. Failures in incubation are due to poor eggs more often than to poor incubators, although the incubator usually gets the blame.

Even though the breeding birds may have been carefully selected, there will always be some eggs produced that are unfit for incubation. If possible, select only eggs that weigh about twenty-six ounces to the dozen. The extra large eggs are as undesirable as the extra small ones. Select eggs with strong shells, free from ridges or blind checks. So far as possible, select eggs of uniform color and shape.

Hatching eggs should be collected at least twice each day. They may be injured by cold weather in winter or broody hens in summer. They are also apt to get soiled or broken in the nest. An ample supply of good nesting material and some kind of nesting or padding in the basket or pail used for collecting eggs is desirable.

Much better results may be expected if eggs are incubated as soon after they are laid as possible. Eggs saved for hatching may be packed in cases and held at a temperature of about fifty to fifty-five degrees. If eggs are held more than four or five days, it would be well to turn the cases over each day or two. Where eggs are held more than ten days or two weeks, poor hatches and weak chicks are usually the result.

An incubator usually gives best results if operated in a cellar or basement. This is usually due to the fact that a uniform temperature and a moist atmosphere may be more easily maintained. Where an incubator is operated in a very dry atmosphere, it is advisable to add moisture either by using a moisture pan under the egg tray, or by sprinkling the eggs. The room where an incubator is operated should be well ventilated.

During incubation eggs are more easily injured by extreme heat than by extreme cooling. In spite of this fact, it is probable that more hatches are ruined by too low an average temperature than by too high an average temperature. Where the incubator is operated in a cold room it should be, as a rule, run a little high. With any reliable make of incubator, the manufacturer's directions are usually the safest guide for the beginner to follow.

It is quite an exertion for the chicks to pick their way out of the shell, consequently they should remain in the incubator at least thirty-six hours and be given time to rest and recover strength. If Bacillary White Diarrhea by means of the agglutination test has proved beyond doubt that all breeding stock should be tested and any reacting individuals removed. This is the only means by which any breeder can be sure that his stock can be free from the disease. Quality in hatching eggs is more important than quantity. Quality in eggs means more and better chicks with much less expense in labor and equipment.

In brooding chicks, the whole object is to give the chicks the best possible start in life. Vigorous, active youngsters will grow and mature under unfavorable conditions, while poorly brooded chicks will not make satisfactory gains under the best conditions.

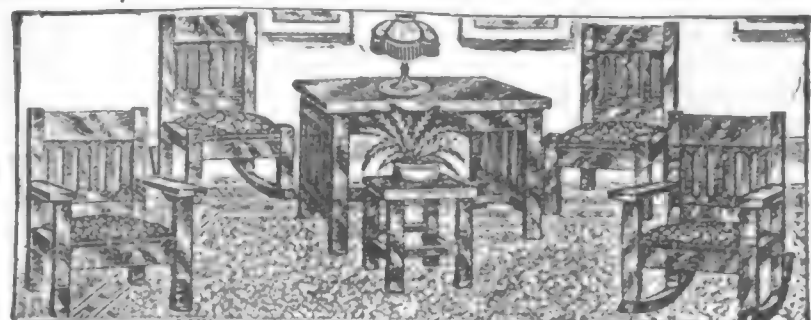
When chicks are removed from the incubator, it is time well spent to examine each individual and cull out all weaklings and cripples. Inferior chicks can never be disposed of any cheaper than when they are first hatched. Inferior chicks never make satisfactory gains, they are susceptible to disease, and are very often carriers of disease.

Chicks should be carefully moved from the incubator to the brooder and not subjected to any sudden change of temperature. Move the chicks in the afternoon, and allow them to run only a little way from the hover by placing cardboard or boards about a foot from the hover all around. The hover temperature should be about 95 degrees near the floor at the time the chicks are put in. After that, the chicks themselves are the best guide. The temperature should always be such that the chicks will lie around the outside edge of the hover. The general tendency with either lamp or coal burning brooders is to keep the room or compartment outside of the hover too warm. A warm hover and a comparatively cool room will do away with crowding in the corners and keep the chicks more healthy and vigorous. The heat should be reduced as rapidly as the comfort of the chickens will allow.

Sour skim-milk seems to give little chicks a better start in life than any thing else that can be fed. It is worth while to take each chick individually and dip its beak in sour milk so that it will get at least two or three good swallows at the time it is put into the brooder. Sour-milk is best fed in shallow pans with inch-mesh wire across the top. The milk should be kept before the chicks all of the time. Many breeders are having good results feeding milk and no water the first week or ten days, and even longer.

Pullets should be changed to their permanent laying houses before egg production starts. If pullets are moved after egg production is well started, a drop in egg yield will result and the fall moult will be encouraged. The fall moult may be caused also by light feeding on the range followed by heavy feeding in the laying houses. A colony system where the chicks are brooded, reared and allowed to stay as layers in the same house, is an ideal condition, there being less opportunity for a setback.

If pullets are allowed to remain in crowded colony houses, allowed to roost in the trees a little too late or allowed to crowd under the open front in their winter quarters, fall colds are usually the result. Fall colds creep in quietly and are very hard to get rid of. To prevent the spread of colds, use permanganate of potash in the drinking water. Make a stock solution and use enough to color the water a deep cherry color. Copper sulphate may also be used at the rate of four ounces to one gallon of water for a



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stock solution, and one ounce of the stock solution to a gallon of drinking water. Where pullets are badly affected with colds, withhold the drinking water until about eleven o'clock, then use a solution of the disinfectant, and the pullets will disinfect their whole heads in their efforts to get at the water.

Correspondence

S. P.—I think the birds must be infested with some small mite or insect. Better rub the comb and wattles once a day with carbolic vaseline, or a mixture of lard and flour of sulphur.

R. P.—I fear this is a case of cholera. At the first symptoms of such bowel trouble as you describe, immediate measures should be taken to prevent the disease spreading as it is very contagious.

Cholera

In the majority of cases the so-called wholesale destruction of flocks is not cholera at all, but the work of lice. On some farms where the hens hide away at night here and there, for want of some kind of suitable shelter, the trees, woodpile, sheds, and under the barns, will be swarming with lice; and the dead birds will be found every morning, being literally eaten alive by myriads of lice, the cause being attributed to cholera or some disease, because the owner cannot comprehend how lice can be so destructive. On such farms there may be also found an apology for a hen-house, the floor of which will be covered for a foot or more with droppings, being the accumulation of years; but the house will be found useless, as the hens will prefer exposure to all kinds of weather rather than venture in the pest hole filled with lice and called a poultry house. Some farmers wonder how it is that they get no eggs, and they naturally ascribe their failure to there being "no money in chickens," when the fact is that if they were as negligent of their horses, cows, sheep and hogs as they are of their hens, they would go into bankruptcy first year. Before undertaking to cure cholera, examine the house, in many instances the lice are at the root of all difficulties.

Genuine cholera is a disease that exists, however. It is shown by great thirst, greenish, profuse droppings and prostration. It can be distinguished from indigestion or roup, as it kills the bird in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, or else it recovers. There is no lingering illness connected with it. The best remedy ever, add ten drops of the acid to each gall of water, and with the water mix together meal and shorts, slightly parched and browned, and force a tablespoonful of such soft food down their throats twice a day. Give no water to the birds in the house, but if it is given, add ten drops of the acid to each gall of water. Keep the sick birds in a dry, warm place, and separate from the others.

Every poultry keeper should cultivate the habit of scrutinizing his or her flock at meal time. A suspicious looking bird should be caught and removed to quarantine quarters immediately. The symptoms of cold, influenza, canker, diphtheria and roup are in the earlier stages almost identical with each other, sneezing, discharge from the nostrils, or the nostrils being stuffed up (nostrils are the two small holes at the base of the bill.) When the bird is noticed to have any one of these symptoms, open the bill and look down the throat. Should there be no signs of trouble, you may be sure that there is nothing but an ordinary cold to fight, which a few days in house will cure.

Give light and easily digested food such as stale bread soaked in scalded milk and squeezed almost dry, or corn-meal which has been well steamed. Put ten drops of spirits of camphor on a lump of sugar; then dissolve the sugar in a half pint of water and use in the drinking cup. If, however, examination reveals yellow spots on the mouth or in the throat, or a thick, slimy discharge from the eyes and nostrils, it is a serious case of catarrh or roup, which may, if neglected, develop into malignant roup. Throughout the entire list of roup diseases there is no special odor until malignant roup is positively developed. Then there is a most offensive and unmistakable odor.

Treat all diseases which overstep a common cold as roup and you will err on the side of safety. In the last and most malignant cases of roup, the face and eyes or head are likely to be severely swollen, and if things have progressed to such a condition before the bird has been removed from the flock, it is well to take the precaution of disinfecting the drinking and feeding dishes and generally clean up the poultry house, and add a disinfectant to the drinking water for a few days. Permanganate of potassium is what I generally use, because it is cheap and most effective as a germ killer. Dissolve one teaspoonful in a quart of warm water, and you will have such a strong solution that for all ordinary purposes it can be diluted again at the rate of one teaspoonful to five of water.

F. K.—As the other birds in the same hatch are all well and strong, it seems safe to conclude that it is some individual weakness, rather than any disease. Poultry—in fact, all animals—are sometimes born with faulty bodies or constitutions, which produce conditions which are beyond our knowledge or skill. I had a chicken which walked with its legs rather far apart when it was first hatched. It seemed strong and healthy, and we thought it would outgrow the weakness, but when it was about six weeks old it got worse, and commenced to fall about and at last we killed it. An examination showed that the backbone stopped just where the joints of the thigh commenced, and from there down there was nothing but flesh, and of course, as the bird got older, it affected its gait more and more. Of course, it was just a malformation, for which there is no cure.

R. W. M.—Please read answer to R. P.
 F. B. Y.—Please read answer to H. M. L.
 O. M.—Please read answer to R. P.

J. C. V.—Please read answer to R. P.
 H. L.—Please read answer to R. P.

H. M. L.—I have bought the seed from Peter Henderson & Co., and from H. W. Buckbee, Rockford, Ill., and think that nearly all the large seedsmen carry it. Price is one dollar and twenty-five cents a pound. In California, and warm climates, October is the best month to sow. Send to the Experiment Station at Berkeley for Bulletin 125, and to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for Farmers' Bulletin No. 108.

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CLUB OFFER. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you one of these bracelets free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to give us the number of stone wanted.

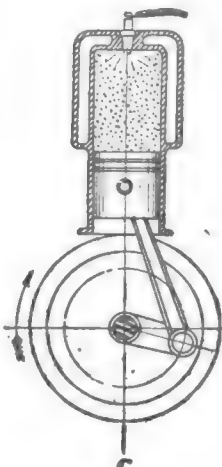
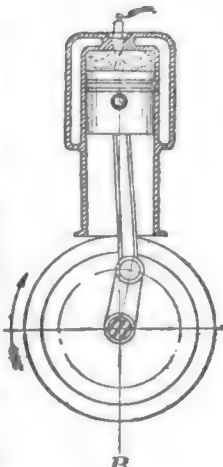
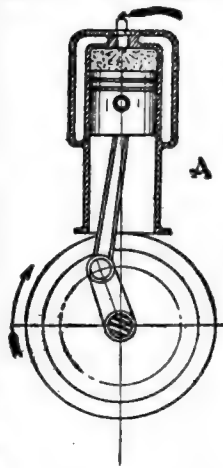
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasoline engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed.

How to Handle the Spark

FROM observation it will be seen that practically every make of car incorporates some means of advancing the spark. Some engineers use what is termed the automatic advance which is an arrangement whereby the spark automatically advances to compensate for the different speeds of the motor. The common practice, however, is to install a spark lever usually on top of the steering wheel and which can be manipulated as the operator may see best fit. From reading over the instruction book furnished with the car one usually learns that the ignition timing is such that the spark takes place in the cylinder when the piston is at the height of its compression stroke or for the sake of safety, just as the piston has passed top center and has started to go down. If this is the case one is apt to ask himself the question why is a spark advance necessary as the ideal condition is to have the spark occur when the piston is at the height of its compression stroke. The facts of the case are that all electric current whether it be taken from a battery or magneto is primary, that is, it is not of sufficient pressure to jump the gap at the spark plug and therefore must be converted into a current known as secondary. This transformation is usually accomplished by use of a transformer coil. Many cars incorporate a high tension magneto and when such is the case no transformer coil is needed because the instrument itself incorporates both primary and secondary windings and therefore can handle the transformation. To complete this transformation from primary to secondary a certain amount of time is required and this time remains the same whether the engine be running at slow speed or high speed. The time for changing the current over is commonly referred to as the "lag." It is therefore obvious that if the spark will take place in the cylinder at top center when the engine is turned over by hand and there is a definite amount of time required for the transformation, at high engine speeds the spark would take place too late unless there was some arrangement to compensate for the lag. Still another reason for the necessity of advancing the spark is that it requires the same amount of time to fully ex-



A. Illustrating what takes place within the cylinder when the car is cranked with a slightly advanced spark. Note that the piston has not passed over the center point and is not due to the power developed by the electric starter the motor would run in a reverse direction. If the motor was cranked with a hand crank a condition such as this is very apt to result in broken limbs.

B. The ideal condition. Complete combustion of the gases is taking place just after the piston has passed the center point and is starting on its downward stroke.

C. Somewhat exaggerated illustration showing what takes place if the throttle lever is advanced and the spark is fully retarded. Due to the "lag" complete combustion does not occur until the piston has completed much of its downward stroke. Such a condition results in lost fuel, decreased power and rapid carbonization of the cylinders.

haust the gasoline-air mixture in the cylinder. Although these so termed lags are but very short yet in view of the fact that the average engine is capable of anywhere from 1000 to 2000 revolutions per minute, at such speeds the lag would be sufficient to cause the spark to take place after the piston had started on its downward stroke, thereby lowering the compression and resulting in wasted fuel, lost power and decreased speed. It is impossible to set any one rule for the manipulation of the spark lever but one by which the operator will not go far wrong is to carry the spark lever as far advanced as possible without causing the motor to knock or labor.

Many drivers place the lever at the furthest advance point possible and then forget that there is any such part connected with the car. This kind of driver is the first to condemn design, construction, etc., when the car slows down on a hill and the engine commences to knock. The facts are that the knock and the sluggish operation are directly due to preignition. In other words full expansion of the gasoline-air mixture is taking place before the piston has passed top center and were it not for the momentum stored by the flywheel there would be a tendency for the engine to operate in a reverse direction. One of the first lessons taught the beginner is to make certain that the spark lever is fully retarded before starting the engine by means of the hand crank. Should the lever be in the advanced position the spark and complete combustion would take place before the piston had passed over top center and the result would be that the motor would be driven in a reverse direction, jerking the crank out of the operator's hand and many times breaking a few of his limbs. The reason for this back fire, as it is commonly termed, is that the operator cannot develop sufficient power to force the piston over the top center mark against the expanding gases.

Due to the fact that the majority of the present day cars are equipped with electric starters operators are inclined to be careless regarding the position of the spark lever when starting. Although the electric starter will no doubt develop sufficient power to carry the piston over the top center mark against the expanding gases yet in 99 cases out of every 100 damage will be done to the starter. The usual result is that the starter is made to hesitate momentarily thus

allowing an excessive amount of current to be delivered to the starting motor commutator which naturally results in the burning of the commutator and brushes. Many an operator has seen fit to condemn the starter when it refused to respond when in reality he is to blame because of the manner in which he handled the spark lever. There is but one remedy for a burned starting motor commutator and that is to remove the armature and place it on centers in a lathe. A small chip must then be taken with a cutting tool so as to bring the surface of the commutator smooth and true. Sand papering is not sufficient as the commutator would be oval shape and rapid brush wear would be experienced.

By referring to the sketches some idea may be gained about what takes place within a cylinder when the spark lever is incorrectly handled.

Gasoline Economy

In these days of high price gasoline one is often asked by his neighbor "What mileage are you getting?" and the usual reply is "How much are you receiving?" Due to the high price of fuel, owners and drivers are paying closer attention than ever before to gasoline consumption. However for the most part owners are becoming dissatisfied, due to the fact that they do not know how to accurately figure mileage. The usual method for the owner is to take the reading of the speedometer at different fillings of the gasoline tank, dividing the number of miles covered by the number of gallons of fuel used. This method is far from being accurate for the reason that much gasoline is consumed for which no mileage is recorded by the speedometer. There is but one accurate way of making an economy test and that is by affixing a special one gallon test tank to some convenient part of the machine connecting the auxiliary tank to the carburetor by a suitable length of rubber tubing. After the motor has become thoroughly warm the car should be driven on a straight away course until all gasoline in the special tank is consumed. It is obvious that the difference between the reading of the speedometer at the beginning and end of test is the actual mileage received to the gallon of gasoline. This is a conclusive test and the only reason that a satisfactory mileage is not received at other times is the way the car is handled. Many operators frequent congested districts and forget that they are called upon to make several stops and starts. This kind of operating eats up much fuel as it is necessary each time to accelerate the motor, run through the different gears, etc. Of course the character of the road, smooth, rough or hilly, makes a difference. Other operators will allow the motor to run idle for long periods at a time, for example, while stopping in front of the house, office, store or holding conversation with a friend. In fully 90 per cent of the cases an owner, if he will give the matter the consideration for which it calls, will realize that he has no complaint to register against gasoline consumption.

Go Easy on the New Car

All engineers and trained mechanics agree that there is nothing so injurious to a new piece of mechanism than to start right out and get the speed out of it. For example after a designer has finished a new boat he gradually "works in" the engines before submitting the job to a trial run. Likewise a locomotive designed to do 60 miles or better per hour is first given long loosening up treatment. Usually the engine is first given much dead head work, that is, drawn by another engine after which it is consigned to slow freight duty and then following the process of evolution, so to speak, is turned over to fast passenger service.

The same principle should hold good concerning the automobile, but this is not usually the case for the reason that the machine falls into the hands of an inexperienced operator who too soon has aspirations to rival Dario Resta, the speed king. It is true that a motor is given a thorough working out at the factory but after this workout it is customary to give all bearings a final adjustment. Therefore in order to work these bearings into a nice fit the car for the first 500 miles, at least, should not be operated at a speed greater than twenty-five miles per hour. Be content to know that the speed is there and that by exercising a little sound judgment for a while you are prolonging the life of the car, insuring a smoother operating motor and reducing repair bills.

How to Wash the Car

It is human nature that motorists should take pardonable pride in the highly polished finish of the new car. However, through ignorance on the part of the owner considerable damage can be done to the finish by improper washing. Usually when it is decided to wash the car there is an accumulation of mud or dust on the body. When such is the condition a stream of water of considerable pressure will have a tendency to drive the fine particles of dirt into the varnish causing the same to chip or at least lose its luster. The proper method of procedure is to soften the mud and dust by applying a very gentle stream of clear cold water. In a very short time the gentle stream will loosen the dirt and it will wash away with the water. Next rub the high finish with a clean sponge using all the while an abundance of water. To restore the luster rub the body dry with a clean chamolais skin which has previously been wrung out of water. To obtain the best results make gentle strokes with the chamolais and keep the rubbing motion in one direction usually lengthwise of the panel.

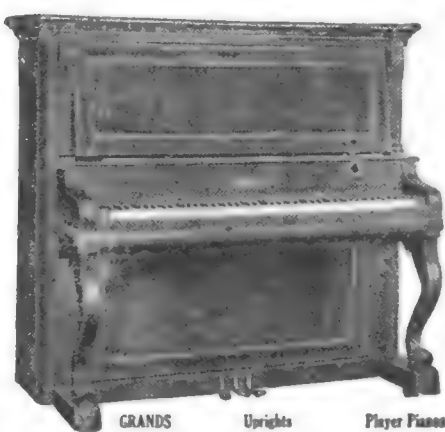
Think of the Pedestrian

A recent decision handed down by the courts is to the effect that operators who drive fast through puddles and mud holes splashing the mire on nearby pedestrians are liable. Any motorist who will give the matter the consideration for which it calls will realize that by applying the "juice" when operating in such places causes the mud and water to scatter for a considerable distance and that an indignant pedestrian may go beyond a mere verbal outburst. Therefore, when operating under such conditions be thoughtful, give the walker his rights and you will save yourself trouble and expense.

Questions Answered

CARBURETOR OVERFLOWS.—The carburetor of my Ford car does not leak when the engine is running, but as soon as the engine is stopped the gasoline leaks out of the carburetor; the leak is slow but continual when engine is not running. G. H. Mound City.

A.—An intelligent answer is impossible for the reason you have failed to state the year in which your car was manufactured or the make of carburetor used. You cannot go wrong however by removing the carburetor from motor and subjecting it to a thorough cleaning. It may be possible that a piece of dirt has become lodged between the inlet needle and its seat or that the needle is pitted or corroded. Make certain that the float is free to act, is not gasoline soaked and that the gasoline level is not set too high. Believe that a letter to the maker of the carburetor will bring complete descriptive literature on the care of the instrument.



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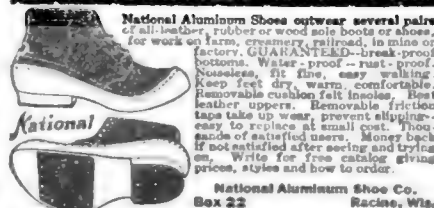
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A young hunter went up into the hills of West Virginia to "try his luck." There was one "point" in the hills almost perfectly round, and the soil was so loose and dry that it was easily marked by the feet of a passing animal. The hunter saw turkey tracks the moment he had reached the point, and followed them. They circled and recircled the point, and still no turkey appeared. The tracks were fresh, too.

"There's only one thing about it? That turkey just watches my tracks and keeps following just in back of me," thought the young man. Accordingly he took off his shoes, put them on backward, and so went round the point and got the baffled turkey!—*Youth's Companion*.

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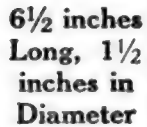
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The Eveready is just as useful outdoors as it is indoors. Neither wind nor rain can put it out. When riding or walking after nightfall, it throws a shaft of brilliant light far in advance, showing up every object long before you reach it. The loneliest road, the gloomiest depths of the woods, need have no terrors for you if you go prepared with an Eveready.

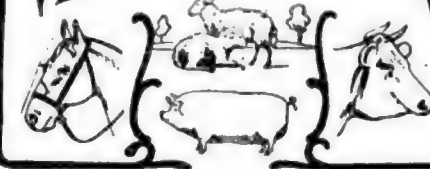
The Eveready is 6 1/2 inches long, 1 1/2 inches in diameter equipped with a strong reflecting lens, Mazda bulb and the latest improved Tungsten battery. This battery with average use will last from two to four months, the bulb from six months to one year. Fresh batteries and bulbs may be obtained from us or any hardware or general store at trifling expense. The light itself—that is, the case and everything except the battery and bulb—is good for many years, in fact with proper care should last a lifetime.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

FOUNDER.—I am milking a cow that seems to be stiff in her joints. Her hoofs grow out too long. Her feet are so tender she can hardly walk. Her hoofs have been trimmed, once by a veterinarian, but have grown out again. What can be done for her? She is a good milker.

A.—Founder (laminitis) has caused the unsound condition of the feet and consequent lameness and the trouble is practically incurable. Keep the hoofs trimmed to as near normal shape as possible and let the cow stand during the daytime on a clay floor kept wet. At night allow her a box stall. Or let the cow run on a low, wet pasture. Treatment other than this will not be likely to help. At time of attack large doses of alum or saltpeter might have proved remedial.

TUMOR.—I have a cow that has a lump on her jaw which seems to be loose in the flesh, but is hard. It came suddenly, and the jaw was badly swollen for twenty-four hours.

A.—Paint the lump once daily with tincture of iodine and if it does not disappear the only resource will be to have it dissected out by a veterinarian.

SCOURS.—Please publish remedy for scours in calf or pig.

A.—We cannot give confident advice unless you give full particulars as there are many forms of scours and the cause and remedy are different. As a rule, however, a preliminary dose of Castor oil milk proves most beneficial and should be followed by repeated doses of sublimate of bismuth. The dose is 20 to 60 grains for a calf according to size and 10 to 20 grains for a pig.

LAMENESS.—I have a colt which was one year old last spring. It has the stifle out. It has been that way for six months. What will cure it? Mrs. C. B. S.

A.—You do not describe the symptoms but were the stifle "out," or in other words, if the patella (knee cap) of the stifle had slipped out of place, the leg would be thrust stiffly backward and couldn't be advanced. We do not take that to be the condition. If there is enlargement and lameness of the stifle joint rub in 10 per cent iodine vasogen or petrogen twice daily. If, as often is the case, infection of the navel caused the diseased condition of the stifle it will be likely to prove incurable.

LUMP ON NOSE.—My mare five years old, has a hard lump on her nose which appeared within twenty-four hours. A year ago she got her nose hurt with a thorn or barb wire, leaving a thick hide. Six months ago pus appeared for a few days. The lump is the size of half of a hen's egg. It is on the center of her nose and seems to be on the bone. What can I do for it?

A.—Paint the lump with tincture of iodine and then have it opened for removal of a thorn, other foreign body or diseased bone. It should then heal readily.

SKIN TROUBLE.—I have a mule that has some kind of a skin trouble. The skin rises up in little bunches and the hair comes out, and white hair comes in, in the places where the bunches are. When the mule is working and is warm they seem to itch. He is in fair condition.

A.—Clip the mule at once and wash itching parts with a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip and repeat the application as often as found necessary. It is quite likely that chicken lice have caused the irritation and this should be made impossible.

DEATH OF HARE.—I have some Belgian hares and one of the mother rabbits died very suddenly leaving six baby rabbits. She didn't seem to be sick, just frothed at the mouth like she was poisoned and fell over dead. The baby rabbits have all died the same way. Can you tell me what the trouble was and is there any remedy for it?

A.—The doe probably died from septic inflammation (metritis) of the womb and the young from starvation or sucking of poisonous milk. A vaginal injection of a lukewarm two per cent solution of boric acid given after birth of the young possibly might have prevented the attack. In our experience however, Belgian hares are very delicate and many of them afflicted with tuberculosis so that some deaths may be expected under such circumstances.

WARTS.—I have a yearling calf that has seed warts on her legs and between them. Please tell me a way to get rid of them.

A.—Once daily saturate the affected parts with best Castor oil, or fresh goose grease; or even with axle grease, and the warts will soon disappear. They are not due to "bad blood" and are not contagious. The exact cause of warts is unknown.

CHICKEN-RATING SOW.—I have a fine sow that has just begun to catch chickens. Is there a cure?

A.—This vice may be prevented by partially blind-folding the sow in the following way: Cover the forehead and eyes with the bent leather piece from the back part of a shoe, above heel, and fasten it to the ears by means of hognose rings so it will stay in place. The sow will be able to see to eat and graze but will be unable to catch chickens.

SCOURS.—I had two yearling calves that died, apparently from the scours. They were sick about three weeks. They were running on a dry pasture, where they had been all their lives. Thinking it might be something they were eating, I turned the other calves into another pasture; one of them is now affected in the same way. I did not give them as much salt as I should have done, because the hogs were in the same pasture.

A.—It is quite possible for calves to poison themselves by taking too much salt after having been deprived of it for some time. Scouring is a chief symptom of such poisoning.

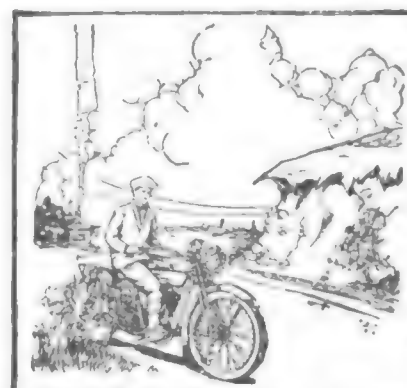
STAGNERS.—Can you tell me what was the trouble with my cow? She had scours then went dry. Her kidneys did not act for a week. Her bowels seemed to be locked. She went wild and would run all over the pasture. She had her running around in the stable and bawling until she died. (2) My dog takes spells of stretching his fore feet and groaning though he was in great pain. Sometimes he will not eat. M. J. B.

A.—The cow ate something poisonous not at M. J. B. Impaction stoppage of the bowels following scours. Some moly feed might cause it as the symptoms are those of forage poisoning. Rabies from the bite of a mad dog would present somewhat similar symptoms. (2) The dog no doubt is troubled with worms. Starve him for eighteen hours or more and then give him one to two drams of freshly powdered kamala in crumb or soup. Give commercial worm medicine if the drug-gist cannot supply kamala. Repeat the dose in two weeks.

OVERHEATED MARE.—I have a mare about twelve years old, weighing thirteen hundred pounds and in good flesh. She has been overheated at some time and so bad that when it is real hot I can hardly use her at all. She will not sweat and pants. Is there anything I can use, or is there any way of feeding her as I am short of horses? I feed corn and Timothy hay when not in use. Part of the time I use oil meal with the corn when feeding.

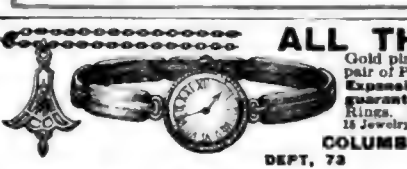
A.—A horse so affected never works comfortably in hot weather. Some improvement may follow if you feed oats in place of corn and work the mare only in the cool of the morning and evening. If you must work her in the sun sheet her body and shade her head. Allow a little drinking water often. She may sweat if three times a day for two or three days in succession you give her one half an ounce of aromatic spirits of ammonia and a teaspoonful of powdered ginger root in a pint of warm tea as a drench.

RUPTURE.—I have two mare mule colts that have enlarged navels; the pouch, if round, would be about the size of a small walnut with hull on, or about



\$310 Harley-Davidson Motorcycle

Is the picture a hidden number of faces. How many can you find? Some are looking right at you, others show only the side of the face—you'll find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil, clip out picture, send to us with name and address NO. 1. We will give away a \$310 1917 Model Harley-Davidson Motorcycle, as First Grand Prize, and Thousands of Dollars in Cash Rewards, Prizes and Special Premiums. There will be no losers. Solve the puzzle. If you can find as many as FIVE FACES we will send you immediately toward the \$310.00 Motorcycle and other Grand Prizes. We will also give away several 1917 Model Chester Brake \$40.00 Bicycles. These will be given free and extra, regardless of who gets the motorcycle. Someone will win motorcycle. WHY NOT YOU? FARM LIFE, Box 151, SPENCER, IND.



ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated Lavalliere and Neckchain, pair of Pierced Ear Rings, Gold plated Expansion Bracelet with a pencil, clip out guaranteed quality and 3 Gold plated Rings. All given FREE for selling only 12 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. Write today.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO.
DEPT. 73 EAST BOSTON, MASS.

one and one half to two inches in diameter. This pouch contains a soft substance and is not tender nor sore.

A.—Small umbilical (navel) ruptures are present and gradually will disappear without treatment as the mules develop.

SWOLLEN GLANDS.—I have a young mare which had distemper last spring. It left a lump on each side of her throat. I have tried blistering. Can you give a good distemper cure?

A.—The parotid glands have been left enlarged and may remain so. Clip off the hair and rub in, some iodine ointment every other day. There is no cure for distemper (strangles). That disease has to run its course just as is the case with measles in a child, and good nursing and feeding are more important than medicine. The abscess should be poulticed until soft and then opened for liberation of pus after which recovery quickly occurs.

FITS; COLIC.—What ails my dog? Every spring he is all humped up, slobbering a little, and his head keeps jerking upward or backward. He refuses to eat anything. After getting better his hair will come out along his back. (2) What can be done for horses with severe colic?

A.—Worms probably cause the fits. To prevent them at the season of the year when they have been known to occur starve the dog for twenty-four hours and then give him one to two teaspoonfuls of freshly powdered kamala in cream or soup and repeat the dose in ten days. At time of fit give twenty grains of bromide of potash in water and repeat the dose in twenty minutes, if seen to be necessary. (2) There are several kinds of colic. Have on hand for immediate use a "Colic drench" bought from a graduate veterinarian. Laymen cannot now buy the narcotics used for colic. It is safe to give a pint of raw linseed oil containing a tablespoonful of turpentine or two and some essence of ginger.

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

her small, averted head. "Then I will smoke. Don't rub your eyes unless you want the whole world to know you've been crying," looking down his nose at the cigarette he was lighting. "And the more you have been crying the less you probably want people to know it."

"No one would have known it if you hadn't been here!" she said angrily. "Now I suppose you'll tell the duchess."

"Why the duchess?" Anything to make her talk. It was a sin to let so lovely a face be cried into hideousness. He hoped devoutly she would not blow her nose! Women usually did when they cried.

"It's her party, so you must know her. And I don't know whether you know any one else or not."

"I have not the honor of knowing you, at all events," he returned coolly. "So that I couldn't tell the duchess if I wanted to—which I don't."

"It doesn't matter who I am," she bit her handkerchief desperately. "I wish I was anybody—I wish I were dead!"

"That is a wish you are certain to get—in time! It's not worth while to cry because you despair of it," blandly.

"I'm not crying." She turned her small, white face to him; and her eyes were dry, if her lip still quivered.

"No, but you are extremely unhappy," looking

at her as indifferently as if he were not taking in every point in her lovely, mutinous face.

"So would you be. At least, I don't know," with frank rudeness. "Perhaps at your age you would not care."

She bestowed a look on him for the first time, but without a shade of coquetry. The man might have been a tree or a stone for all she cared. It was not the way women usually regarded Lord Levalion, and it interested him. He turned his high-bred, worn face, with the lines of forty-seven years on it, toward her with a keen glance which somehow reminded her of Adrian. The thought brought a fresh lump in her throat.

"I wish I could go home," she said miserably. "I've lost something, and I'd like to get home and look for it. If it wouldn't make a hue and cry I'd walk home now."

She had not had one happy minute since discovering her ring was gone. Had turned from the wondering Tommy, digging for his beer in the parsley, and run upstairs like a frantic, raging child, to the door of Lady Annesley's room. And there something stopped her like a tangible thing. She stood motionless, with clenched hands, felt cold in the warm May air that flooded through an open window. Why had she come running up here like a fool, when she knew she dared not open that shut door in front of her and demand her ring of the woman inside?

"If I said Adrian had given me a ring she'd never let me set eyes on him again!" she thought, with more truth than she knew. "She knows I never had a ring. She'd ask—and what could I say? I might lie, but it's no use to lie to a liar; she knows too much. And, perhaps, she hasn't taken it—perhaps I dropped it! I was out in the garden before breakfast. I'll wait! I'll tell Adrian tomorrow. It's no use to give myself away for nothing."

And here was tomorrow—and no Adrian. Man

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

RANTO

MADE TO ORDER EXPRESS PREPAID

Remarkable low price for fine pair of custom-made pants, suits, quality and fit guaranteed. Think of it. An amazing bargain at this extra low price.

No EXTRAS TO PAY

Big pay-top, any half loops, pocket square, novelty features, just a penny of extra charge for anything.

AGENTS WANTED

Make \$50 a week or more for easy spare time work. Write now. Get complete outfit free, latest fashions, color blends, statements, etc. Dept. 123, CHICAGO

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE But Your Nose?



BEFORE **AFTER**

IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your effort, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY:

Mrs. C. A. writes: "After using my 'Tradex' I am pleased with it; will recommend it to my friends."

Dr. F. D. G. writes and says that after he had used it for two weeks he thinks that "Tradex 22" is fine and is doing the work and I am certainly will recommend it to his patients."

Mrs. R. P. writes: "Your Nose Shaper has been used by me for two weeks and it is doing the work and I am certainly will recommend it to his patients."

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist 637 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Soft Warm Bed Blankets

Premium No. 4278

Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Eight

THIS IS an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure many large comfortable bed blankets as you may need without a cent of expense. These fine double blankets are six feet in length extremely well made and finely finished. The color is white or gray with border. Please notice that they are large enough for any standard size bed being of sufficient length to come up well on the pillow and wide enough so that they may be snugly tucked in at the sides. This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered due to the fact that we buy these blankets in large quantities direct from the mill at a specially low price and therefore are enabled to offer them for a very small club of subscriptions. When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following:

Club Offer. For a club of only eight one-year subscriptions to COM-FORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one of these fine double bed blankets free by Parcel Post prepaid. Prem. No. 4278.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS

left 8-year-old Evelyn Olson so crippled she had to crawl on her knees. Five months' treatment at the McLain Sanitarium restored her feet and limbs to the satisfactory condition shown in the lower picture.

Her mother has this to say:

"We feel it our duty to recommend your Sanitarium. Evelyn was stricken with infantile paralysis in August, 1915. March 1, 1916, we carried her to you. Five months later she could walk without crutches or braces. Words cannot express our thanks."

MRS. JOHN OLSON,
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For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Foot, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities. Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References," free on request. Write for it today.

The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
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Send Only \$1

and we will ship direct to you this elegant Rocker for 30 days' free trial. Then if you want to keep it send nothing and we will refund the price in full. If not satisfactory return it and we will refund deposit and pay freight both ways.



Solid Golden Oak

Frame is made entirely of kiln dried hard wood. Arms and front posts guaranteed square-nailed oak. Other parts made of select white pine. The seat is made of solid oak. The back has four solid oak slats. The filling is wood shavings and cotton felt.

Handsome upholstered in brown leather. Height of seat from floor 17 in. Height of back from seat 25 1/2 in. Seat 19 in. x 12 in. Back 19 in. x 12 in. Shipping weight about 40 lbs. Shipped from our Chicago warehouse or factory located in Western New York State.

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Full weight 40 pounds. A pair 6-lb. Pillows to match. \$1.50. Selected, New, Live, Clean, Sanitary Feathers. Best Featherbed Tricking. Sold on money-back guarantee. **DO NOT BUY** from anyone at any price, until you get the **BOOK OF TRUTH**, our big new catalog mailed **FREE**.

Write a postal card **TODAY**. Avenale, Wash. D. C.

American Feather & Pillow Co., Dept. 10, Nashville, Tenn.

EARN \$10-\$20 A DAY AT HOME

Help to meet the big demand for Hosiery for us and your Home Trade.

Industrious persons provided with profitable all-year-round employment on Auto-Knitters. Experience and distance immaterial.

Write for particulars, rates of pay etc. Send 2 cents in stamps.

Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc., Dept. 95-E, 147 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian lei, diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free a 14K gold ring, set with a 1-2K Hawaiian lei, diamond in beautiful ring box postage paid.

If this is satisfactory pay postmaster \$1.25 to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If not satisfactory return at our expense and money refunded. Only 10,000 rings given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send side of finger.

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Agents \$40 a Week

Water-Proof Kitchen Apron

Something new. Agents make quick, sure, easy sales in every home. Every housewife buys. Dainty, durable, economical, acid-proof, grease-proof. Free samples to workers.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.

50c and \$1.00 at drugists.

\$5 TO \$10 A DAY easily

making orders for our high grade Soaps and Toilet Preparations. Our goods well known—nationally advertised. Ladies and men make 100% profit. No experience necessary. Write for sample case offer. Crafts & Reed Co., Dept. C197, Chicago, Ill.

BIG FREE

Lever Action Air Rifle Free for selling 30 pkgs. Art and Religious Post Cards at 10c. Fast Sellers.

UNIVERSAL SUPPLY CO., Dept. 102, Lewiston, Maine.

LEPAGE'S GLUE

WILL MEND IT 10c



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

THE restful autumn days of October are with us again. Mellow sunshine, the fall russet colors of frost touched foliage, the lengthening evenings; all sounds so peaceful and doesn't it feel so when we can forget the awful war? Believe that before another year comes around the world will be at peace again and we will no longer have to be worrying about our boys who are so nobly doing their duty. But in the meantime we must be thankful that we have such a beautiful world to live in while we are knitting and otherwise making the winter comforts for our soldier and sailor friends. We must be grateful that we have the health and strength to do our "bit" in overcoming the dark forces that would ruin us if we were not awake. And now I must see what perplexities and questions I can solve from this great pile of letters I have received from you lately.

Loving-the-unknown-cousin, Cleveland, Ohio.—Tell your mother that your doctor kisses you when you are alone. She will know best whether it is right or not. His interest in you may be right but it doesn't sound right and I would definitely say it was not right if you didn't have a mother to confide in. Ask her at once. If he thinks it is right why does he omit the kisses when your mother is present?

D. B., Mineral Wells, Texas.—Put in all your spare time reading good books, newspapers and magazines. Be well informed in current events and learn to be a good listener. The intelligent girl never fails to be interesting. You apparently have a good foundation in enlarging upon your education. Don't think of yourself, but try to think how you can make others enjoy themselves. Go about all you can.

Blue Eyes and Blonde, Meriden, Texas.—One of you twenty-five and the other thirty years of age, and I certainly would never have suspected that you were graduates of a Normal School. Really you should keep up with your studies or be more careful. Just think of a school teacher telling me that one of the young men had proposed and the other "is being expected two." Dear, dear, you are old enough to know whether you love the men or not. If you do love them, marry them and rear all those children you speak about. If you don't love the men, don't be silly and sentimental, but wait until the right one comes along. Perhaps you won't be so "Oh so lonely and forlorn" as you think.

M. E. T., Russellville, Ark.—Write to the sailor boy again if you want to. You have never met him and neither of you are in love with the other or likely to be. It helps to cheer the sailors and soldiers to receive letters. As a rule they do not take it seriously, so do not let it become too serious with you. The women of the European countries correspond with the fighting men and help to keep them cheery and interested.

Little Sis, Janesville, Wis.—I can't think of anything more you can do to interest a shy young man. You can only hope that if he loves you, he will gradually outgrow his shyness.

Alpha Gamu, Janesville, Wis.—Perhaps if you gratify your desire to know that young man better, some of the glamour that surrounds him may wear off and you will return to your senses. You are a little sentimental over it, aren't you? I won't say it is "Puppy love" as you suggest, but I fear it is something that is likely to lead to disappointment. The best way to find out would be to become acquainted with the man. However I wouldn't make any sacrifice of opportunities in order to test the matter.

Brown Eyes, Bustwick, Nebr.—Because a man works on a train is nothing against him. Of course you should mind your parents and perhaps you are rather young, but unless they have something more awful to charge him with than being a railroad man, I fail to see that you are doing wrong to let him call.

Troubled Girlie, Trilov, Ill.—I came very near to throwing your letter into the waste basket because you had not given any address and I had to puzzle out the postmark. You may gain confidence as you grow older. Learn to take part in conversation. But don't talk about yourself. You are already a good listener and if you will read the newspapers and magazines and follow what is going on in the world, you will soon find yourself included in the general conversation.

Mildred, Atlanta, Ga.—You are too young by several years to make the decision. Let him wait until you are older and then if he still loves you you may perhaps know whether or not you love him. As for the other man, it is not vulgar to resist and struggle if he tries to embrace you—you have every right to resist it. Better tell your parents.

J. K. K., Cottonwood, S. Dak.—How can you expect me to answer you if you fail to ask your question clearly? "Do I believe in a girl knowing her future husband, if so tell me how?" A girl surely ought to know her future husband before she marries him, but it is beyond my powers to divine what you want to know.

Flossie, Miami, Texas.—I would rather marry into a family that is respected, but if you are certain your fiancé is honorable I would not hold his family against him. Especially as he apparently realizes that handicaps they would be to him and intends to move to some other town.

Inquisitive, Bridgeport, Oregon.—It is not I alone who objects to the practice of young girls allowing boys to promiscuously hug and kiss them. It is not good manners and is discontinued in good society. It is a gross impropriety that often leads to great temptations and is sure to make a girl the subject of scandalous gossip. Don't you know how the boys boast over such triumphs at the cost of the girl's reputation?

There, that's all I shall have room for this month. There are some who write I would like to meet and have a real heart-to-heart talk with. And I am sorry to say there are a few so badly written that I really can't make anything out of them—and still a few more writers who need a real good scolding. But there, my dears, we all have to be foolish sometimes—I mustn't forget we all have to be young once and unfortunately we outgrow it too soon sometimes. So by, by, for another four weeks, and believe me to be always, Yours sincerely, COUSIN MARION.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

Best Ways of Doing Things Around The Home

Castor oil applied to warts every night will remove them.

Apple butter applied to a burn will stop the smarting in a short time.

To remove shine from serge skirts, sponge with hot vinegar and rub until shine disappears.

When baking potatoes place a basin of hot water in the oven and the steam will keep the skins soft and smooth.

Polish your lamp chimneys with soft newspapers and see how it makes them shine.

Sweet Sixteen, Tenn.

I have discovered that a slice of lemon dropped into the aluminum pot in which potatoes are being boiled with their jackets on, will keep the pot bright and clean. Now that we are all trying to be economical, many women will be glad to know that they can cook potatoes with their skins on and still not blacken their aluminum cooking utensils.

DELLA NEWCOMB, Los Angeles, Cal.

SUGAR 5c Lb.

One of our leaders. We save you money on Groceries—catalogue free with trial order. The requests for catalogues are enormous and hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost annually by mail order concerns in sending out catalogues to places where no benefit is ever derived. To avoid all this unnecessary expense and be in a position to sell our goods at the lowest possible price, we have decided on the following plan: We will only send our Bargain Grocery Catalogue to such people who can prove to us that they are really interested in saving money on groceries. We quote herewith a few of the bargains listed and which are sold in different parts of our catalogue:

FLOUR \$10.36 Per Barrel **SUGAR \$5.00 Per 100 lbs.**

(One of Our Leaders) Our Best Flour.....\$10.36.....per barrel
" " " ".....5.18.....per half barrel
" " " ".....2.59.....per 49-lb. sack
" " " ".....1.30.....per 24 1/2-lb. sack

(One of Our Leaders) Our Best Granulated Sugar.....\$5.00 per 100 lbs.
" " " ".....2.50 per 50 lbs.
" " " ".....1.25 per 25 lbs.
" " " "......50 per 10 lbs.

Other Big Bargains in our Catalogue
Uneda Biscuits, 12 packages.....40 cents
Quaker Oats, 6 large packages.....36 cents
AND OTHER BIG BARGAINS

Remember we send no catalogue unless we receive your trial order. We sell the trial order complete only and no part of same. Nor do we sell any article mentioned in this advertisement separately.

Rush your trial order at once, and get our catalogue and commence saving big money on all groceries.

Order Blank

COLE-CONRAD CO.
Dept. D. W., 2314 Ogden Ave., Chicago.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find \$1.99 for which send me Bargain Grocery Order No. D. W., and include your catalog showing your big Grocery Bargains. If being understood and agreed if I am not perfectly satisfied that I can return the goods and you will at once return my money.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Express Office.....

COLE-CONRAD CO.
Dept. D. W., 2314 Ogden Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Our Guarantee Your money returned in full if you are not more than pleased. We have no limiters. For square deal always send your order to

COLE-CONRAD CO.
Dept. D. W., 2314 Ogden Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Remedies

HEADACHE.—Wring a towel out of very hot water and apply to back of neck.

POISON OAK.—Pour enough vinegar over black gunpowder to make thick paste. Spread well over affected parts, two or three times daily.

ERYSIPELAS.—Boil white navy beans, mash and add corn meal to make poultice. Apply while hot and change often.

GLADYS HADDOCK, Cahoon, Mo.

Requests

How to can peaches whole, not cooking, but using alcohol.

How to clean a white felt hat, spotted with dust and rain.

MISS D. LUCRETIA B. SQUIRES, Good Ground, L. I., New York.

Would like to exchange foreign and U. S. postage stamps with someone.

Miss Anna M. Peterson, Horton, Wyo., would like to have a sprig of myrtle. Will return favor.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free
Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two one-year 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine FIFTY Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards at his received by you.

Miss Margaret Hile, Muskegon, R. R. 1, Mich. Mrs. Octavia Pitman, North Wilmington, Box 45, Mass.

FREE: Two Cello Lilies free for introduction. White and Black. Only one lot for each family.

PEDIGREE NURSERY COMPANY, Sullivan, Mo.

Large List, Dialogs, Catalogue Free.

Entertainments, Recitations, Drills, T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 5 Chicago, Ill.

SILK White, Black, Blue, Taffeta, Satins

at Mill price direct from loom. Samples, Evans Silk Co., Dept. C, Buffalo, N. Y.

LADIES A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

FREE particulars write P. O. Box 174, Brunswick, Maine.

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WONDERFUL SILK AND VELVET BARGAINS For Quilts, Fancy Work, Portieres, Etc. Send 10 Cents for the package of large beautiful silk materials in free quilt case and send a catalogue describing our 4-pound silk, velvet, gingham, and other \$1.00 remnant bargain bundles; also instructions how to save money at home by sewing.

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\$10 & Up. All Makes. Save \$25 to \$50 on rebuilt at the factory by the well-known Young Typewriter Co. Sold for low cash—batteries recharged. Rental applies on purchase price. Write for full details and literature. Free trial.

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I will make your old hair new at little cost, or take your cost of old hair, including, etc. as part payment on new, high class hair goods, toilet articles, perfumes, ostrich feathers, corsets, etc. Get something you need for something you are not using. Write for liberal offer and from Beauty Book. Your combings made into wigs, \$1.50. Mail your hair today.

ANNA AYERS, Dept. 301, Wigs St. 220 South State St., Chicago. And Up

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How to Prepare for the Fur Season

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THE fur season, fast approaching, promises to be a good one and prices should be high. While the war, of course, will have its effect, it is expected that the commoner pelts will not suffer to any great extent. The wave of economy will exact its toll on such as black and silver fox, but skunk, civet, mink, muskrat, weasel, opossum and similar are almost a necessity and will be in demand.

Millions will be paid in the next few months for raw furs. A large per cent of this money will go directly into the hands of those who take the smaller animals. These trappers for the most part are farmer boys and those who live in the rural communities.

The first thing the pelt hunter should do is to locate his grounds. This ought to be done early; weeks or months before a set is made. By planning the "line," one can locate the various dens and runways and know approximately how many traps to employ.

Pelt hunters do not realize how great their loss by taking the skins before they are of good quality. Some states have laws prohibiting trapping until after the first of October—and some even later. Generally speaking pelts secured before the first of November any place in the United States are not of good quality.

Just before the first cold weather is probably the best time to study the actions of the fur bearers, for at this time they are especially busy storing up food and preparing their winter quarters.

As to the number of traps to set, one must decide largely for himself. No more sets ought to be made than can be attended to properly. For the beginner who has but a limited time at his disposal each day, probably a dozen or two traps will be enough. Of course if after muskrats a greater number of sets can generally be looked after than if the pelt hunter must cover miles in search of mink skunk and raccoon. The fact that the "line" is near or far from home must also be taken into consideration, along with the character of the ground; whether hard to travel or easy.

The genuine Newhouse is the best trap manufactured. However, there are some cheaper brands on the market which will answer every purpose for smaller animals. Among these are the Victor, a choice of an army of pelt hunters; the High Grip so built that it catches high on the legs and lessens the chances of the fur bearers to pull out, etc., etc. All of these are of the Newhouse style. Then there are the popular Jump, Leap and Kangaroo traps. These actually leap when sprung, insuring a good hold on the

animal. While the styles mentioned will be found sufficient, let me add that such as the Stop Thief, Tree Trap and others also merit attention.

In discussing size of traps, the novice had best use that which the makers recommend for the particular animals. Even professional pelt hunters disagree often as to size. For instance, I prefer the No. 0 for muskrats, as it is strong enough to hold the animal if properly set and does not break the leg bones so easily as the larger sizes. Unless the pelt hunter is experienced, I should not advise him to experiment with the small-sized trap when after muskrats, for it may cost him quite a few skins during the season.

Traps ought never to be set when new. Rust them first. Personally I prefer to wire my bunch together and bury for a week or so in slimy mud which will give them a dead, black color. Some rust their traps slightly, then stain with a "paint" made by boiling walnut husks and water. Test all traps before setting. If they spring too hard, bend the trigger slightly or use a file. If they work too easily, bend the trigger rest sufficiently in the proper direction. Search for defective chains. Should a trap not be in good working order, don't run the chance of losing a skin by employing it.

The amateur, no doubt, will want some information on where to locate the dens of the different fur bearers.

The skunk and civet cat—the latter, generally speaking, is confined principally to the territory west of the Mississippi river—is fond of rough, stony ground, especially if covered with weeds and brush. These animals seem to have no fear of man nor fear of human habitation. It is not unusual to find them under houses, in barns, under hay and straw piles and similar places. Along old hedges seems a favorite place for the animals also.

The mink generally prefers to have its den along a small stream rather than a large, open one. The reason is that the first named offers it better opportunities for remaining concealed, there usually being plenty of driftwood and weeds, along the bank.

The raccoon is never found very far from woods and water. The opossum prefers the deep, dark forest. It is an old saying that "the thicker the trees the more 'possum."

The weasel (known also as the ermine) is found almost any place where there is food or something to be killed which it is large enough to handle. In sod fields, along dried-up creek bottoms, stone piles, etc., it may be trapped.

The muskrat is always near water. These animals are most numerous in swamps, shallow lakes and streams.

Melissa's Home Coming

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

no real joy or pleasure or happiness if you want to be a good girl. You can go to the movies and to the theaters, and you can go to public dance halls and sit there offering yourself to anybody who wants to dance with you. And even if you do happen to meet seemingly nice people, you've got to be careful that they are all that they seem to be."

Melissa's voice trailed off at the end there. Poor little girl! Her experience was that of thousands of country girls who find but little pleasure in the city if they wish to avoid its pitfalls. Sylvester listened, and then when he heard that Melissa was free, all the tenderness of his big, kind nature rose within him, and a longing to sweep the staunch little struggler up into his arms and to his bosom there to protect her forever, thrilled him. And again the impulse was too strong to be resisted and he followed it, and his love making him eloquent, he cried:

"Oh, Melissa, Melissa! I love you! I always have. Don't slap me like you did the other time, but let me kiss you and tell me that you love me. I don't want you to be a hired girl somewhere. I want you to be my wife. Will you, Melissa? I'll build you a little home, maybe it won't be much bigger than the four small rooms you spoke about, but it'll be in God's great outside, in among the grass and trees and flowers. Tell me that you've really come home, to stay, to be my Melissa forever and forever."

Melissa did not repulse him. Often in the city when she sat alone in her tiny room, making her supper or breakfast upon a small oil stove, she conjured up the picture of Sylvester's broad bosom and of her mistake in having thrust it from her. So now, when it was offered again, she sighed happily and rested there, and then looking up into his eyes, she smiled, though tears were in her own: "I've come home to stay, Sylvester, and I'd go with you, even if you had offered me a job as a hired girl!"

She said no more for Sylvester stopped her with his lips.

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

after man of his regiment she had seen, but she knew none of them. She could not go up to strange men and clamor for news of Adrian Gordon. Her heart felt like a stone when it grew too late to expect the man for whom she had come in that white gown that felt as if it burned her. She had slipped away from the crowd, away from Sylvia, like a child who cannot keep a brave front any longer. Where was Adrian? And how was she to bear the rest of this dreadful party?

"How far is 'home'?" Levallion said suddenly.

"I don't know. Five miles and more. I can't walk in these," with a sudden glance at her white suede shoes. "I'd ruin them—and they're not mine. They and everything else were put on me in hopes that a horrid old man might admire me. Thank goodness, I haven't even seen him! And I wouldn't have spoken to him if I had!"

A sudden light arose on Lord Levallion's horizon. This must be Sylvia's stepdaughter.

"Ah!" he commented grimly. "What old man? Ravenel nodded.

"She did not say so, of course, but I feel sure of it. Why? Do you know him?"

"As well as most people." But he said it without much spirit. It did not somehow amuse him to be considered "a horrid old man." He got up, rather stiffly.

"If you want to go home," he said, "I will drive you. I am no more interested in this party than you. I will get a pony-cart at the stables and meet you at the turn of the avenue. It will fill up my time till dinner."

"There isn't going to be any dinner," crossly. "There's going to be supper, and the duchess has asked me to stay and dance afterward. If I have to stay here till eleven o'clock I shan't be able to stand it."

"Then don't stay. You don't"—the "horrid old man" rinked—"look fit to be seen in any case! If your chaperon is going to stay to supper, I will find her when I come back and tell her I took you home."

"Will you?" Her face grew almost happy. She cared nothing at all for appearances, or that she had not been introduced to this stranger, who stood looking at her with cynical kindness.

"Yes! Come along," he returned abruptly. "You needn't thank me. I'm very much bored, and I'm going for my own amusement."

"But how can you tell my stepmother, Lady

Annesley? Do you know her?"

"You can write it," producing a neat gold pencil and note-book and tearing out a leaf.

He watched her while she wrote. Truly Sylvia had done well to dress her all in white! Most women tried to please you without consulting your tastes, but Sylvia had not forgotten that he thought white the only wear for a pretty woman.

"There!" The girl handed him a scribbled note nervously. "You will be sure to give it to Lady Annesley."

"I promise you," with grave politeness. "Now, if you will be at the turn of the avenue in ten minutes I will have the cart there."

Ravenel nodded. If it were twenty miles she would go home. She could not bear another half-hour at this miserable party.

There was not a soul to be seen as she sprang lightly up into the high, two-wheeled cart, never even asking how her strange friend was able to order out the duchess' own pony. She leaned back wearily as they started, and the man beside her was too wise to try to make her talk.

In silence they drove through the quiet country lanes, the setting sun reddening the bronze of the girl's hair and lending a false color to her listless face. When they reached the open door of Annesley Chase, she was down like a flash before he could get out.

"Thank you—oh, a hundred times!" she cried gratefully. "You will give Lady Annesley her note at once, won't you?"

"At once," lifting his hat. But the girl had run into the house.

Now was her time, while Lady Annesley was out. She tore off the smart white gown she had put on so carefully, and threw it on the floor. Then she got out Adrian Gordon's letter and looked at it feverishly. There it was in black and white: "I can go to the duchess. I was afraid I couldn't manage it."

Well, something must have happened! But at least she was at home again; she could look for her ring. And suppose he had not been able to go today, what did it matter? Tomorrow would

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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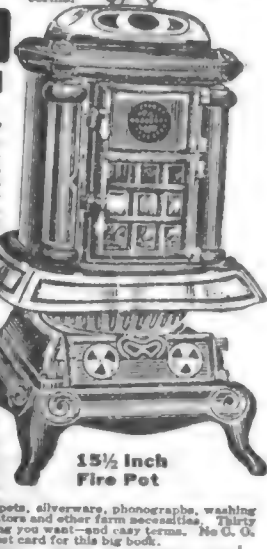
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J. D. B., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in the absence of any provision by will an illegitimate child has no rights of inheritance from the father's estate; nor do the children of the mother by a former marriage have any inheritance rights from the stepfather's estate.

Mrs. E. M., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a husband or wife can renounce the benefits provided for them, in the will of the other, within one year from the probate of the will, and elect to take, if there be children, dower of one third interest for life in the real estate, and one third of the personal property absolutely, or if no child or descendant, one half of both the real and personal property absolutely; that children can be disinherited by will; that the will should be filed and probated after the death of the testator; that any party in interest has a legal right to contest the will if there are proper grounds for contest.

M. H. P., Mississippi.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that except as to some provisions for a husband or wife, a man can dispose of his property, by will, as he may see fit.

Miss K. M., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in the proper bastardy proceedings the father can be compelled to support his bastard children, but that the wife of the father of an illegitimate child cannot be compelled to support such child by another mother.

I. V. F., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state we think that if the piano you mention belongs to the daughter of the woman who died, the stepfather has no legal right to keep it; we think the daughter should bring an action to compel him to turn the piano over to her, but if the piano belonged to the woman who died, we think her husband, in the absence of a will, would be entitled to administer her estate, and after reducing the assets to cash, and after payment of debts and expenses, the balance would go to the persons entitled depending upon who was left, and the manner in which the property was acquired.

Miss B. C., Fish, Pennsylvania.—We think that property, owned by two persons as joint tenants, would, upon the death of one, all go to the survivor and that he could convey good title of the whole property, without the signature of the persons entitled to receive the estate of the person who died. We do not think the person entitled to a remainder interest in real estate has any legal right to remove buildings from the property or cut the timber during the lifetime of the life tenant without his consent.

S. L. R., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in the absence of a will; lands descend as follows when husband or wife survive: one fourth part to the husband or wife if the survivor is not the parent of all the children of the deceased and there is one or more children, or the issue of one or more children surviving. One third part to the husband or wife if the survivor is the parent of all the children of the deceased and there be two or more children or one child and the issue of one or more deceased children surviving, one half to the surviving husband or wife if the survivor is the parent of all the children of the deceased and there be only one child.

Mrs. F. M., Williamsport, Ind.—If, as your letter indicates, there is a contest of your father-in-law's will, we think it will be necessary that the will be established before your husband can qualify as executor and administer the estate and pay himself the moneys you mention.

Mrs. D. C. S., Alliance, Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that children may be legally disinherited by will.

W. O. M., Lethair, Mont.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the signature of the wife is necessary to the conveyance of good title of the real estate belonging to the husband. Of course, if the marriage was dissolved by divorce, such signature might not be necessary.

Mrs. R. F. R., Wray, Ga.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think that your husband had any legal right to turn over his real estate to you if he did so in order to defeat his creditors, and we think that, if his creditors can show that this was done, any such conveyance would be set aside, and they could collect their claims against him from any property he may own not exempt by law from levy under execution.

Mrs. J. C. S., Milan, Ga.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in a proper case, a woman would be entitled to damages against the person who alienated her husband's affections. We do not, however, think that the courts would award damages against the mother of the husband for making ill-will remarks against the wife, unless it was a very aggravated case. We think it is a very natural condition for the wife and mother-in-law to have differences and as above stated, we do not think that courts will pay much attention to these differences unless they were serious ones.

S. S., Viroqua, Wis.—Upon your statements we are of the opinion, first, that if you can prove the statements as you allege them against the young man who purchased the old buggy from you, we think you should proceed against him for procuring this property under false pretences. Second, we think you should post your land against trespassers and if they continue to cut the trees after such posting, we think you should proceed against the parties taking this timber for damages for their acts, or have them arrested for trespassing thereon.

Miss D. E. W., Palo Pinto, Texas.—We do not think there is any law in your state forbidding the marriage of a resident of your state to an alien or resident of another country, nor do we think there is any law requiring residents within your state for any considerable period of time before procuring a marriage license.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)
our country. War and a few million dollars to boot, gave us the great states of Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and California. War drove back

slavery from these shores and gave us Lincoln and a united country. The Crimean War between Russia, France, England and Turkey in the '50's, resulted in the abolition of serfdom in Russia; the war between Russia and Japan, gave Russia the Duma, the first step towards constitutional government; the war between Germany and Russia, made Russia a republic. Whether or not Russia can maintain her freedom depends on more war, and the socialists don't believe in war, at least the red-eyed bug-house extremists don't. War however, has given Russia a wonderful opportunity, and it's her own fault if she does not take advantage of it to the full. It was war too that gave France her chance to get rid of Napoleon and become a republic, and so I could go on indefinitely. It was war, by the way, that welded Britain and Boer together and made South Africa a republic, and it is the lack of fighting ability that makes poor China for a victim of Japan. War, too, drove Spain from these shores. More about this some other time. Please don't hold any more parades and don't display any American flags as the I. W. W. wobblers, peace-at-any-price lunatics, Kansas-made socialists and anarchists, and the German language newspapers object to our flag, and what these nuts and traitors say, has to go. America and Americans amount to nothing these days and Old Glory is a rag. If you don't believe it ask the Kaiser rosters and I Won't Work's.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "G. L. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can have a friend's one-year subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. League subscriptions do not count in premium club of expiration.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League numbering over forty thousand members, understands the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a one-year subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Send! hasten! Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All these League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamp and addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1295 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and this can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for October

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Eugenia Barts, Altamahaw, R. R. 2, Box 71A, N. C. Has spinal trouble. Parents aged and poor. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Nancy Wallace, Bel-

Banish Pimples Easily, Quickly

Let Stuart's Calcium Wafers Give You a Complexion to Rival the Kind People Rave Over.

SEND FOR FREE TRIAL PACKAGE.



There is only one way to remove pimples, blackheads, eruptions and eczema with its rash and itch, and that is by Stuart's Calcium Wafers in the blood.

Their wonderful calcium sulfide supplies the blood with one of the most remarkable actions known to science. This is its activity in keeping firm the tiny fibres that compose even such tiny muscles as those which control the slightest change of expression, such as the eyelids, lips, and so on. It is this substance which pervades the entire skin, keeps it healthy and drives away impurities. Get a 50-cent box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers at any drug store and learn the great secret of facial beauty.

A free trial package will be mailed if you will write the F. A. Stuart Co., 407 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

pre. Ohio. Seventy-four years of age, crippled with rheumatism. Her husband aged seventy-nine is an old soldier and bedridden. They are well recommended. Send them a dime shower. Emma Jenkins, Walling, R. I. Tenn. Forty-three years of age. Helpless cripple. Can only get around on her hands and knees. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Miss Lizzie Gormely, Buffalo, Ill. Has lung trouble. Sick and needy. Send her a dime shower. Miss Martha Aushach, Nescopek, Pa. Invalid for many years. Aged mother her only support. Send her some cheer. Burtney Barefoot, Four Oaks, N. C. Invalid for many years. Needy and worthy. Send him a dime shower. Mrs. Martha Carter, Clinchport, Va. Widow. Sick, poor and needy. Send her some cheer. Edward L. Potts, Owassa, R. I. 1. Ala. Helpless cripple for many years. No means of support. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Adams, 267 St. Paul St., Bellingham, Wash. Aged, sick, poor and helpless. Send them some sympathy that buys bread. Well recommended. Thomas H. Parrish, Nashville, Box 27, Ga. Twenty-nine years of age. Crippled, father dead. Would appreciate cheery letters and any assistance you care to send him. Sarah Ruth Deal, Stuart, Va. Invalid for many years. Worthy case. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Emma Johnston, Kirk, N. Mex. Would give home to shut-in or needy person.

We have had a very bountiful harvest. Won't some of you who have reaped that golden harvest from the Almighty's bounty, show your appreciation by sending a few greenbacks to these poor, sick and hungry brothers and sisters of yours. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie's Poems is the Best Crop to Harvest!

The long evenings are here, the harvest gathered in. You have all you want for the stomach, but the feast is not complete until you feed the mind. Uncle Charlie's Poems, a gorgeous, lilac silk bound, 160-page volume of riotous fun, is the best brain food in the world. You will laugh! scream! yell! as you peruse his delightful pages. Read "How Fa-La Carried the Turk!" and be happy. Among the laughs you will find a few tears, and an absorbingly interesting sketch of Uncle Charlie's life. This superb volume of fun, free for a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Finest Christmas gift in the world. Work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Contains the Prettiest Harvest Songs Ever Written!

Uncle Charlie's Song Book contains twenty-eight of the dandiest, classiest songs ever written. Every song is a hit, and worth fifty cents apiece. Songs for all occasions: church, parlor, platform and joy rides. Put this splendid volume of song on your piano and it will fill your home with melody the year round. Superb pictures of Uncle Charlie decorate the artistic cover. Five dollars' worth of music for both voice and piano. Free for a club of only two subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Both books free for a club of six. Work for them today.

AGENTS!

Take orders for World's Greatest Salesman Volume of 60 famous poems of style. Made to measure. Delivered direct to customer. Dandy cost \$5.98. **\$300.00 a Month** Giving \$51.50 in 4 days. Many \$50 to \$75 a week. We deliver and collect. You get your profit in advance. Samples free. Write for our offer. Corner 5th & Duane, St. Louis, Mo.

Beautiful 1M. DIAMOND RING FREE Gold Shell. Given free for selling only 5 pkgs. post cards at 10c each. Easy to sell. We trust you. Order today. **CIRCLE SALES CO., DEPT. 24, MOLINE, ILL.**

This pretty band **WEDDING RING** GIVEN for five names of your neighbors and ten cents to pay postage &c. **Com City Supply Co., QUINCY, ILL.**

CARDS Read the Stamp for large Sample. A book of 100 names of famous people, kings, queens, and all other kinds of cards, post cards and premiums. For these cards and premiums. **OHIO CARD CO., 8-14 Columbus, Ohio.**

DO YOUR EYES BOTHER YOU? Agents wanted to sell glasses. Send for catalog. **COULTER OPTICAL CO., Dept. 8, CHICAGO, ILL.**

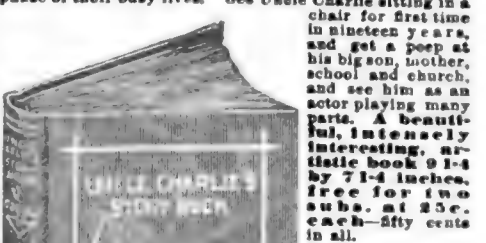
30 Postals, Christmas, Birthday, etc. (35 Flag Stamps) **10c.** Silk Flag Stamp. Magnus A. Neo Co., 637 Ashland Ave., Chicago.

CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties. Catalog Free. **D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, N. J.**

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9 1/4 by 7 1/4 inches. Free for 10c. sub. at 25c. each—fifty cents in all.



Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily, or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written, 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tearful illustrations and beautifully bound in silk cloth, stiff covers, gold topped. Free for four subs at 25c. each—one dollar in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only two subs at 25c. each—fifty cents in all. Ideal birthday presents. **COMFORT'S** greatest show premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and song book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins' Department.

Free To Every Little Girl!

Golden
Locks
And Her
Lovely
Twin
Babies!

All Three
Dollies
Given
To You
Without
Cost!



Premium No. 4631.

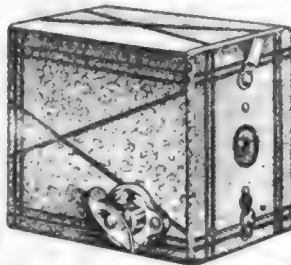
Mothers, Don't Fail To Read This Offer!

COMFORT wants to give free to your little girl and every little girl this handsome doll family stamped in beautiful colors on strong cloth with full directions so that you can cut them out, stuff and sew them up in less than ten minutes. "Golden Locks" is almost as big as a real baby, for she stands one and one half feet high and her cute little twin babies which you see in the picture stand over half a foot high. These dolls cannot be broken no matter how much they are thrown around or dropped on the floor and you can make them bend their arms and legs, stand up and sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions. They have beautiful golden hair which hangs in the dearest curls you ever saw and fastened with a bright red ribbon bow that cannot get lost or become untied. Handsome red cheeks, rosy lips and lovely blue eyes which smile at you in such a life-like way that you would almost think they were ready to speak and say "Mama." As shown in above illustration they are dressed in dainty lace-trimmed underwear with bright red stockings and black buttoned boots. The three dolls together—"Golden Locks" and the two sweet Baby Dolls—make the cutest and prettiest Doll Family any little girl ever had to play with. They are lots better for the little folks than the more expensive bisque and china dolls because they will not break or snarl their pretty hair or lose their eyes. There is no little girl who will not instantly fall in love with this beautiful Doll Family and spend many happy hours with it, so we hope that every mother who reads this offer will take advantage of it at once. We will send you all three dolls free by Parcel Post prepaid on the terms of the following special offers.

Offer 4631 A. For one one-year subscription (not less than one year) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you all three dolls free by parcel post prepaid.

Offer No. 4631 B. For your own subscription or present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you all three dolls free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 4631. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PREMO CAMERA



Premium No. 7286

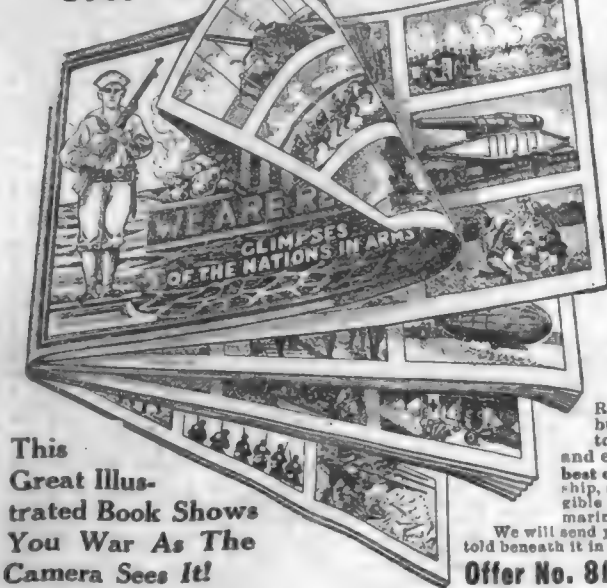
For a Club of Six!

We will also include free of charge one Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and a complete instruction book. This is the

well-known "Premo" camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1 1/4 by 1 3/4 inches, is fitted with the best quality Meniscus lens and an automatic shutter adapted for snap shots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out again in broad daylight, so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book, all packed together in a strong box and sent to you Free by Parcel Post, prepaid, on the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you by Parcel Post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete instruction book. Premium No. 7286. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Premium No. 8141



This Great Illustrated Book Shows You War As The Camera Sees It!

A Whole Toy Town!

Boys and Girls—Can You Imagine it? A Complete Village Of Houses, Stores, Shops And All! You Can Build And Re-build It As Often As You Like!

FUN, fun, fun—that's what you'll have when you get this wonderful new toy town, with its streets, yards, houses, stores, shops and men, women and children, just like any real town. Only think! Twenty-five different buildings—and you can build them, take them down and build them again as often as you please. You can call it "your own town" and talk to the people living in the houses, walking and driving in the streets and working in the shops—the blacksmith at his forge in the blacksmith shop, the children going to school, the customers in the stores and hotel and even the little boys and girls playing "Indian" and "soldier" in the dandy big tent on the bank of the beautiful river that flows under the bridge. Remember—twenty-five buildings make quite a big town—bigger than some real towns we know of.

In this wonderful toy town village there are thirteen handsome up-to-date houses, a tent, church, high school, savings bank, hotel, clubhouse, barber shop, bakery, blacksmith shop, express office, garage and police station, besides all the streets, yards and flowers, river and bridge. They are made of thick heavy cardboard printed in natural colors so that they look like real houses while the streets, yards and flowers are colored true to life. Full directions tell you how to put all the different buildings together, how to lay out your town and place



Premium No. 8522

the houses on the streets. When the houses are all up your town will measure nearly three square feet in size. We will give you this wonderful toy town complete as described above on the terms of the following special

Club Offer. COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this big toy town village of twenty-five different buildings free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 8522. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Message to Club Raisers From COMFORT'S Publisher

COMFORT

Augusta, Maine

To COMFORT Club Raisers—

I wish I could talk to you all personally about publishing conditions, but I can't, of course, so I am writing you this letter.

I want to urge you to earn your premiums EARLY this season—to start out right NOW and get up your clubs. There are 3 strong reasons for this:

1. I may not for years be able to offer you such GOOD premiums for such few subscriptions as I am right now. I made some fortunate purchases in the Spring and Summer and am going to give you the benefit of them. The next time I buy these premiums I shall have to pay much more for them—and of course must charge more.

2. THE PRICE OF COMFORT MUST SOON GO UP. I promised my readers to keep back this raise just as long as I possibly could, and I have kept this promise. But price conditions are beyond my control. I have held out longer than most any other publisher. I am still holding out—but it is only a matter of a month or two now, before the price of COMFORT MUST be raised to meet the high cost of publishing.

3. Most farm families are extremely prosperous this season and will be glad to spend some of their surplus money for COMFORT. This will make it easier than usual for you to get subscriptions.

While I am yet giving the greatest possible premium value, while the price of COMFORT is still down, and while people are prosperous, is the time to get subscriptions and earn premiums. I know you plan to get some COMFORT premiums this Fall or Winter. I personally urge you to do it now—while COMFORT is still 25c a year.

Will you not look over the handsome premiums I am offering in this issue of COMFORT and start right out today, to earn one or more of them?

Very truly yours,

W. A. Gamett

Publisher of COMFORT

Birthstone Rings

Genuine
Gold
Filled



Guaranteed
For
5 Years



AUGUST



JANUARY

Given For A Club Of Two!

THE most popular lady's rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are twelve in all—a different one for each month of the year and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones, the month to which one applies and its symbol.

No. 7632. January. The Garnet, Symbol of Power.
No. 7633. February. The Amethyst, Symbol of Pure Love.
No. 7634. March. The Bloodstone, Symbol of Courage.
No. 7635. April. The Diamond, Symbol of Purity.
No. 7636. May. The Emerald, Symbol of Immortality.
No. 7637. June. The Agate, Symbol of Health and Long Life.
No. 7638. July. The Ruby, Symbol of Charity.
No. 7639. August. The Sardonyx, Symbol of Happiness.
No. 7640. September. The Sapphire, Symbol of Coziness.
No. 7641. October. The Opal, Symbol of Hope.
No. 7642. November. The Topaz, Symbol of Friendship.
No. 7643. December. The Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine 12-Karat gold filled which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years. The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems.

The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. And not only the women and girls but men and boys as well are now wearing them.

Please do not class these rings with the cheap "electro-plated" rings that turn brassy after they have been worn a month or two. Remember that every one of them is guaranteed to be 12-Karat gold-filled and positively warranted for five years. If you want a handsome birthstone ring for yourself or some dear friend or relative you will make no mistake in taking advantage of this offer at once. When ordering be sure to specify the size and number of ring wanted. You can easily tell just what size ring you wear by following the directions at the right.

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. each, we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled birthstone rings by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

Gold Finish Bracelet

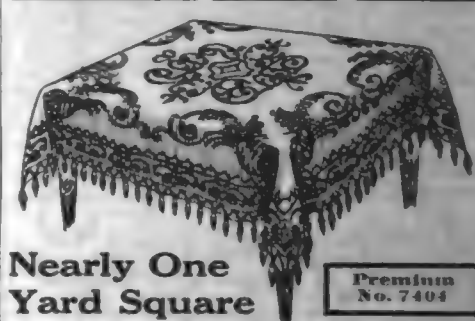
FOR TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS



THIS Round Bracelet with artistic engraving and unique Spring Fastening is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages. There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly three inches in diameter, we consider it a beautiful pattern. This bracelet is the very latest style so you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 8343. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Tapestry Table Cover



Nearly One
Yard Square

Premium No. 7404

Given For A Club of Four

THIS beautiful, fringed Tapestry Table Cover is nearly one yard square which is a size large enough for any stand or small table and is very elaborately made up in handsome colors on an interwoven background which is of a color that harmonizes with the fringe which extends entirely around the cover. Add one or more of these beautiful colored covers to the furnishings of any room and it will enliven and cheer up the whole atmosphere of your home. They are just as durable as they are handsome and taken altogether are something any woman should be pleased to own and display. We will send you this Table Cover, exactly as described, if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this Tapestry Table Cover free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7404. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Realistic! Thrilling! Inspiring!

Pictures Of The Great War And Our Country's Preparedness!
More Than Two Hundred Wonderful Photographic Illustrations Of The Battle-Fields Of Europe And Views Of Our Own Army And Navy Now Taking Part In The Gigantic Struggle!

NOT pictures drawn from the imagination of some artist—but real photographs, finished in natural colors, showing with appalling vividness scenes of actual fighting in the trenches, the monster siege guns, giant Zeppelins, scouting biplanes, dreaded "tanks" or armored motor cars, deadly submarines and submarine chasers, the dead left on the battle-field; the wounded and captured, ruins of bombarded forts and villages—and last but not least Uncle Sam's own brave soldiers and marines who are now training to enter the great conflict in the cause of humanity, justice and freedom.

Almost as if it were happening before your very eyes, this wonderful book of over two hundred war pictures shows you British, Canadian, French, Belgian and German troops and artillery in action, the bombardment and defense of Antwerp, the battle of the Marne, Russian Cossacks on the march, flights of the great German dirigibles and French and British air scouts, anti-aircraft guns bringing down hostile aeroplanes, Red Cross nurses caring for the wounded, homeless Belgian refugees, German prisoners burying their own dead in France, execution of spies, ruins of once beautiful cathedrals, towns, forts and bridges after bombardment, and many other views equally as interesting and exciting and all taken with the camera so that they are absolutely true in every detail. And best of all are the pictures of our own brave army and navy boys training on land and aboard ship, at rifle and gun practice, bayonet charges, trench digging, field artillery and coast defense work, dirigible and biplane scouting together with views of some of Uncle Sam's newest and biggest battle-ships, submarines and submarine destroyers.

We will send you this wonderfully interesting war book of over two hundred pictures with the story of each picture told beneath it in a few well-chosen words, if you will accept either one of the following special offers.

Offer No. 8141A For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you this illustrated war book free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 8141. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Offer No. 8141B For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you this illustrated war book free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 8141.

Made-to-Measure
Express Prepaid \$3.25

Pants cut in the latest style. Made-to-your individual measure. Fit, workmanship and wear guaranteed. **No Extra Charge** for peg tops, no matter how extreme you order them.

Agents Wanted A good live hustler in every town to take orders for our celebrated made-to-measure clothes. Samples of all latest materials free.

We Pay Big Money to our agents everywhere. Turn your spare time into cash by taking orders for our stylish clothes. Write today for beautiful FREE outfit.

THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO.
Dept. 778 Chicago, Ill.

INDOOR TOILET
Sanitary and Odorless on ten days

FREE TRIAL

No Money Down—No Deposit

No more outside back yard inconveniences. No chambers empty. No sewer or cesspool. Chemical process dissolves human waste in water. No trouble. Kills disease germs. Prevents flies, filth and bad odors of outhouses. A real necessity for old, young or invalids. Preserves health.

Costs 1 Cent a Week to operate per person. Place in any room, hall or closet. No trouble to install. Guaranteed sanitary and odorless. Endorsed by thousands of users, doctors, sanitary experts, health boards, etc. **AGENTS WANTED.**

Kaw-near Cabinet Co.,
501 Kaw-near Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

PEARL WATCH

FREE TO YOU

This is positively the most beautiful wrist watch you have ever seen. It is just the size of a half dollar. The case is made of genuine Mother of Pearl, giving off beautiful variations of color. Much prettier than gold, as it will never wear out or tarnish. Good Swiss movement; stem wind and stem set. Soft leather adjustable wristband.

SEND NO MONEY I want to give one lady or girl in each locality one of these beautiful watches FREE for just a little easy work, which you can do in an hour or two. Write today. Address: V. A. KEMPER, Box 100, Kansas City, Mo.

Miss Nellie Ellis, 2611 25th Ave., N. Birmingham, Ala.—The question of keeping potatoes from rotting in storage is largely the matter of having a cool, dry cellar; not having them stored in too large bins; being sure they are dry, cool, and free from rot when placed in storage; and having as few as possible bruised and cut potatoes during the quantity stored. Potatoes may be dried, both in the cooked and uncooked condition, and directions regarding the methods to follow may be secured from bulletins issued by the Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Write and say you wish to secure bulletins upon the subject of the home drying and preserving of vegetables. Other COMFORT readers note this, as these bulletins are worth having, and the methods taught should be followed, now that we are endeavoring by all means to conserve the food supply of the world.

M. G., Morgansville, W. Va.—No nurse will be accepted for any Red Cross work unless a course of training has been taken, and an examination passed. The required courses are being given in most of the large cities.

E. S. C., Raven, Neb.—You would require no government license to publish the book you write to us about. Any good printing house could do the work for you. The price would depend on the size of the book and the number of copies you wished printed. Should you wish to have the work copyrighted, you would have to make the regular application and pay the small fee, as per the copyright laws. Write to Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., for blank applications for copyright and instructions.

E. R. G., Thompsonville, Mich.—We cannot tell you if there is any value to the old bank bill that you have found. Show the bill to your local bank officials, and if they are in doubt, submit a description of it to some of the firms advertising in COMFORT who are experts in this line.

Mrs. C. E. Madden of Meridian, Idaho, wishes to ask COMFORT readers if they can tell her anything about the "Quaker Valley Mfg. Co.," whose address used to be in Chicago, Ill. where they dealt in silverware. Also the name of a firm manufacturing a rug machine that has two pieces of wood and a brass needle. The machine is used by hand in the making of rugs from rag and yarn. Can any of our readers give Mrs. Madden this information? Write to her direct.

C. F. B., Carmi, Ill.—It was difficult for us to judge of the value of your invention from the pencil sketch you enclosed. Write to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C., or take the matter up with a patent attorney. More money is generally spent than made in pushing inventions.

Curious, Gate, Okla.—Confederate money has no value except as relics. The crystals you submitted are apparently some drug or chemical substance, and appear valueless to us. Show them to your druggist.

Inquirer, Shamokin, Pa.—Having had a little experience or knowledge of sickness would be a primary disqualification in taking up nursing. However, all Red Cross nurses have to undergo a course of training and pass an examination. Some of these courses are being furnished free in the larger cities. The salary of a visiting nurse varies with the size of the town or city in which the work is done. We know of a village of five thousand inhabitants where the nurse receives nine hundred dollars per year.

Mrs. O. L. M., Roanoke, W. Va.—This department knows of no legitimate value to cancelled stamps, of which you state you have a number.

Tu-Lips, Brookville, Ky.—We cannot tell you how to read invisible writing. We have plenty of visible writing to read that keeps us busy. You might try moistening the paper and then passing a hot iron over it.

Mrs. J. A. M., Statesville, Tenn.—A course of training is necessary before becoming a Red Cross nurse, also an examination in first aid essentials.

M. G., North Yakima, Wash.—The corn remedy you saw advertised in COMFORT is not for sale by this office, but can be procured from druggists. If the stores in your part of the state have not got it in stock, perhaps they will send for it for you.

F. H., St. Joseph, Mo.—If you wish to purchase bees, or desire any information regarding bee-keeping, write to the A. I. Root Co., Medina, Ohio. This concern also publishes a periodical called "Gleanings in Bee Culture."

A. A. B., Foreman, Ark.—White writing ink is not a rare product, and can be procured at any first-class stationery store. Stafford's White Ink is a well-known article of this nature.

A. W., Baltimore, Md.—Although it is not necessary that a librarian be a college graduate, considerable knowledge and education is required for the work—more, we think, than your letter indicates. Large cities, like Boston, Chicago, and New York have what are known as "Library Schools" for the training of librarians. We believe that more than a grammar school education would be a pre-requisite to entrance to any of these schools.

M. E. L., Heston, Kans.—We do not believe there is any market for chicken gizzards, unless in these war days, and with the shortage of leather, they could be utilized for the making of army shoes. If they have any medicinal value, the best way to use them is when they are made part of the gravy.

I. A., Kingman, Ind.—We do not understand exactly what you mean by "Government Matron." For any Federal or state position where a Civil Service examination must be taken to obtain appointment, you would be very likely to need more than a common school education to pass successfully.

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

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Pale, trembling, her heart heavy as lead, in spite of herself, she stole like a thief to her step-mother's room. The Umbrella was down-stairs, and Ravenel hunted quickly in every drawer and box. It never struck her as being odd that they should be all unlocked, exactly as if the more thoroughly they were searched the better for their owner's plans. And the girl, after thirty minutes, knew she looked in vain. Her ring was not in the room. Somehow and somewhere she must have lost it. She remembered that, like a fool, she had tied the ribbon in a bow. It was utterly inexplicable except for that.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LOOK YOUR BEST. Make smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. **Warranted TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.**

Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any query which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Miss Nellie Ellis, 2611 25th Ave., N. Birmingham, Ala.—The question of keeping potatoes from rotting in storage is largely the matter of having a cool, dry cellar; not having them stored in too large bins; being sure they are dry, cool, and free from rot when placed in storage; and having as few as possible bruised and cut potatoes during the quantity stored. Potatoes may be dried, both in the cooked and uncooked condition, and directions regarding the methods to follow may be secured from bulletins issued by the Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Write and say you wish to secure bulletins upon the subject of the home drying and preserving of vegetables. Other COMFORT readers note this, as these bulletins are worth having, and the methods taught should be followed, now that we are endeavoring by all means to conserve the food supply of the world.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

PREMO CAMERA FREE

With film, or choice of Kinetograph or Silhouette, or choice from our large list of premiums, is given for selling 50 papers. Post cards to 70 Religious and Art Pictures at 10c each, your choice. Order today. **HERMAN & CO., 2310 Lincoln Ave., Dept. 100, CHICAGO**

ALL THIS JEWELRY—FREE

This beautiful Gold plated Pendant (set with a large imported French Turquoise) and Neck Chain, also a lovely large Pink Cameo Brooch in Gold plated setting, also a handsomely engraved Gold plated Bracelet, also a pair of Cut Jet Earrings, now 80 popular, and these 4 Gold plated Rings. We give **ABSOLUTELY FREE** these 8 guaranteed Gold plated pieces of Jewelry for selling only 15 of our fast-selling Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. We trust you and take back all not sold. Address **A. S. Dale Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.**

\$1.50

Sample Watch Free

Genuine full standard size railroad style watch with locomotive on dial and locomotive handsomely engraved on back. Full nickel plated case, extra dust proof, Amble numerals on dial, heavy R. R. style hands. Genuine American make, stem wind and set, fully GUARANTEED for 5 YEARS. To introduce our business and introduce this wonderful watch and our great customers of R.R. We want them and Hampton watches we will send this elegant watch to any address by mail postpaid for **ONLY \$1.50** and if you sell two of these watches we will give you **ONE SAMPLE WATCH FREE** for your trouble. Send this advertisement today and we will send **ONE EXTRA WATCH FREE**. Order today as this offer may not appear again. Address **R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 638 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.**

Manners and Looks

"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of *Etiquette and Personal Appearance*, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to *Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.*

Red Rose, D. Ann, N. C.—If you have known this boy for only a few weeks, Red Rose, we do not think you can feel certain whether you are the flower he really wants. Surely we cannot tell you. Because he has not "hugged or kissed" you yet is no bad sign, but rather shows that he is the right sort.

Blue Violet, Granden, Mo.—Girls of fifteen and sixteen are much better off if they stick to their books and do not worry their young heads so about boys. Take notice of the many replies in this column that appear in answer to the letters of unhappy women that have married at too young an age and in disregard of their parents' advice. (2) A girl may invite a young man that has brought her home to enter the house, providing it is not too late.

Brown Eyes, Walpole, Ill.—A girl of nineteen and a young man of twenty-one are rather young to marry, but it is sometimes done. It is generally best to wait a year or two, however, and we would advise you to do this. Because you both have "yellow hair" will be no obstacle to your happiness.

"Yours for better," San Saba, Texas.—You are twenty, and you want to know whether a man of forty-seven is too old for you to marry. Always the matter of age is a matter of the individual, and some men at the age of the one you write about are far from being old, or even what we call middle-aged. The surest test is how much you care for him and if you think you could be happy together. If you are "settled" and industrious, and he is both members of the same church, and he "dearly loves" you, we do not think the matter of the difference in your ages should be a serious obstacle to your marriage or future happiness. But make sure he is the man you love and want to go through life with before the knot is tied. You cannot walk back up the church aisle as simply as you go down it.

Blue Eyes, Tulip, Ga.—It is perfectly proper to wear a ring on the little finger. (2) At nineteen, and with your weight and height, we think you may consider yourself at the witching age of womanhood and dress accordingly. However, the customs of your community and the wishes of your parents should always be considered. By a very sensible fashion, always are being worn shorter than they have been for years—and by grandmothers, too.

Beatrice, Auburn, Cal.—It is always best that girls and boys of fourteen and fifteen should have one or more older women with them at dances, or other forms of amusement and recreation. It would be permissible for you to carry on a friendly boy and girl correspondence with this fourteen-year-old boy, but don't forget your books, and that you are going to this training school to study. (2) You are far too young to wear your hair in any but the simplest schoolgirl fashion. The years fly by, and you will be "grown up" quite soon enough.

Cutie and Kewpie, Olathe, Kan.—Here are six questions all about boys—which are too many to answer, even for two Kansas girls with such cunning names. If you have spoken to a boy once, and then meet again a short time after, you may certainly speak once more—if you have anything to say—or a smile would suffice, and perhaps he would like that better. (2) No; when you are walking with a boy and he meets another boy that he knows and you do not, you should not speak until he has had a chance to present his friend to you. (3) We do not think a girl should start in calling up a boy over the telephone and "ask him to take her to some place." (4) Most certainly you express your thanks for assistance with your "wraps" and for gifts of candy. But we would not thank him for the gum, and we would not chew it in public places.

Thanksgiving Packet for You

If You Can Solve this Puzzle

Here are seven sheep in a pen. By drawing three straight lines you can put each one in a pen by himself. If you can do this we will send you, as a prize, a packet of five beautifully colored Thanksgiving and Holiday Postcards. All you have to do is to enclose a 2 cent stamp to pay postage and cost of mailing.

American Junior Auto Given Away

With the Thanksgiving Packet we will send you a certificate of entry in our grand contest in which an American Junior Auto will be given away. In case of a tie an American Junior will be given to each person so tied.

Be sure to ask about the American Junior contest when you write. Full particulars by return mail.

PEOPLE'S CO., Dept. 22, Des Moines, Iowa

PIANO FREE TO THE PERSON WHO SENDS US

the neatest and most artistically correct reply to the Famous 21 Puzzle, on this paper or a similarly proportioned design on any material. WE WILL GIVE FREE A BEAUTIFUL NEW \$275 PIANO IN M'HOAGANY OR GAY. Place a number in each of the empty squares, no one figure to be repeated, so that when added any way, up or down, sideways or diagonally, the total will be 21. In case of a tie, Piano will be given each winner. Remember the person who sends us the correct solution presented in the neatest and most artistic manner will be the winner. Decision of three competent judges will be final. You will be notified by return mail. Contest closes Oct. 25, 1917. **PHOENIX PIANO AND PHONOGRAPH CO., 316 Park Bldg., Detroit, Mich.**

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Five Wheel Chairs in September

432 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The five September wheel chairs go to the following shut-ins. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends in their behalf.

Daniel Lewis Smith, Vanceburg, Ky., 200; Bertha Luella Stewart, Sardis, Ohio, 187; Willie Clinton, Omba, Mo., 134; Mrs. E. V. Stalnaker, Moscow, Kansas, 120; Lorena Campbell, Haskell, Tex., 118.

Daniel L. Smith, age 52, is crippled in his back so that he has almost no use of his legs. Has been a cripple ever since he was thirteen.

Bertha L. Stewart, age 12, is unable to walk as the result of infantile paralysis which attacked her eight years ago. She gets about some by crawling on her hands and knees. The wheel chair will be a great pleasure to her and a help to her mother in taking care of her.

Willie Clinton, age 9, is crippled in his legs by white swelling from which he suffers severely at times. He has six brothers and sisters, two older and four younger than he.

Mrs. Stalnaker, age 74, has been helpless for nearly two years. The wheel chair will be a relief to her and a help to her daughter, with whom she lives, in caring for her.

Lorena Campbell, age 11, has no use of her legs as the result of spinal trouble which developed in infancy. She has never walked.

This is a pitiful list of sufferers who are receiving relief. Many more on our list are equally in need of wheel chairs. Please help to make them happy with a COMFORT wheel chair.

The accompanying picture of Mollie McNeil shows



MOLLIE MCNEIL.

her enjoying her COMFORT wheel chair. Her letter of thanks is printed below.

Give our Wheel-Chair Club a boost. It is doing lots of good.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 25 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of charging the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Any shut-in who has friends to help him get subscriptions can obtain a wheel chair free. Write me for information.

Thinks "COMFORT Wheel Chair" Just the Right Name

DUKE, N. C.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: My wheel chair came in good condition and I am much pleased with it. I think it real nice. I want to thank you and all my friends who helped me get it. With their help I got the 200 subscriptions in just a short time. I think "COMFORT Wheel Chair" is just the right name for it. I enjoy it very much as I can now go to church and Sunday school and get out in the air. Enclosed you will find my picture. May you live long and send out many chairs to shut-ins to help brighten their lives, and when you have finished your good work here, may you receive the welcome well done. With many thanks, your friend, MOLLIE MCNEIL.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

D. L. Smith, Ky., for Daniel L. Smith, 100; Miss Susie Ward, Ga., for Mrs. Whitte, 53; Verna McCutchen, Miss., for Mrs. Donie McCutchen, 49; Miss Martha Harrington, Okla., for Bonnie Joseph Harrington, 42; Mrs. Bertha E. Weaver, Fla., for Willie Clinton and Dolly Lanier, 31; Roy Smith, Okla., for O. L. Smith, 31; Jim Seberin Gardner, Texas, for Mrs. W. H. Fellman, Ohio, for Walter J. Slaybaugh, 20; Mrs. Emily Daugherty, 30; John H. Bartlett, Ga., for Dolly V. Lanier, 28; Polly Spinks, La., for May Belle McGraw, 27; Mrs. Beniah Wilkes, S. C., for Miss Vernell Mathews, 26; Florence Whitman, Ohio, for Walter J. Slaybaugh, 23; Mrs. Mary Conly, Ohio, for Bertha Luella Stewart, 21; Mrs. Cora M. Stewart, Ohio, for Bertha Luella Stewart, 20; Miss Lena Shaw, W. Va., for Bertha Luella Stewart, 20; Mrs. Julia Fellman, Ohio, for Walter J. Slaybaugh, 20; Mrs. W. H. Fellman, Ohio, for Walter J. Slaybaugh, 20; W. H. Bralley, Mich., for own wheel chair, 20; Mrs. Maud Yobe, Okla., for Mrs. Mary Bryan, 20; Mrs. Isaac Huerfano, W. Va., for Bertha Luella Stewart, 20; Mrs. Mary E. Parke, Ohio, for Walter J. Slaybaugh, 19; Mrs. Walter Shaw, W. Va., for Bertha Luella Stewart, 15; Mrs. B. E. Slaybaugh, Ohio, for Walter J. Slaybaugh, 15; Mrs. Mollie Hogan, Texas, for Mrs. Maggie Winder, 14; W. T. Coleman, Ga., for Mrs. W. T. McBride, 14; Mrs. Jane Stewart, W. Va., for Bertha Luella Stewart, 12; Florence Lovelless, Miss., for Mrs. Donie McCutchen, 12; R. J. Terry, Texas, for Mrs. Jane Terry, 10; Mrs. Mary Karnes, Okla., for Mrs. E. V. Stalnaker, 10; Miss



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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I. S. Hunter, Texas.—Daily nose-bleeding is almost always due to a weak condition of the vascular system of the nose. You should consult your local doctor and have him cauterize the offending blood-vessel and no doubt you will be cured for all time. Of course the doctor will look into your general physical condition, especially as to the coagulability of your blood.

L. E. D., New Braunfels, Texas.—There is no drug that causes blood poison in individuals or animals, hence there is no antidote. All medical schools have dissecting rooms. You could communicate with them for advice on the subject.

L. A., Pillsbury, S. C.—Your main trouble is, as you think, nervousness and too much introspection. You have undoubtedly a nervous indigestion and the consequent formation of gas in the intestines. Your first concern should be to forget yourself, and if this cannot be accomplished in any other way, try a change of scene and surroundings. In the meantime, exercise in the open, eat suitable food, take some mineral oil with your meals, and before retiring add a cold spinal douche to the spine. This can be done by either using the ordinary bath sprayer or filling a sponge with cold water, and by squeezing the water out of the sponge in such a way that it will strike the back of the neck and flow down the spine. You should stand in hot water up to your ankles, while using the spinal douche to avoid shock.

A. M., Ironton, Ohio.—Convulsions coming on at or near the monthly period only, are probably due to some local obstruction to the natural menstruation. You should consult some good surgeon in your state, and if such a condition obtains, have an operation that will relieve any mechanical obstruction that may be present.

B. E. D., Clio, Ark.—Bronchial asthma can be cured by change of climate. As a rule a high, dry climate is to be preferred, and will do most good in the majority of cases. There are, however, idiosyncrasies. Some people will be cured by a change to the seashore, and any change to the mountains will be followed by an attack. The best and only way is for the individual to try out several locations and find the one most suitable to the given case.

E. P., Boon's Path, Va.—Warts may be removed by careful application of nitrate of silver, but are best removed by the electric cauterizer. Corns can be easily removed in about forty-eight hours by the application of a few drops of a good corn remover preparation. There are several excellent preparations of this kind on the market (see advertisements). This should be applied two or three nights consecutively, and then the corn will be soft enough to be easily removed.

G. H., Cartersville, Mo.—You undoubtedly have some trouble with the mastoid portion of the temporal bone. Any discharge from the ear is dangerous and should have immediate attention. Consult some ear specialist. Do not on any account introduce a pin or anything of that kind in the wound. There is no danger of cancer, but there is danger of brain infection.

S. B., Isabella, Mo.—The itching may be due to your age, as you suggest, and probably so. A weak carbolic acid ointment, with attention to your physical condition, would help you. Drink plenty of water and avoid stimulants of any kind. Drink plenty of water always. You should avoid spices and pastry of all kinds. Eat green vegetables and use a mineral oil such as American Oil. Take a tablespoonful with your meals. The carbolic salve can be obtained through a physician's prescription.

M. K., Bier, Mass.—Excessive accumulation of flesh is very frequently inherited, or at least the tendency to this condition is often hereditary. If your heart is strong enough to stand the strain, a daily or thrice weekly bath of very hot water, in which has been dissolved a pound of Epsom salts is very beneficial, and will often result in a marked loss of weight. This bath, however, should not be taken without the advice of a physician, and only after a thorough physical examination. Besides the bath, a diet of green vegetables, fruits of almost all kinds combined with a meat and egg diet would help you. Take also as much exercise as you can, drink plenty of water to keep your kidneys active and give up the use of sweets, pastry, as well as all starchy foods. Your period irregularity is undoubtedly due to your excessive accumulation of fat and poor circulation.

M. C. B., Lake City, S. C.—Acna Rosacea—which is probably the name of the condition to which you refer—is almost always due to some gastro-intestinal disorder. It may also be due to exposure to cold or heat, uterine disease, general debility, nasal disease and the excessive use of tea, coffee and alcohol. It naturally follows that the cause must be sought out, and the proper remedy be found, if possible. This trouble is chronic and very hard to help or cure. Electricity has been tried with much benefit in selected cases. But in every case the first thing is to determine the cause. If dietetic, the thing to do is to find the best diet in a given case, and follow this diet. In some cases the thyroid extract, in one grain doses, has been beneficial. Local applications of a sulphur lotion, known as Iotio alba is in many cases beneficial. These are simply suggestions, and must be used under the advice and care of some good physician only.

C. B. L., Winston-Salem, N. C.—Pain under the right shoulder blade, almost always due to some liver trouble. You should ask your family physician for some good liver stimulant, or alternative such as calomel or phosphate of soda. The latter can be taken in teaspoonful doses three times a day, after meals, for some weeks with benefit.

Mrs. E. R., Neligh, Nebr.—Birthmarks can be removed, very thoroughly and without scar, by the use of carbon dioxide snow, so-called. This must be done by one who has had the necessary experience as well as the necessary apparatus for making and applying the same. The sooner the birthmark is removed, the better will be the result as to scar and space to be covered. Birthmarks grow and spread over large surfaces quite rapidly—hence the advice to have your child treated at once.

Mrs. M. C. C., New Market, Va.—Your nervousness, in fact all of your nervous symptoms, may arise from eye-strain. You should, at once, consult a competent oculist. By oculist we mean a doctor, who makes a specialty of diseases of the eye as well as the fitting of glasses. This would of course exclude the ordinary optician. In this way you may be cured. For if the condition is not due to eye-strain, the doctor through a careful examination of the eye can and no doubt will get at the true condition and advise you what to do further.

N. J. A., Big Sandy, Texas.—The question of climate for lung trouble can only be settled by an actual personal experience. One case may be cured by the climate of California and another made worse. In fact the climate of California does not cure in many cases. In general a high, dry climate is the one to be selected. In all cases the question, also, of proper food must be taken into consideration. People with lung trouble in any stage must be well nourished, and a climate selected without regard to state, but the one that will do the most good in the given case. This should be decided by the local doctor.

Anna Brown, N. Y., for Willie Price, 10; Mrs. W. T. McBride, Ga., for Mrs. W. T. McBride, 10; Lear Jack, Tenn., for Annie Jack, 9; Eva Kendrick, Texas, for Lorena Campbell, 8; Mary E. Poole, Texas, for Lucile Little, 8; Ona Henderson, La., for May Belle McGraw, 5; Ethel Wilkins, Okla., for Dolly Lanier, 5; Mrs. C. C. Sasser, Md., for Ethel Hibbard, 5; Anna Bowman, Tenn., for Sanford Shillings, 5.

The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

my own, again, after so many years! that you were once the tiny baby that I held in my arms in Rome, and loved better than any other earthly object? It is wonderful! wonderful! and strangest of all is the fact that your heart turns so fondly to me! Are you sure, dear, that you can unreservedly accept and love your mother, in spite of those letters, and what they revealed regarding my past life?"

"I am sure that you never committed a willful wrong in your life," Edith gravely replied. "It was a sad mistake to go away from your home and parents, as you did; but there is no intent to sin to be laid to your charge—your soul shines, like a beacon light, through these dear eyes, and I am sure it is as pure and lovely as your face is beautiful."

"May He who always judges with divine mercy bless you for your sweet charity and faith," murmured Isabel Stewart, in tremulous tones, as she passionately kissed the lips which had just voiced such a blessed assurance of trust and love.

"Now come," she went on, a moment later, while, with her own hands, she tenderly removed Edith's hat and wrap, "we will make ourselves comfortable, then I will tell you all the sad story of my misguided youth."

Twining her arms about the girl's waist, she led her to a seat, and sitting beside her, she circumstantially related all that we already know of her history.

But not once did she mention the name of the man who had so deeply wronged her; for she had resolved, if it were possible, to keep from Edith the fact that Gerald Goddard, under whose roof she had lived, was her father.

The young girl, however, was not satisfied, was not content to be thus kept in the dark; and, when her mother's story was ended, she inquired, with gray face and clouded eyes:

"Who was this man?—why have you so persistently refrained from identifying him? What was the name of that coward to whom—with shame I say it—I am indebted for my being?"

"My love, cannot you restrain your curiosity upon that point? Will you not let the dead past bury its dead, without erecting a tablet to its memory?" her companion pleaded, gently. "It can do you no possible good—it might cause you infinite pain to know."

"Is the man living?" Edith sternly demanded.

"Yes."

"Then I must know—you must tell me, so that I may shun him as I would shun a deadly serpent."

"My love, I wish you would not press this point."

Edith turned and gazed searchingly into her eyes.

"Do you still cherish an atom of affection for him?" she inquired.

"No! a thousand times no!" was the emphatic response.

"Then you can have no personal motive or sensitiveness concerning the matter."

"No, my child—my desire is simply to save you pain—to spare you a shock, perchance."

"Do I know him already?—have I ever seen him?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then tell me! tell me!" panted the girl. "Oh! if I have spoken with him, it is a wonder that my tongue was not paralyzed in the act—that my very soul did not shrink and recoil with aversion from him!"

"Edith," she said, with gentle gravity, "the man is—Gerald Goddard."

"He! that man my father!"

"It is true," was the sad response. "I would have saved you the pain of knowing this if I could."

"Oh! and I have lived day after day in his presence; and I have talked and jested with him!"

"My child, pray calm yourself," pleaded her mother, regarding her with astonishment, for she never could have believed, but for this manifestation, that the usually gentle girl could have displayed so much spirit under any circumstances.

"Come," she added, "sit down."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Accidents Which Made Fortunes

How to make starch from corn was discovered accidentally by Thomas Kingsford, a mechanic. One day he threw a mess of corn meal mush in the garbage pail. His wife emptied some lye into the same pail and in the morning when he emptied the pail he was astonished to find a small quantity of starch at the bottom.

Thomas Bolsover, a Sheffield mechanic, was mending the handle of a knife made of copper and silver. He saw these metals fuse together and the idea of silver plating was born in his mind. He laid a thin plate of silver on a heavier one of copper and heated them till the edge of the silver began to melt. He took them from the fire, let them cool slightly, then rolled and hammered them to the desired thickness. This was the origin of "Sheffield plate," all of which was

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A Little Thing

"You shouldn't allow the little things of life to disturb you."
"I don't know about that. A germ is about the littlest thing I know of."—Washington Star.

Good Example

Once a very youthful chicken fancier had in his possession a couple of bantam hens that laid very small eggs. He finally hit upon a plan to remedy this. When the lad's father went the next morning to the chicken house he was surprised to find an ostrich egg tied to

one of the beams and above it a card with this notice:
"Keep your eyes on this and do your best."—New York Times.

Didn't Know the Telephone

A large firm in Aberdeen, Scotland, engaged as office boy a very "green" youth. It was part of his duties to attend to the telephone in his master's absence. When first called upon to answer the bell, in reply to the usual English query, "Are you there?" he nodded assent. Again the question came, and still again, and each time the boy gave an answering nod. When the question came for the fourth time, however, the

boy, losing his temper, roared through the telephone:
"Man, a' ye blind? I've been noddin' me head off for the last half hour!"

Color, Anyhow

The grocer had just put a new boy to work and among the other instructions was this:

"If you

BULBS FOR WINTER BLOOMING TO CHEER AND BRIGHTEN THE HOME

By Alfred Weston

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NOT even the best of house plants can quite give that cheerful "Spring-will-come" atmosphere to the home in winter that blooming bulb plants will do. They seem to be the connecting link between the last of the frost flowers and chrysanthemums out of doors, and the first crocuses that peep through the late spring snows on your lawn.

Many believe that bulbs are difficult to make bloom indoors. There is no good reason for this belief. The secret of making bulbs bloom in your home throughout the winter months is a simple one—that of knowing how long it takes from the planted bulb to the blossom, and of reckoning accordingly.

There are about seventy fairly well-known bulbs and forty of these will bloom in the house as readily as out of doors if started properly. Not that any woman could care for such a variety, but it offers her an excellent choice. The favorites are the hyacinth, tulip, jonquil, narcissus, Easter and Chinese lily and tuberose. To offer the reader a goodly variety I shall describe these and seven others.

The accompanying table for indoor planting of bulbs is as nearly a perfect guide as it is possible to compile for general use, but no table of this sort can be absolutely accurate. For example, a good tulip bulb may mature and blossom in three weeks in one home and not for five weeks in another, although the same variety of bulb is used. The reason of this is that the temperature in one place may be better suited than in another, more adaptable soil may have been used in the pots, better drainage given, more care taken to start the bulb in the dark and to bring it to the light after it has come up, by mild stages of semi-light before bringing out into the full daylight.

Fortunately there are general rules that cover the handling of nearly all bulbs. Soil and method of treatment are the first two principles to consider. Do not use manure. Many excellent and costly bulbs have been destroyed by this treatment. Better no fertilizer at all than

every variety that will grow indoors and my method has been to omit the moss and clear sand and to use the soil mixed as I have described above, leaf mold, garden soil and sand if it is too sticky.

Bits of broken flower pots or pebbles in the



GLORY OF THE SNOW.

bottom of the pot are necessary for proper drainage. Then the soil. I always save broken flower pots. You will notice that the pieces are curved. They form little arches or bridges. I put a good-sized piece over the hole in the bottom of the pot. This arches over it like a tiny Japanese bridge in a miniature garden and does not stop up the hole, but it allows drainage and prevents clogging and sour soil. A bit of charcoal along with the drainage bits in the bottom insures against sour soil.

Always use shallow pots. If you will study the depths for planting given in the table and compare them with the bulbs, you will find that most of them match the size of the bulb. Some bulbs, like the yellow narcissus, keep over with a long white shoot on them. Others have practically no shoot at all. Those with shoots should be planted deep enough for only the tip of the shoot to stick out.

Do not claw into the pot to make a hole, and jab the bulb in. With a tiny trowel or an old case knife, make the hole and set the bulb in evenly, on a firm base and absolutely upright. If you plant the bulb at a slant the plant will have crooked stems, the flowers will slant and the natural beauty will be lost.

You have probably seen, in the spring, crocuses, tulips and similar bulb plants, in bloom with half the bulb protruding from the ground, and for this reason you have planted your bulbs with half of them out of the ground. Never do this. Those garden bulbs were well planted and they did not work themselves out until they had powerful roots to hold them in place. Snows and rains worked them out. If just the tip of the top of the bulb shows, about as large as the tip of your little finger, all will be well.

In potting large hyacinth bulbs, use a six-inch pot and put only three in a pot. Too many will stunt them and the blossoms will not be as large and handsome. The way I do is to arrange the drainage material in the bottom of the pots, then mix my soil and fill the pot half full. Then ready to plant I set the bulb on this and fill around, loosening a place in the soil with a fork where the root base of the bulb will set. Never fill the pot to the top with



HYACINTHS.

planting with manure unless you are so skilled in its use with bulbs as to make no mistake. A very little, say as much as you could get in a small envelope, of thoroughly rotted manure mixed with the soil before putting in the pot, can be trusted to do no harm providing that it has been fire-dried and pulverized.

But leaf mold, such as you can scrape up in the woods anywhere, is far better as it will give the bulb the proper nourishment and in no way endanger rotting the bulb, such as ordinary manure is likely to do.

Plan for your bulbs now. Dig a goodly quantity of soil from your garden. Take it from an average spot. By that I mean that the soil should not be taken from a damp, moldy corner of the garden, nor from a dry sandy spot in it, but from a good average place. It involves a little labor to screen this soil and make sure that no slugs, cut and wireworms and other insects are in it, but it will insure you against loss of your bulbs when you plant them in the fall and winter months. One little nibble of the bulb by a worm and even if the bulb doesn't die, it will not produce a good bloom.

Put this prepared soil away in a shed or cellar, in readiness for your joyous winter bulb blossoms. Secure a goodly quantity of rich leaf mold from the woods and set that aside. Try this soil by mixing a little of the mold and the soil in your hands, before it dries up. If it is at all clayey or sticky, if it does not crumble apart easily, "shorten" it with sand. Put aside a bucket of clean white sand and then you will be quite well prepared.

When you fill the pots for the bulbs make the soil mixture as described—so that it will break apart in the hands and not be "doughy." If your garden soil is too dry a little more of the leaf mold will hold it together, while the sand will counteract too much stickiness. Sticky soil will sour, and sour soil will destroy the bulb.

Some go about filling the pots in a most methodical manner, first the little stones at the bottom for drainage, then some moss to keep the water from running out too quickly, then sand to keep the roots from rotting and then the soil. For my own part I think this is unnecessary. I have had excellent success with bulbs of almost



JONQUILS.

soil, leave an inch rim above to hold water so that it will not run off on your table or window-sill and make more work for you.

When you fill the pot with soil, thump the sides gently a dozen times to settle the earth firmly in place but never press or push the soil down solid. Give a copious sprinkling of water when you plant the bulbs and then set them in a dark but well ventilated closet, on the floor, not on a shelf as the air is too hot up high. If

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you have a good cool cellar absolutely frost proof, place your pots of bulbs down there and keep them in the dark. When ready to force, bring them up into a semi-light, that is, not directly to a window, but in a far dim corner of the room. After a few days they will be ready for the window and the sunlight.

I have some city friends who live in apartments with neither cellars, nor closet room to spare, yet they had good success by tying over the top of the pot loosely, a piece of blue tissue paper, puncturing it to give air. This furnished the semi-light and helped the bulbs to thrive. But better the cellar or dark closet if you have it.

When ready to force them to bloom, bring them into the light. Be sure that your plants do not start in a warm room. A cool temperature is necessary for starting them. Consider how they start out of doors in the cold earth, almost before the snow is off the ground. When well grown, and good sturdy shoots are up, you may force them in the sun in a medium warm room.

Here is a good way to figure on making your bulbs bloom when you wish them. Suppose you have hyacinths, crocuses, jonquils, and Easter lilies and you want all four of them to be in bloom on Christmas Day. After they have been in the dark cellar five to eight weeks, bring them up as follows: Bring your hyacinths out into the sun and warm room on November 25th, bring your Easter lilies out on September 25th, your crocuses out on December seventh and your jonquils out on December first.

If you have planted properly, you can force them in the time given so that you will have all four in full bloom on Christmas Day.

The best bulbs are on the market from late in August right up to January and frequently well into February. You can get them easily enough, no matter how distant the dealer may be. His catalog will be accurate and they are sent by mail, parcel post, at a very small cost. They are well packed and seldom are injured in transit. Get your bulbs early. It won't hurt them to be in pots in a dark, cool cellar from five to eight weeks. They will sprout fairly early, but will then grow very slowly until brought out and forced as described.

If you have taken up bulbs from your spring garden out of doors, do not attempt to grow them in the house unless they have been thoroughly dried out and rested from ten to twelve weeks. Bulbs are so cheap these days that it doesn't pay to guess at what you'll get from your garden supply. If you are not sure and if they are not smooth, firm bulbs, take no chances. A dollar's worth of bulbs will keep blossoms in your home from Christmas into March when the crocuses begin to peek out to greet the first robins and bluebirds.

Here are a few things to remember about the fourteen bulbs listed in the following table:

Glory-of-the-snow. Never allow bulbs to freeze. Do not attempt to plant them indoors before November. Spring crocuses. Plant six or ten in a six-inch pan, and force them in a temperature not over sixty degrees above. The "Cloth of Gold" is the best indoor variety of these, although a mixture will do quite well and afford a more "spring-like" appearance.

Narcissus. This needs cold storage in winter, down between forty and forty-five above. They do best if no attempt is made to force them until well into January.

Dutch hyacinth. This needs a richer soil than most bulbs. It is not best to force until just before Christmas. The later forcing gives better results.

Roman hyacinth. An earlier flower. It needs the same soil and treatment as the Dutch, but can be forced a little earlier.

Easter lily. Pot these bulbs as soon as you receive them. It is difficult to get blossoms early. Try one for Christmas but keep the rest down cellar in pots until late in January before forcing.

Yellow narcissus. Not very hardy. Needs well-drained soil.

Paper white narcissus. The most successful variety. Quite hardy, can be forced to bloom before Christmas. Will grow in pebbles and water as readily as in soil, but will not keep in bloom as long.

Jonquils. Keep the soil well drained but al-

ways moist. Frequently have five or six blossoms to a stalk.

Tulips. Get the early variety of bulbs for indoor blooming. Too much heat will stunt their growth. Keep in a frost-proof room, but well away from stove, radiator or source of heat.

Tuberose. Pot from garden well before frost. It is preferable to give them six to eight weeks' rest. Pot in cellar, do not allow to get too dry. One of the few bulb plants likely to be bothered with lice (aphids). Tobacco water will remedy this.

Chinese lilies. Seldom satisfactory grown in soil as it needs much and constant drainage which cannot be accomplished in the home. Better plant them in pebbles in shallow dish, keeping water only to top of pebbles. Start in dark closet.

English iris. This needs damp soil, so well drained that it will not sour and soil must be rich and well mulched.

Lily-of-the-valley. For indoor use, plant the pipes, never the clumps. Store in sand in cellar after taking up from garden. Plant as soon as late summer buds are received. If forcing is started in September, blossoms should appear in February.

Hyacinths grown in hyacinth glasses are a delight. Do not make the common mistake of attempting to grow them in a plain, transparent glass. The daylight hurts the roots. Green, blue, amber or red glass is best. If you haven't got it, cover glass with tissue paper. Keep enough water in the glass to touch the bottom of the bulb and no more.

Jonquils, paper white narcissus and crocuses can all be grown in pebbles and water. Hyacinths do better in glasses. Regulation hyacinth glasses can be secured for twenty-five cents each.

A Handy Table for Indoor Bulb Planting

Common and Botanical Name	Depth to plant (inches)	Distance apart to plant (inches)	Time to force (weeks)
Glory-of-the-snow (Chionodoxa Lucifera) Color blue.	2	2	2-3
Spring Crocus (Crocus Suslanus) Colors: Yellow, purple, white, lilac.	2-3	3-4	2
Amaryllis (Hipposastrum Johnsoni) Color red.	2	6	8
Dutch hyacinth (H. Orientalis) All colors.	3-5	5-6	3-4
Roman hyacinth (H. Roma) All colors.	4	6	4
Easter lily (Lilium Longiflorum) Color white.	1	3	12-14
Narcissus (Bulboodium) Color yellow.	5	3	4
Paper white narcissus (N. Tazetta) Color pure white.	1	8	3-4
Jonquils (Narcissus Jonquilla) Color yellow.	5	3	3
Tulips All colors Except blue.	3	5	3-4
Tuberose Pot from garden before frost.	3	6	4-5
Chinese lilies White, yellow. Grow in pebbles and water.			3-5
English iris (Iris Zephaloides) Blue and white.	8	5	6
Lily-of-the-valley (Convallaria Majalis) White, rarely purple and pink.	8	8	21